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SOMALI BOYS AT ADEN.

AD ORIENTEM.

AD ORIENTEM.

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BY

A. D. FREDERICKSON, F.R.G.S.

With Illustrations from the Author's Sketch-book, and Two Maps.

LONDON:
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, WATERLOO PLACE.
1890.

INTRODUCTION.

"Mais comment donc, Monsieur, vous voudriez quitter l'Europe dans un moment tellement critique, ah, c'est incroyable!" *These words were addressed to me in the salon de lect[redacted] legant hotel "Beau Rivage," at Ouchy, [redacted]sh lady of French extraction, who had, on the previous evening, succeeded in opening my purse-strings for the benefit of the wounded during the Franco-German war, which was then at its height. I had but just returned from Strassburg, having witnessed the last days of the siege and the entry of the Prussian troops into that fine old fortress, built nearly 200 years ago, and recently so gallantly defended by the French. After this great event few had any doubt as to the probable issue of the war, still it was but natural that natives of France, of whom a great many belonging to the upper ten thousand had taken refuge in Switzerland, and not a few of them at the very hotel*

I was staying at, should feel surprised that any one at that supreme moment could ever give thought to, much less plan, a journey to the far East, where no intelligence of the great events of the future might reach him. Feeling tolerably free, however, of that craving for the latest telegraphic news from the seat of war, and tired of the monotonous life I was leading, although graciously admitted to the society of those polished French, a few Russian notables, as far as their high-sounding titles went, and two or three agreeable English families, I had decided upon spending the winter in those Eastern countries whose shores are [redacted] *the Indian and the Pacific Ocean.*

Having, in the meantime, provided myself with the necessary funds and letters of introduction, I was soon ready to start, determined, beforehand, to get as much pleasure, and gain as much information, as possible, during a trip which was to cap all my previous travels of many years past, during which I had canvassed, to my heart's content, the whole of Europe, and the various countries abutting on the Mediterranean.

However, before setting out on my self-imposed task of committing my experience to paper, I think it necessary to state that, although most of the subjects

and incidents hereafter described are taken from my diary of travels in 1870-71, *they have been considerably supplemented by information and impressions received during a second journey made between* 1876-78; *this has been more especially the case with regard to Southern India. Without this explanation, it might appear that I had been guilty of anachronisms in divers places. With the exception of two or three fac-similes of photographs, the illustrations are from my own drawings; originally it was my intention to add a number of views of Eastern landscape and religious monuments, which I was obliged to abandon on account of the expense, which would have materially enhanced the price of this volume. On the other hand, the scenery of the East has of late years been so frequently brought before the public in the shape of admirable water-colour sketches (one of the most complete collections being that exhibited by Miss Marianne North, a few years ago in Conduit Street), that I feel less reluctant in the omission on the present occasion.*

A. D. F.

St. Hubert's, Beckenham, Kent.

ERRATA.

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AD ORIENTEM.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADELSBERG GROTTO—VILLA MIRAMAR AT TRIEST—CÆSAR'S CAMP AT RAMLEH—THE RED SEA—THE TANKS OF ADEN.

IT thus happened, as explained in the Introduction, that in the autumn of 1870 I bade good-bye to the Lake of Geneva, travelling by way of Turin to Triest, and stopping *en route* at Adelsberg, situated amongst the wild mountains of Illyria, in order to visit its splendid caves, or rather group of grottos, about a mile from the railway station. They are the largest known in Europe, if not in the world, probably extending a very great distance into the mountain, five miles only having so far been explored, and

containing some remarkable stalactites and stalacmites, assuming curious and fantastic shapes. The so-called "curtain," a white and maize-tinted semi-transparent screen, as of Algerian marble, and resembling a piece of drapery, is probably the most beautiful specimen amongst them; also a grand effect is produced by the "Poik," or "Unz," a streamlet rapidly and noisily rushing through one arm of the cave, and forming a lake in its progress. There is a pretty glimpse from the narrow bridge which spans the boiling waters below, surrounded by almost utter darkness, relieved only by the reflection of lights placed in suitable positions along the entire length of the cave. In other parts it requires little imagination to recognize domes and pillars; nay, an entire cathedral, fully furnished with altar, pulpit, and aisles; elsewhere, an enormous hall, capable of holding a couple of thousand persons, on festive occasions used as a dancing saloon; farther on, again, tall banyan trees, with roots and branches, in mid-air, shapes of wild animals, &c.; the stalactites varying in height from ten to a hundred feet, and in colour from white to brown in delicate tints of pink, pale-blue, and pearl-grey.

Having spent three hours in examining the grotto, I returned, tolerably tired, to the little inn, "Die

Ungarische Krone," under a drizzling rain, which somewhat damped my usual good spirits, but I soon recovered on finding myself discussing a very homely meal, seasoned by a keen appetite, and an hour later the Vienna train laboured into the station, and carried me off to Triest, whence, on the following morning, I intended to start for Egypt. I had time, however, to pay an early visit to "Miramar," the pretty marine residence of Maximilian, the late Emperor of Mexico. It is a charming abode, built in the Italian villa style, and surrounded by a tastefully laid-out garden. The house, from which there are fine sea and coast views, is filled with objects of art from the different countries the proprietor had visited, whilst Admiral in the Austro-Hungarian service, and amongst them there is a fine collection from Japan.

The Austrian Lloyd's steamer, "Diana," with very pleasant company on board, amongst them the late Madame Mühlbach, a well-known German authoress, who afterwards published her experience of a visit to the land of the Pharaohs, landed us at Alexandria on the fifth day, amongst the usual crowd of Egyptians, Maltese, and Greeks, each offering his services in his own tongue, creating quite a Babel. The weather was magnificent, the air balmy as only known in

eastern countries; and soon finding myself amongst a host of old acquaintances, for I had spent many a pleasant winter in Egypt, ransacking every corner of it from the sea to the second Nile cataract, I found shelter during the few days I intended to rest here in the pretty suburban villa at Ramleh belonging to an English friend whose hospitality is well known to his countrymen; and as this was but a short distance from the site of Cæsar's camp, a spot of great archæological interest, I did not neglect riding over and giving it, as was soon too evident, a parting look; for alas! there was hardly anything remaining to mark the spot, barely one stone left upon another. But man is doomed to disappointment, and on this occasion mine was no greater than on visiting the ruins of Carthage a few years later. Where, years ago, I used to sit and cogitate amongst the debris of the old walls, now a huge unsightly palace had sprung into existence, encroaching upon the eastern boundary of the camp. In those days sufficient masses of masonry had still remained to give a fairly correct idea of what it must have been nineteen centuries ago, in the time of the Romans, when its walls enclosed a space of nearly twelve acres, those facing north and south measuring 730 feet, and those east and west 665 feet each, thus forming almost a square, each façade possessing eight

round towers, excepting the one in the south-west corner, which was square and of larger dimensions. The principal entrance-gate was in the middle of the western face, therefore nearest to the old town of Alexandria. The walls varied in thickness from twelve to fifteen feet, and appear to have been about thirty feet high. The old bits of masonry had for a long time resisted all attempts on the part of the natives to break them up by ordinary appliances; indeed, blasting they soon found to be the only means of carrying out their work of destruction for the purpose of utilizing the material to build foundations in execution of the Khedive's latest whim. There are indications that an exit had also existed on the northern side, facing the sea, probably for the purpose of landing and embarking troops. Within its walls the camp had been provided with wells and baths, a large square cistern built of tufa down to a depth of thirty-five feet, and a fine mosaic, strange enough, still in existence, representing Bacchus, with grapes in the centre, and surrounded by arabesques of handsome designs. This marks the spot of the prætorium, or the imperial residence. The material, of which walls and towers had been constructed, consisted of stones and pieces of marble of no uniform size, set in cement of that pinkish colour one notices in all Roman masonry, with double hori-

zontal lines, about seven feet apart, of red bricks, nine and a half inches square and two inches thick each. These and the cement are of such excellent workmanship that nothing seems to sever them.

Imagine the noise and bustle in this enormous enclosure, when occupied by a Roman army, consisting of thousands of citizen and auxiliary troops, Greeks, Ligurians and Nubians, with their entire war material, undergoing drill to the sound of flute and drum, mounting guard and manufacturing arms, although we must not forget that the Roman discipline was exemplary. Now the Zagreet, the piercing cry of the Egyptian women, expressing joy or sorrow, is the only sound that sometimes thrills the air of this classical ground.

On leaving the camp, or rather the spot where it had once existed, I heard a great din of voices in the minor key rapidly approaching, and in my haste to see what was going on, I nearly upset the paraphernalia of an artist engaged in committing to paper the antics of a most comical group. Great was my joy, by the by, when I recognized in him the genial Mr. Tetar van Elven, the well known painter of Oriental subjects. Here was a jolly tar, more than half seas over, astride on a diminutive donkey, holding on with all his might, the animal

scampering along at a great pace, and kicking at every obstacle; on he came, surrounded by a dozen little urchins teazing the poor brute with thorny twigs, and yelling at the top of their voices. Arab fashion, they had little to boast of in the shape of clothing, a rag of red here, and a strip of blue there, completed their toilet, whilst Jack's head was tied up in a bright crimson handkerchief, and the remainder of his attire hung about him in quite artistical disorder, the entire group presenting a most ludicrous picture, as good as one of Rubens' Bacchanalia.

This little diversion will suffice as far as my tour through Egypt is concerned, since much has been written on the subject by travellers, historians, and others; and were I to give way to inclination, I might go on writing chapter after chapter, in the endeavour to throw a new light upon many things which have cropped up in my mind in the course of careful researches within the preceding decade of years.

The railway journey between Alexandria and Suez never is a pleasant one, owing to the dust, heat, and general discomforts; on this occasion, at all events, the travellers bound for India were glad to get on board the "Mooltan," then one of the largest steamers

belonging to the P. and O. line, and we soon found ourselves floating down the Gulf of Suez, passing on our right the Ataka mountain, clothed in the soft light of a rising sun. By the following day we had entered the Red Sea, and in the afternoon sighted the "Two Brothers," small rocky islands. The heat now increased perceptibly, and, as usual at starting, time hung heavily upon us, but the frigid exterior of my fellow passengers soon thawed, one after the other trying to make himself agreeable, which generally ends in kindly companionship for the rest of the voyage.

A Dutch courtship between a young naval officer and the daughter of an Admiral on their way to Batavia created much merriment amongst even the most sober of us, being little accustomed in our colder climate to the exhibition of affection and of love tokens under the public eye, still we thought it a charming way of enjoying the long hours at sea, and should have had no objection to being similarly engaged. One fine evening, however, their amusement very nearly came to an untimely termination. Standing on the stage of the gangway-ladder, the young couple were leaning against its outer railing, when suddenly the lady, intently listening to the sweet voice of her devoted swain, slipped with both her feet into

the vacant space beyond, and in another instant would have found her grave in the deep sea, had not her companion been at hand to snatch her from her apparent doom, not, however, without some danger to himself. The reader may be sure that this spot, at all times unsafe, was eschewed ever after; and we could notice an additional amount of tenderness between the two, in fact so important an adventure furnished us with a theme of conversation for some time to come.

The heat now kept increasing, thermometer 85° in the shade, the punkahs going all day, at first with languor, until strong reprimands, if not occasional kicks, made the poor boys, dressed in a white habit and party-coloured turban, pull them more vigorously. Lemonade and soda water were in constant request, whilst smoking was seldom agreeable until the cool of the evening, after the sun had set, with its magnificent display of golden and crimson reflections. The nimble-footed lascars seemed at this period of our voyage the only active beings on board, all others crawled along, taking care to keep under the double awning; the former are excellent fair-weather sailors, but I have frequently been told that they are great cowards in a gale of wind. Woe to the poor passengers if the ship meet with a storm in the Red Sea; all ports are at

once closed, and the atmosphere below becomes stifling, whilst sleeping on deck is not always safe when the vessel is tossing or rolling heavily, and the waves breaking over her deck. On one such night, at about one in the morning, a perfect panic was created amongst the passengers by the sudden stopping of the engine; figures rushed upstairs in a frantic manner, and in the most irregular guises, but fortunately the alarm was a false one, for the Captain's order to "sound" was the sole reason, which, in a heavy sea, cannot be done with accuracy whilst steaming along at a great speed. "All right" soon reassured us, and the next command, "Go ahead," found most of us already in our berth, or on the table in the large saloon, as the case might be.

On the fifth day after leaving Suez we first passed Mokha, a small fortified seaport on the Arabian coast, surrounded by a hot sandy waste; it is hence that the famous coffee bean is exported. Soon after Perim, in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, appeared in sight. The latter island is bare, only three and a half miles by two and a half in extent, but holding a commanding position at the entrance of the Red Sea, and has a fort on its summit, garrisoned by some seventy native soldiers, and a few English officers, who must lead a most miserable existence in that lonely spot.

Aden we reached on the following morning, a strange rocky place with its fortifications, cantonments and churches, terraced water reservoirs of enormous size excavated in a sort of gorge, sombre looking hills rising on either side, and, skirting the tanks, a pleasant bit of garden producing lawn, shrubs and flowers, quite a rarity at Aden, whilst granite steps make the ascent tolerably easy. Here I met an old Italian friend on his way to Bombay, and eventually bound for the Punjab, where he possessed a silk factory. He persuaded me to leave the "Mooltan," which was bound for Madras, and to exchange my ticket for one by the "Ellora," he was travelling by, which suited me just as well, as I had made no plans whatever, and I was glad to have so pleasant a companion. The P. and O. Agent made no difficulty, and my traps were soon transferred to the smaller but equally comfortable steamer. When her coaling had been completed, a number of naked black Somali boys (Plate I.) suddenly appeared in the water, looking like little demons with their curly heads besmeared with henna, diving for coppers which the passengers threw into the sea. At last we started afresh, this time taking a north-easterly course and gradually escaping the extreme heat of the Red Sea. My friend's fund of conversation was inexhaustible, and it recalled many a pleasant remini-

scence of our sojourn in Rome and Naples during the previous winter.

The general company on board soon formed into cliques, one of which distinguished itself by its hearty laughter and general jolliness. An Irish actress, bound for Calcutta, formed the central figure, surrounded by half a dozen young officers, who, however, had soon to give way to a somewhat eccentric colonel, likewise a child of Erin, who managed to absorb the lady's attention entirely long before we reached our destination, which happened on the eighth day after leaving Aden.

We approached the roadstead of Bombay in the evening, and here we had to anchor amongst the numerous Islands, as it was too late to land, but letters and newspapers having been sent on board, there was little excuse for grumbling. The latter published the total defeat of the Loire army by the Germans, and the proclamation of the King of Prussia adopting the title of German Emperor. The war was thus practically at an end, although one of the bitterest episodes for the French had still to be experienced, namely, the civil strife created in Paris by the Commune.

CHAPTER II.

Bombay—Isle of Elephanta—Hinduism—Parsee marriage—Temple of Karlee—Ellora, the great Kylas—Jubbulpore—Thuggeism—The Marble Hills—Allahabad—Cawnpore.

Breakfast was over, and a number of Parsee commissioners, in high conical hats and clad in white frock coat and trousers, endeavoured to induce the passengers to accept their recommendation of certain hotels. They seemed, however, to meet with little success, as most of us had made our choice beforehand, and taking a rapid survey of the coast pleasantly undulating, and studded with tall palm trees, we passed the Custom's barrier—not a very serious business at

Bombay, and then drove to the Byculla Hotel, about a mile from the shore. A large pile of buildings, composed on the ground floor of one enormous room, a hundred and fifty feet by fifty, divided by screens into reading, dining, and smoking saloons, and under a separate roof were the bed-rooms, with partitions reaching only half way to the ceiling; which makes them cool certainly, but not otherwise convenient, especially if you wish to hold private conversation with a friend; but in hot climates people, as a rule, do not prolong their stay in the bed-room beyond the time necessary for their toilet.

So this is India, the fairyland of the East! Well, if a fair specimen, I think people might as well stay at home, for there is little difference between this and any other large mercantile town in Europe, with the exception of the motley group of turbaned humanity moving about languidly under a hot sun. This is probably every traveller's first thought. Gradually, however, we become sensible of certain impressions produced by climate, luxurious ease, and one's bungalow existence, which combine to change our opinion. Also the study of the native character is not without interest, since it opens the recesses of many a little nook and corner in our brain, filled with notes historical, social, and scientific, which may have been

shelved there for years and almost forgotten, to be brought to light again and added to by the liberal use of one's eyes and ears.

Here we meet with crowds of people from all parts of the world, each wearing his national dress, from the fair Chinaman and his pig-tail to the swarthy African and his ivory teeth, from the tall Afghan of Jewish type and high-bridged nose to the short small-featured Malay. Even amongst the Indians proper, say those of Hindustan and the Deccan, what a variety of race! The distinction is almost more perceptible in their head-dress than in any other peculiarity. After a time one learns to determine a man's nationality by the shape and often even by the colour of his turban. In other respects all men dress more or less in white, coat or jacket, in folds or loincloth.

Of great buildings, religious or secular, there are none at Bombay of any pretensions, but for signs of old days long gone by, it possesses one of the best specimens of Brahminical rock temples in India, namely, the now almost neglected caves on the Isle of Elephanta, the "Gharipoor" of the natives, about five miles east of Bombay. We rowed across one morning, and the water being very shallow we had to be carried ashore by a couple of dark Hindus, and,

after ascending a flight of two hundred steps cut out of the rock, we reached the platform. Here a Rajah had encamped under a large crimson tent, having made the pilgrimage of several hundred miles in the hope of thereby saving his soul from reappearing after death in the body of an unclean animal. From this spot I had a splendid view upon the bay and the coast line, but the broiling sun soon drove me to seek shelter within the caves, cut out of the living rock. They are elaborately sculptured at the cost of an incredible amount of manual labour, and consist of several chambers, the largest of which is about 130 feet square, and eighteen feet high, supported by twenty-five (now partly broken) columns. There is a curious representation of the Hindu Trinity in the centre, a large bust of the three-formed God as Creator, Preserver and Destroyer. On each side of this hall there is another compartment, the walls of which are covered with a variety of many-armed figures or deities and their attributes, frequently in the form of monsters, whilst at the upper end of one of the inner walls there is, by way of contrast, a rather skilful and elegantly designed piece of sculpture in the shape of two cherub heads à la Raphael, and on the ceiling that of two figures apparently floating in the air, not unlike, in idea, Thorwaldsen's "Night and

Day" in the museum, bearing his name at Copenhagen,—Strange but true! There are also two smaller caves similarly ornamented, and one of them containing a gigantic Lingam, or symbol of Mahadeva, the fructifying deity. A representation of the "Lingam" as well as that of his sister "Yoni" one frequently meets with all over India, more especially in the villages of the Deccan, where superstition carries people into all sorts of excesses. A curious instance of a small stone Lingam set in the Yoni is recorded by Dr. Bellew in his "Kashmir and Kashgar." He saw it, anointed with oil and garlanded with flowers, on the altar of an old Hindu temple at Uri, not far from Srinagar.

It is to be regretted that there is no trace by which to determine the exact period at which this enormous work—the Temple of Elephanta—has been executed, but no doubt it is a faithful representation of Hindu mythology, as it exists to this day. Sir George Birdwood's "Industrial Art of India" names the eighth century; but I am inclined to think that it dates from the earlier persecutions of Brahmanism by the Buddhists, which the character of its sculpture, as compared with that of the Kylas, described hereafter, seems to confirm.

The Brahminical religion receives its name from

Brahm, the great god of the Veda or sacred book, whose attributes are distributed amongst three other deities, appearing either as the Indian Triad (Trimunti), or each separately, namely, Brahma, the Creator, represented as a golden coloured figure with four heads and four arms; secondly, Vishnu, the Preserver, black or blue, with four arms, and a club to punish the wicked; he again has ten incarnations, nine of which have already taken place, and by which the great ends of providence are brought about; and thirdly, Seva, the Destroyer, with four or five heads, sometimes with only one head—in that case furnished with three eyes. The latter also appears under the title of Mahadeva, the Great God, and is then adored as the author of all life. There are besides innumerable minor deities. The Hindu worship of the present day consists mainly of pilgrimages to sacred shrines and sacrifices. They are sources of a large income to the temples, and in some of the smaller Native States the Rajah himself does not unfrequently take advantage of his subjects' superstition for the purpose of increasing his own revenue; he of Sandur, a petty Rajput, is the latest example; his entire receipts from ordinary sources do not exceed forty thousand rupees, which he supplements by charging pilgrims, on the occasion of a

great triennial festival, a couple of rupees for admittance to a temple, situated within his rocky stronghold, and to have a glimpse of the idol "Koomarswamy," one of the sons of Shiva and Parbatti, who, according to the Hindu legend, on learning that the bride, selected for him by his mother, was as beautiful as Parbatti herself, refused to marry her, as he would imagine having married his own mother, upon which his disobedience was punished by his father's blood and his mother's milk oozing from the pores of his body, and, making his escape, he eventually reached the rocks of Sandur, where he became a statue of stone, which marks the spot of the temple dedicated to Koomarswamy.

The system of caste and other religious customs, which I shall have another opportunity of explaining, are very strictly observed by all Brahmins. Of temples the latter had none until the Vedic religion was corrupted by the Turanian and Dravidian converts.

The streets of Bombay have much the same appearance as those in the Levant; they usually have a shop below and a verandah on the first floor, with flat roofs above, and in the country they are sur-

rounded by gardens bursting with luxuriant vegetation, amongst which acaciæ, palms, plantains, and mango trees are common. The noise is very great, and begins at an early hour in the morning; by five o'clock one's slumbers generally begin to be disturbed; but as the air is cool during the night, one seldom rises before six or seven, when the barber and a cup of tea make their appearance, and a plunge into the cold bath is by no means the least important part of one's toilet,—awkward if the boy has omitted to bring you towels, as once happened to me, and I had to rush back dripping wet through a long passage in very scanty attire. By the by, all servants in India are called "boy," although they may be as old as Methuselah.

After breakfast a buggie is hailed, and, if lucky in the choice of a horse, there is much enjoyment derived from an early drive, spinning along at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour on a fine broad road, dotted here and there with the unwieldy mansions of some rich Parsee merchant, towards Malabar hill, where many of the English families reside, luxuriating in a steady sea breeze. Men of business generally dispose of their limbs, when only going from one office to another, by creeping into a palanquin, commonly called palki, which reminds one very forcibly

of the narrow abode allotted to us on our last journey. The natives are often seen driving in small carts with an awning, drawn by two lilliputian oxen.

The mercantile nabobs of this city live in great style, a yacht and a villa at Matheran, the hill sanitarium of Bombay, amidst lovely scenery, are considered almost indispensable, and during the cooler season an afternoon drive on the esplanade, enlivened by a military band, is quite *de rigeur*, but I doubt much whether many people would continue the custom if there were anything else for them to do.

To a stranger the bright costumes worn by the natives belonging to different States, nay, even the peculiar dress of an Indian policeman, in his blue coat, white trousers, and bright yellow turban, cat-of-nine-tails in hand, often flourished about the ears of those who interrupt his progress, even these, I say, may interest at first, but the novelty soon wears off. To be sure, there is the Byculla Club, of lofty dimensions and elegant design, where, by the way, ice and champagne cup seemed in great request; but unless one is fortunate enough in having acquaintances amongst the members, one soon tires of the pile of newspapers, and on looking round, one generally perceives that nearly every one is nodding under

the influence of a hot temperature, or brandy and soda, as the case may be.

Sightseers, of course, go and stare at the Dokhma, or Tower of Silence, where the Parsees deposit their dead on a sort of gridiron, suspended in mid-air, over which hover a number of vultures ready to make a sudden descent upon every new arrival. There are many unpleasant tales related of the habits of these voracious brutes, too disgusting to be committed to paper, and I will merely add that it is perfectly true that the victim's eye is always the first object of attack, which causes much fighting amongst them. As a counterpart, I may as well state at once that the Hindus show the greatest respect for their dead. They reverently carry them on a bier, covered with flowers, excepting the face, and place them on a funeral pile for cremation, generally near the water's edge, the latter receiving the ashes. The height of the pile, as well as the quantity of the wood supplied, depends upon the position and the caste of the deceased. Sandalwood is in much request for this purpose, although only used by the rich.

The Parsees, who are very numerous at Bombay, look down upon the Hindus as idolaters. They pride themselves upon the antiquity and purity of their own religion, and ascribe the Zend Avesta (Zend—

commentary, and Avesta—original or sacred text) to Zoroaster, the spiritual head of the ancient Persians. His doctrine is founded on the worship of the Sun —"Fire," its emblems on earth—as representing the creative and preserving elements, the source of all organic life. The earliest fragments of the Avesta, the five Gathas, his followers believe to have been composed fifteen hundred years B.C., and the whole collected about a thousand years later, thus according closely with Buddha's appearance in India (as also with a great historical event, the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, B.C. 538, which foreshadowed the period of the most glorious dynasty in Persian history, and which came to an end when two centuries later Alexander the Great conquered Persia).

One afternoon I was asked to witness the curious ceremony of a Parsee wedding, and a very grand and costly affair it was to be. On reaching the quarter inhabited by these so-called "Fire worshippers," I found the entire street lined with men and women in their festive attire, the former in white, and the latter in gay-coloured silks, and covered with jewellery. The inside of the parental house, the bridegroom's father's, where the company assembled, was crowded to excess with relations and friends of the betrothed couple; and here were exhibited the

presents, which continued to arrive on trays. They consisted much of the same kind of things given at home on similar occasions, more however of a useful than merely ornamental kind, from a mattress down to a pair of patent leather shoes, varied by a large display of flowers, fruit, and confectionery. A band of music generally headed each fresh arrival of gifts, which *Madame la mère* received at the entrance, uttering some appropriate sentence, whilst sprinkling rose water and throwing rice over them. All this time flowers, condiments, and pawn—the latter consisting of bits of areca nut mixed with a little quicklime and enclosed in a leaf of the betel pepper (*Chavica betel*) ingeniously tied together, which, when chewed, stains the lips and saliva a deep red colour,—were handed round amongst the company inside the house as well as in the street, whilst some elegant silver flasks in filigree, containing rose water, were passing from hand to hand, or more correctly from nose to nose, up and down the row. All the company being now assembled, they started in procession for the bride's house, headed by the priests in long white robes; first followed the men, and then the women and children. Here carpets were spread, and chairs placed in the centre for bride and bridegroom to sit face to face, the women gathering around them muttering all the time. During the early

part of the ceremony, a white sheet is held up between the couple, which effectually prevents their seeing each other's face; their wrists and ankles are then loosely tied together, and a white band or sash passed round their waist. This done, a large ball of the mystic thread is produced, which is wound round and round the happy couple, thus irrevocably completing their union. At this moment the two priests, who have been holding up the sheet whilst repeating passages from the sacred book, drop the former, and man and wife are permitted to look upon each other's heat-stained features; but as if that indulgence were too precious a privilege to continue, they are now placed next to each other, the priest facing them, uttering prayers or incantations as before. During this part of the proceedings rice is thrown over the heads of the pair, which is eagerly scrambled for by the old wómen as foreboding luck. Incense is all this time burning from a silver urn. For three nights this ceremony is repeated, at the end of which man and wife retire to their own hearth. A long wearisome business for the company, but how much more so for these two young people! Of course a good deal of feasting goes on at certain intervals, but even this is of a very sober kind, nothing stronger than sherbet or lemonade being allowed to a Parsee by his religion. *Apropos* of the custom of

"pawn" chewing, so common with the people of India, it may interest some of my readers to know that a similar habit exists amongst their antipodes, the Bolivians and the Argentines, but they use the dried "coca" leaf (*Erythroxydon*, a shrub) for that purpose, with a little finely powdered unslaked lime, and they sometimes drink an infusion of the leaf, which is said to possess wonderful sustaining powers, and is used as a narcotic and stimulant. American Indians on long foot journeys generally carry a little bundle of coca leaves to chew *en route*. If taken too much, however, the effect is very enervating, resembling that of opium. Recently the "coca" plant has been introduced in Malabar, where it thrives admirably, and is easily propagated from seed. The value of its fermented and kiln-dried leaves is ten shillings per pound in the London market.

One of the pleasantest and most interesting excursions from Bombay is that to the old cave-temple of Karlee, situated some four miles beyond Lanowlee, a railway station half way to Poonah. The guide book recommends starting by the midday mail train, and on passing Khandalla to drop a civil note for the station master, asking him to send up ponies to Lanowlee by

five o'clock next morning, and no doubt this is the best way of getting on without losing much time.

The ascent of the Bhore ghaut is necessarily slow; it consists of a succession of steep hills mostly covered with splendid forests and intersected by deep gorges filled with thick junge—a very hot-bed of tigers. We dined and passed the night at the station, and early next morning, our horses having duly arrived, we rode three miles along the Poonah road, and about a mile across country to Karlee hill, through very beautiful wild scenery.

The entrance to the temple, likewise cut into the rock, although very inferior to that of Elephanta, has a circular arch, and is roughly sculptured, representing the usual Hindu deities; to the right are two small chambers kept perfectly dark, excepting an illuminated coarse mask at the furthest end with red cheeks and protruding tongue, sufficiently grotesque and frightful to send children away howling. The central hall, however, has retained much of its original character; for this, like so many others of the innumerable cave temples of India—about a thousand have been discovered, of which nine-tenths in the Bombay presidency, 75 per cent. of the whole constructed by Buddhists, 20 per cent. by the Brahmans, and 5 per cent.

by the Iains—owes its existence to the followers of Buddha, hence the curious umbrella-shaped baldachin or "chhatra" in the centre, made of teak wood, and now black with dust and dirt, which crowns the "dagoba" or shrine, once containing a relic of their saint. A kind of wooden gallery, painted red and yellow, still exists, and along the wall there is a row of about a score of elephants, *couchants*, with figures upon them in perfectly impossible positions, all cut out of the solid rock; and the ceiling, although vaulted, is accommodated with deep narrow rafters about a foot apart. This cave of Karlee bears traces of a very early period; it was probably excavated within one or two centuries before Christ.

There were several zealous people about, and one fakir stood in a recess with one arm stretched out above his head, which uncomfortable position, an old woman informed me, he never relaxes. He was covered with ashes from head to foot, and appeared barely decent in his all but nude state. Poor misguided creature, "In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell!" These self-created saints and mendicants are the curse of India; they carry disaffection all over the country, and keep alive amongst the ignorant class an amount of superstition hardly credible.

There are here a few other small caves of a very

rough description, belonging to the Buddhist period, which I did not visit; and on the following morning I returned to Bombay by the same route I had come.

When at Lanowlee I made my first acquaintance with a live tiger, who had infested the station for some days past, carrying off, fortunately, nothing bigger than poultry. In the evening I was standing against the wall of the building, lighting a cigarette, when suddenly, within a dozen yards, my eyes became fixed by two bright spots like fire; it so startled me that I lost all power of motion, unable even to remove my eyes, although I was quite aware that in another instant the tiger might attack me, for that they were his eyes there was no doubt on my mind. Luck, however, would have it that at that very moment my boy appeared round the corner to announce dinner, when seeing what was up, he got hold of my arm and pulled me forcibly round the corner and into the house. It was small satisfaction to me being told afterwards that the brute was a man-eater, and must have felt greatly disappointed at the loss of his supper.

Before leaving Bombay I one evening joined a party of club members to a Parsee theatre, to witness the performance of a favourite piece entitled "Rustan the Brave," one of the legendery heroes of the early Persians, whose fame forms the subject of much of their poetry.

The entire piece was recited in metrical verse of strongly accentuated rhythm. I never listened to anything more monotonous, especially not understanding the language, for holding the translation in my hand was but a poor substitute. All the actors wore masks, or had their dark faces painted ghastly white, not unlike the clowns in our pantomime. The horses brought on the stage in gaudy tinsel trappings seemed to create a great deal more amusement amongst the audience than all the niceties and beauty of Persian verse.

It was a fearfully hot day on which I started, soon after noon, from the Byculla station for Ellora—I had better confess it at once—to see more religious monuments, bearing, however, quite a different character to those I have already described, for these at Ellora are rock-cut temples, hewn out of the side of the hill, and completely severed from their mother earth, excepting at their base, being in fact enormous monoliths, whilst those of Elephanta and Karlee are essentially cave temples cut into the hill. But I'll begin by stating how I got to my destination.

Some nine hours' rail brought me to Nandgaum station, where I passed part of the night at the dâk bungalow, or travellers' rest-house, erected by the

Government; and having taken the precaution of engaging a servant before leaving Bombay to accompany me as far as Calcutta, I managed to make myself tolerably comfortable wherever I went. An Indian "boy" is an excellent institution; he sees to everything, and is generally a good cook into the bargain. I could never understand where he got the necessary culinary utensils or bed and table linen from, since a cane-bottomed bedstead, a table, a couple of chairs, and a tub is all the furniture the bungalow provides, and often not even that; still by the time I had had my bath and changed my clothes, he was always prepared to serve up something hot to refresh the inner man, generally placed appetisingly on a clean cloth.

Soon after midnight I started again on a very tedious journey, this time on a mail tonga, a sort of rickety gig on rusty springs, jolting along a fair road in the direction of Aurungabad at the rate of fully eight miles an hour, when the ground was level. We passed the villages Taroda and Deogaon, both having a neglected appearance; but at the latter I managed to get a cup of coffee, which was most welcome, as the night was very cool. At last we turned aside for Ellora, after having exchanged the tonga, which continued its route along the high road, for a common springless cart on two wheels, covered with

matting. Here the road, passing through a wild country, became execrable, and I reached my destination in a miserable plight,—my back felt broken, and every bone in my body seemed to ache. How the "boy" had managed to keep up with the conveyance, partly running, partly hanging on somehow, and that for upwards of seventy miles, was a riddle to me, for there he was, as fresh as ever, ready to pull me out of the cart. I took up my quarters at the small bungalow, had an excellent breakfast—curry of course, although I should be sorry to guess its ingredients—and spying an Indian long-chair under the verandah, I ensconced myself comfortably in it, and enjoyed a long siesta, until the heat had somewhat abated. I then bestrode an active little Mahratta pony, and made my way to the temples, about a mile from the village.

The Ellora temples, with the exception of the Visarakarma, a Buddhist chaitya, or assembly hall, of the fourth to sixth century, and the Indra cave, a Jaina construction of the eighth century, are of Brahminical construction, belonging to the most brilliant epoch of Hindu art, and exceed in magnificence anything to be seen elsewhere in India; they are very

numerous, and some twelve or fifteen of them may be called large ones. Recent investigations have proved that the Indian religious monuments are of a much later period than they formerly appeared, and those of Ellora are distinctly of a subsequent date to those I have already described, showing a much richer and more advanced type of architecture. Messrs. Fergusson and Burgess, in their recent publication, "The Cave Temples of India," fix the beginning of the eighth century of our era as the period at which the largest of the group has been constructed, whilst Dr. Lübke, of Stuttgart, in matters relating to sculpture generally, not a mean authority, hints at the thirteenth century, which, however, does not appear to be borne out by historical facts. In fantastical wildness, the Brahminical temples, no doubt, surpass the Buddhist shrines, yet, as regards a sound, well digested style, and rich artistic decoration, we shall see that in Ceylon and in Java—and even in India, as recent excavations show—there are some splendid specimens belonging to the latter. On the other hand a number of fine works of Hindu art have been produced in India until late in the seventeenth century; long after Buddhism had ceased to exist there.

But to return to the picture now before us at

Ellora. Imagine vast buildings, many two or three stories high, hewn and excavated, as already stated, out of the solid granite-like rock, complete not only in their exterior, but also in their interior arrangement. The process of executing these tremendous works has been explained by sinking a wide, deep trench all round the mass which is afterwards to be shaped into a temple. The "Kylâs," or "Kailâsa" (Plate II.), the most beautiful of these monuments, is in the Davidian (*i.e.* non-Aryan) style of Hindu architecture, and is its most perfect specimen extant. The other form is the Chalukian, which took its existence under the dynasty bearing that name as early as the third century A.C., although little known as builders until the eighth to the twelfth century, and of these we shall find examples when we reach Conjeveram, in the Madras Presidency; in their arrangement they are all more or less copies of the Buddhist Vihara.

The approach to the "Kylâs" is through a lofty portico, elaborately carved, like the rest of this stupendous pile. Through it one enters a large hall or antechamber, 140 feet by 90, filled with rows of pillars of true Indian design, and its walls covered with representations of the Hindu deities in relief. They are one mass of sculpture. Then through a

PLATE II.

THE KAILAS, TEMPLE OF ELLORA.

colonnade of considerable length we pass into a court, 250 feet by 150, containing in the centre the sacred temple, or "Vimana," surrounded by columns and figures of Gods in human and animal forms of colossal dimensions. This temple consists of an oblong mass of black granite richly carved, one hundred feet long and half as broad, by seventeen feet high, held aloft by four rows of pillars resting upon a deep tablature, which again is supported by a number of enormous elephants; the entire edifice forming a pyramid nearly a hundred feet high, and of a most striking and magnificent character.

There are other temples, some of similar construction, though very much smaller, besides some cave chambers, more or less ornamented by sculpture. Of course, they have all been much injured by the lapse of time, and are now little more than ruins; still there is no difficulty in recognizing their general plan and many details, filling up in one's own mind such gaps as may here and there occur.

Before leaving the subject I cannot resist making one or two remarks on the artistic value of these rock temples, which have been produced by so much patient and prolonged labour, combined with a most marvellous skill. Taking the Kylâs for our model, through-

out the entire edifice there runs, distinctly traceable, a vein of æsthetic thought of very high order, by which it might be said to approach high art more closely than any other monument in India, if only one could strip it of those monstrous representations of the Hindu gods and their acolytes which disfigure its walls throughout. It seems difficult to reconcile the latter with the proposition so frequently advocated by men of no mean authority in such matters, that nowhere in India "figure" sculpture shows indications of an independently developed art, but can be traced to Greek origin after Alexander's invasion of the Punjab. As to the architecture, the proportions and forms of columns, obelisks, &c., are, at first sight, apt to give a shock to one's preconceived ideas of beauty, since we are prone to compare them in our mind either with the pure and perfect style of Greece, or the overwhelmingly grand designs of Ancient Egypt, whose rock-cut temple of Ipsâmboul is certainly the most beautiful of its kind. But on looking at Indian objects of art, in order to appreciate them at their true value, we ought to do so free of all bias. Seldom have I seen anything more beautiful than the Kylâs, taking it as a whole, of purely Indian origin; and it was with a heavy heart that I returned on the next morning to take a last

look at it before starting on my return trip to Naudgaum.

It had been my intention to visit Ajanta, but owing to heavy rains, the road in that direction had become impassable. Its temples, some thirty in number, are very celebrated. They are cave-chambers, highly ornamented, and many of them covered with paintings, the most important of these, according to Mr. James Ferguson, appertaining to the middle of the seventh century. As regards some of the cruder specimens, Babu Rajendralala Mitra, a learned native, and author of the recently published "Indo-Aryan," on the evidence of inscriptions he discovered, places their antiquity as early as the first century of the Christian era, and the entire group as belonging to the Buddhist, the Brahminical, and the Iain professions of religious belief. At first, cave-temples were little more than copies of original types in wood; figure sculpture, which long preceded painting, was then their only embellishment.

The best route to visit these caves, as described to me by a friend who knew it well, is as follows: Proceed for about a mile beyond the Ellora temples up the ghaut to Roza, where there is the simple tomb, without dome or canopy, of Aurungezebe, the most

powerful of the great Moguls, who died in 1707, also those of several Mahomedan saints, one of the latter's tombs having been converted into a dâk bungalow. From Roza a steep ghaut descends to Doulutabad, a famous fortress, consisting of a vast conical shaped rock, scarped all round to a complete perpendicular for a height of 120 feet from the base, and only accessible from below by an opening through the solid granite. Thence to Aurungabad, a once important city, now in ruins. Here is the celebrated tomb of Rabia Durani, the daughter of Aurungezebe, built in imitation of the Taj Mahal at Agra. From here the road takes a northerly direction, and passes through the towns of Phulmari and Selhod, down the ghaut to Ferdapur, which is only a few miles from Ajanta; thence, after a visit to the caves, to the Pachora station, on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. This bit of information may be of interest to intending visitors.

The distance between Naudgaum and Jubbulpore, 440 miles, we accomplished in twenty hours, luxurious travelling after my late tonga experience. We passed through some fine scenery, crossed the Nerbudda and over a dense jungle, where only a few days ago a gentleman had been very badly mawled by a tiger, and was said to be dying from his wounds. At last we

PLATE III.

OLD THUG AT JUBBULPORE.

reached our destination, and Kellner's handsome hotel opened its hospitable gates; here I enjoyed a few days repose.

My first visit was to the School of Industry, at the time a Thug establishment, or reformatory for the approvers, and the children, of certain convicted assassins, belonging to a hereditary sect of fanatics, now happily extinct, with the exception of a few individuals still within its prison walls. One or two old men were pointed out to me, in whose features it was not difficult to recognize their savage cut-throat character. (Plate III.)

A few lines on the subject of Thuggeeism may interest some of my readers, and I promise to be as brief as possible.

At first, perhaps a century ago, for there is no authentic record as to its first appearance, Hindus only were of this dread fraternity, whose emblem, a pick-axe, used to accompany them upon their expeditions. They were worshippers of the goddess Kali, wife of Seva, representing the destroying element, whose favour her devotees propitiated by human sacrifice. Later the no less superstitious Moslem, tempted by the prospect of rich plunder, took up the trade, and frequently even joined bands organized by those of the

older faith, possibly satisfying his conscience by some cunning interpretation of his favourite doctrine on Fate, or "Kismet."

Thugs, however, be it stated, never attacked Europeans, from fear of detection. Sometimes the crime was committed by one, but usually they banded together in gangs; and as the favourable moment depended upon good or evil omens, such as the flight of a bird, or other equally trivial incidents, many ingenious devices, and frequently disguises, had to be adopted to entrap their victim. A suitable spot having been selected, the latter, under some pretence or other, was wheedled into taking the chosen direction, when little time was lost in despatching him into unknown regions. The *modus operandi* was that of the Thug seizing his dupe from behind by slipping a knotted handkerchief round his neck, at the same time throwing him on his face, and garotting him in the most approved fashion, when, as soon as life was extinct, the body was rifled and secretly buried in the jungle.*

Previous to 1831 Thuggeeism flourished undisturbed; nay, is said to have been even countenanced by more

* "Thuggee," in Hindi, means "deceiver." In Thug parlance the "inveigler" was called "Sotha;" the "strangler," "Chuttote;" the "victim," "bunij;" the "handkerchief," "roomal;" the "pickaxe," "nishan."—Col. Meadows Taylor's "Seeta."

than one impecunious Rajah, who, under the cloak of devotion to Kali, did not disdain to share the spoil, or accept tribute from its chiefs, in exchange for protection and permission to live in the territory. Since then, however, thanks, in the first place, to Lord Bentinck's energetic measures, the British authorities have successfully battled with that as with other crimes. An interesting chapter on the subject will be found in Col. Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official."

I may here mention another plague of the period, although quite unconnected with Jubbulpore, and probably an offspring of the ferocious Pindharees—small armies of robbers, who infested every part of the Deccan until 1818, when Sir John Malcolm put them down—namely, the Dacoit, or freebooter, who carried on depredations on a large scale; he likewise had his association, and its members were followers of Doorga, the protecting deity of thieves. Their habits during the day were mostly those of agriculturists, devoting the night to plunder some wealthy dealer or money-lender, generally under the guidance of a professional leader. An expedition seldom counted less than two or three scores of men, who, having reached the appointed village, soon completed their work, and decamped as mysteriously

as they had come. Murder, however, was not part of their programme, and they had no connection whatever with Thuggists; in fact, the two factions hated each other most cordially. Dacoitism is not quite extinct, and raids are sometimes heard of even in the present days of high-pressure civilization.

To return for a moment to the School of Industry, I found its inmates occupied in the manufacturing of carpets, as well as towels, shoes, and specially tents. The latter are known far and wide; they are used by all the army, and beautiful specimens in colours are produced for State occasions. The place is well worth a visit, if only to watch the weaving of rugs and carpets, done entirely by hand. Their old native patterns are deservedly prized, as well as the combination of colours, all harsh contrasts being avoided. Excepting at Vellore, I don't think there are finer specimens produced in India.

The town of Jubbulpore, although not large, is rather pretty; it has a handsome bazaar, consisting of numerous arcades, supported by columns, where there must have been many hundreds of people engaged in buying and selling every description of provision, and small shops well stocked with silver ornaments, bangles, bracelets, ear, nose, and ankle rings—these are much coveted all over India. Most of the

native houses here of the better class have a verandah below, often constructed of blackwood tastefully carved. There are also a number of Hindu temples and Mahomedan mosques, with gilt domes and slender minarets to call the faithful to prayer.

Owing to the cooler climate, the town standing nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the natives here wear more clothing than they do in the plain, and those in Government situations adopt a very becoming fashion of winding their snow-white muslin cloth in graceful folds round the lower part of the body, often touching the heel, a white jacket and a small embroidered skull cap completing their costume. Nearly all the women I saw here were ugly, and wrapped up in endless muslin, or other coloured material. Adjoining the south side of the city there is a very large tank, around which, during the cool hours of the evening, gaily-dressed natives squat in groups, either talking and gesticulating violently, or else listening to a professional *raconteur*. It is amusing to watch the people attentively taking in every word, and in the end readily rewarding their benefactor with a few coppers. This custom of relating wonderful stories is prevalent all over the East, and especially amongst

the Arabs, who never tire of hearing those of the celebrated "Arabian Nights."

Ten to twelve miles from Jubbulpore there are two conical hills of white marble, about 120 feet high, which, for several centuries past, have furnished building material for many palaces and tombs in the Punjab and elsewhere. These hills are separated by a gorge of two miles in length, into which a water-fall descends, and are seen to great advantage from the opposite side of the broad sheet or lake formed by the Nerbudda, since the reflection on the water materially heightens the general effect of this pretty bit of scenery. The journey, although fatiguing, is well worth the exertion.

Agriculture flourishes in the Jubbulpore district, owing to its salubrious climate; the gardens contain magnificent flowers, and the hedges are gay with crimson cacti and euphorbiæ, whilst orchards produce a great variety of fruit, amongst which the guava, of a delicate strawberry flavour, is particularly prized. The labouring class, as in most parts of India, here carry everything on long bamboo poles balanced across the shoulder, frequently placing a baby or small child —very precocious little beings, with black hair and piercing eyes—in a basket at one end, their goods at the other.

Having left Jubbulpore in the evening by express train, I got to Allahabad just before sunrise, which was very brilliant by the time I reached the spot, about quarter of a mile from the city, where the Jumna joins the holy river Ganges, and within their embrace rises the famous Fort, holding a commanding position. I need hardly add that the old custom of devotees drowning themselves in the sacred stream at the great annual festival is no more permitted—in fact, has ceased to exist since the commencement of the century, when the district was finally ceded to the British. The country around is flat and fertile, covered with the cotton-plant as far as the eye can reach.

Hence to Cawnpore is little more than a hundred miles, and there being three trains daily at convenient intervals, one can always manage to escape the hottest part of the day. The entire distance, by the way, between Calcutta and Lahore, having now reached a spot about midway, is 1,367 miles, and that between Calcutta and Bombay 1,480 miles, or about as far as London is from Gibraltar.

There hangs so sad a memory over Cawnpore, an indelible blot, nay curse, upon the authors of the fearful massacre of 1857, that one does not care to

loiter here beyond the time required for a visit to that splendid memorial, executed by Marochetti in snow-white marble, and erected in the centre of a beautiful and well-kept garden; its figure, representing the Angel of Peace, is enclosed by a very handsome carved stone screen. Those of my readers who wish to peruse the most graphic account of the thrilling events which this monument recalls, I refer to Colonel, then Captain, Mowbray Thomson's "The Story of Cawnpore." The gallant author is one of the only two survivors who escaped by swimming for their lives.

Instead of continuing my route in a westerly direction, I decided upon visiting Lucknow, lying fifty-three miles due north-east by the Oude and Rohilcund railway. After leaving Cawnpore, I drove for a short distance along the noble Ganges canal, projected by Colonel Colvin, and began during Lord Auckland's administration, to prevent the recurrence of such fearful famine as had desolated, in 1837, the Dooab district, lying between the Ganges and the Jumna. This canal, after many vicissitudes and interruptions, was at last completed in 1854.

CHAPTER III.

Lucknow—Mahomedanism—Agra—The Taj and the Pearl Mosque —Akbar's Test of Religion—Futtehpore Sikree—Delhi— Indraput — Amritzar — Lahore — Buddhist Religion and Architecture.

The Ganges is crossed by a long pontoon bridge, and thence to Lucknow, the handsome capital of Oude, which kingdom had been annexed in 1855, took us five long hours, owing to the shaky condition of the entire line. The engine seemed to feel its way at every turn of the wheel, for fear of displacing the rails or being tossed out of its track. The heat and dust were insufferable as we passed over that dreary

plain, producing grain and cotton in plenty—the latter crop having just been gathered. We passed endless strings of two-wheeled oxen wagons, creaking under their heavy load, but their progress also was so slow that the only moving thing appeared to be numerous flights of wild geese, even they scarcely stirring the air.

Lucknow, one of the oldest cities in India, has a right to boast of its picturesque bazaars, although often so narrow as to make it difficult to escape the sharp teeth of a camel as he shuffles along under a pile of vegetables or other equally necessary articles of consumption. Elephants can only pass through the broader streets, of which there is one at least, the Chinka, or Chinese bazaar, with a handsome gateway at each end. The natives here are very clever at moulding those pretty figures in clay representing the different trades and occupations of the lower orders.

The State religion of Oude is Mahomedan, its rulers having extirpated the Brahmans in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the sect is that of the Shiites or Shiahs, whose strength lies in Persia, whilst the inhabitants of Turkey and her dependencies are Sonnites, the former being the partisans of Ali and his wife Fatima, Mahomed's

daughter, and the latter those of the three preceding caliphs, Abu-Beker, Omar, and Othman, both adopting the Kalma, or dogma, "Mohamed kebir, Allah akhbar"—"Mohamed is great, God is greater," or, as popularly interpreted, "There is but one God, and Mohamed is His prophet."

These two sects are again subdivided, the most important and energetic of which is that of the Wahabees, founded towards the end of the seventeenth century, whose mission was to purify Mahomedanism. They are very fanatical, and their stronghold is in the Nejed, a central province of Arabia, where, under the cloak of religion, they committed great excesses and often gave trouble to their sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey, until at last, in 1818, Ibrahim, Mahomed-Ali's eldest son and commander-in-chief, completely defeated them by land, whilst, in the following year, a British naval force, aided by their ally, the Sultan of Muscat and Zanzibar, was equally successful against the Wahabee pirates of Ras-el-Khymah. Since that time their dominion in Arabia has undergone many changes. Anarchy at one time nearly exhausted their strength, when the late Emir of Nejed—famous, by the by, for his breed of horses—became their leader, and embued the sect with fresh vitality.

Wahabeeism, in its earlier days, spread to and gradually extended over a great part of India, establishing its headquarters along the valley of the Ganges. I shall have something more to say about these fanatics when we reach Patna. In the meantime let us return to the old town of Lucknow.

Amongst buildings, the royal palace, which abuts on the river Goomty, has a very imposing exterior; it encloses two large quadrangles, displaying foun. tains and flower beds. Its architecture is essentially Mahomedan, by some called Saracenic, by others Arabian or Moorish. I prefer the first named term, for it was really the new religion which found expression in this novel form, which, however, in India, never reached anything like the beautiful outline and proportion of what we now term the Moorish style, the finest specimen of which still existing is the Alhambra at Granada. The principal characteristics of this royal edifice are the lofty entrance gate, some forty or fifty feet high, adorned by the Moorish arch and the gilded dome, with a number of smaller ones surmounting the entire structure; the outer walls are coloured pale yellow, richly ornamented with panels, pilasters, and friezes in stucco.

Jmambara is another magnificent palace, or rather a group of edifices; there is an immense hall, one

hundred and twenty feet by sixty, built of stone, with its ceiling gently arched without any columns or other support. Other similarly constructed palaces and mosques are dotted about in the outskirts of the town; and within the royal park, Dil Koosha, or Heart's Delight, a fine large garden with kiosques, water courses, and bridges. On entering the enclosure I was greeted by the howling of wild beasts, confined in strong bamboo cages; they are the remnant of the last king's menagerie. This profligate potentate was in the habit of whiling away his leisure hours by witnessing their fights; his court was famous for the latter, as also for its nautches and fireworks.

Near this spot is the tomb of one of the famous Nawabs of Oude, which presents a curious interior; the large hall, namely, is filled with countless chandeliers and candelabræ of white and coloured glass. In the centre there is a silver throne, holding the Koran, and all round there are shrines of many-coloured tinsel. The tall windows of this building are made of painted glass, mostly flowers, and the general effect is very original, although not beautiful.

There is one other building deserving a passing notice, and that is the durbar hall or throne room; its outer wall is dark crimson, with white stucco orna-

mentation, and the interior, supported by a number of columns, is of a similar ground-tint, relieved by quite an artistic arrangement of glossy vine leaves in plaster, painted pale green and white with pink veins; these cover the entire surface of the wall, producing a most brilliant effect as they stand out upon the deep red wall. I cannot resist recommending this style to decorators, now that they are no more allowed to work in the same groove year after year, but are rather expected to produce new effects on all occasions. From the roof of this building there is a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Within a handsome park stand the ruins of the British Residency, so bravely defended during the Mutiny by Sir Henry Lawrence, and after his death by Brigadier Inglis, until Generals Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the small garrison, consisting of no more than 160 souls, they, the victorious army, being in their turn besieged until Lord Clyde forced his way to their rescue. There are four or five buildings, one of which, the banqueting hall, made into an hospital during the siege, another the house of Dr. Faegels, where Henry Lawrence died after having been struck by a shell at the Residency. All now are black and in ruins; on one side lies the cemetery, where those who had died during the siege were buried.

One morning, whilst at breakfast at the hotel—and there is not a more comfortable one elsewhere in India —I was disturbed by the noise of a funeral procession of a young girl, who, shrouded in pink muslin, was carried on a lofty bier covered with beautiful flowers, and marshalled by a number of camels; the one in front carrying a flag-bearer, the others sacks of cakes and fruit, which the riders threw among the crowd. Two elephants followed the bier, also some six or eight horses, richly caparisoned, led by the bridle, and a pretty brown Cashmere pony, the special favourite of the deceased, a band of musicians, relatives throwing money among the crowd of beggars, and a large conflux of people dressed in their best and gayest colours.

The bungalows of Europeans are, as usual, surrounded by gardens, and divided from the dusty road by handsome balustrades of Oriental pattern, chunamed and with grey copings; these line the so-called "Strand," an elegant promenade, which winds along the canal, presenting in the afternoon a very lively appearance, when crowded with ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in fine carriages, and accompanied by a couple of outrunners in party-coloured turban and jackets.

Christmas happened to fall upon one of the days during my stay at the Imperial Hotel, where it was

celebrated in true old English style—roast beef, turkey, and plum-pudding, to wit, washed down by very excellent champagne, sent round at the expense of mine host, who presided; and I need hardly say that it added materially to the expression of good fellowship amongst us, and the banquet ended with the usual loyal toasts.

Lucknow is the prettiest and pleasantest place in Northern India, and its climate excellent, whilst the cost of living is much more moderate than, for instance, at Bombay, where a good bungalow can hardly be had under 250 rupees per month, whilst here 100 rupees is a fair rent. Provisions are plentiful and exceedingly cheap; beef, as good as any in England, costs less than twopence the pound. There is also a great variety of fruit in the bazaar, melon, guava, plantain, prickly pear, loquat, and two other kinds I had not seen before; the one is called "kyta" (Plate IV.) by the natives, not unlike a large potato in appearance, of brownish colour and perfectly round. I ventured to put my teeth into it, but soon withdrew them again, for its taste was most disagreeable, reminding one of gritty soap. I have since been told that it is the "avocado, or alligator's pear," alias "midshipman's butter" (*Persia gratissima*), described by Charles Kingsley in his "At Last." He met with it at St. Thomas, in the

KAMAREK. *(Avarrhoa carambola.)*

p. 55.

KAITA. *(Persea gratissima?)*

p. 54.

West Indies, "a large brown fruit to be eaten with pepper and salt by those who list!" The other is the kamarek (*avarrhoa carambola*), similar in shape and colour to a plantain, pointed at both ends, but with three or four ridges lengthways, the edges remaining green; its taste is acid and somewhat astringent, generally eaten cooked, and much prized in curry stuff.

I left Lucknow very reluctantly, and shall be glad of an opportunity to pay it another visit. I have heard people compare the place with Dresden, others again with some old Italian town placed within the Regent's Park, as representing the native and the European portion, but neither give an adequate idea of this truly Indian city.

After leaving Lucknow for the North-Western provinces, I had again to pass through Cawnpore, and this time the weather was bitterly cold, causing the natives to wrap themselves up from head to foot in a large white shawl or blanket, like the Bedouins of Egypt; and as they crept along thus muffled, they had all the appearance as if they felt ashamed to walk the road, recalling the cruelties of Nana Sahib. Once more upon the rails of the well-managed East Indian Company, the Toondha Junction was duly reached,

after having passed through a very uninteresting country, and a short branch line took me to Agra.

The latter, now the seat of Government of the province, had from 1526 to 1658 been the capital of the Mogul sovereigns, and like Delhi, which took its place, owes the creation of so many unique palaces and public buildings to the refined taste and genius of Shah Jehan.

Already before crossing the Jumna by a long bridge of boats, since replaced by a railway viaduct, the famous Taj appears in the distance on the border of that mighty river, and not many travellers will long delay a closer inspection. This wonderful monument, as everybody knows, was erected by Shah Jehan, as the tomb of his beautiful wife Arjemand Banu, also called Mumtaz Mahal (Paragon of the Age), or Nôor Jehan (Light of the World). To have an idea of the stupendousness of the task, we have only to consider that it took twenty-two years to complete the work, and that its height to the top of the central dome is 250 feet. The best view one has of the great Taj is either from the opposite shore or by approaching it through the garden avenue, which is lined with dark and sombre looking cypress trees, as if intended to prepare the mind for the proper appreciation of the tomb

of so exalted a personage. A high wall with a handsome gateway on each side, all of red sandstone, encloses, excepting its river façade, the enormous square platform, upon which stand in each corner an exquisitely tapered minaret with the Taj in the centre. The form of the latter is octagonal, it has four lofty entrances under a Moorish arch, facing each quarter of the globe, and is surmounted by a large Oriental dome in the centre, containing an echo of marvellous sweetness, flanked by four smaller ones in a line with the minarets. The interior, relieved by recesses and galleries, contains the sarcophagi of Shah Jehan and his consort, surrounded by a splendidly carved screen, rather resembling lace than marble. The material of this monument, of the platform with its open work gallery, of the minarets, and of the temple itself, nay, of the entire Taj and all that belongs to it, is of snow-white marble, and, thanks to a Government grant, in most perfect condition. The outside, and also the inner tomb, is richly inlaid with arabesques of precious stones in Florentine manner, and an elegant border, consisting of verses from the Koran in Persian letters of black marble, surrounds the entrance gates. The stones employed are the cornelian, which came from Gujerat and Bagdad, the jasper and heliotrope from the Punjab, turquoises from Thibet, lapis lazuli

from Ceylon, garnets from Gwalior, amethyst from Persia, and a host of the agate tribe from—anywhere.

The Taj was intended to have a golden cupola, which had actually been commenced, but, before being finished, became broken by a violent storm, and was replaced by one of marble; the latter came from Jubbulpore and Jeypore. This wonderful piece of Eastern architecture, which in reality is so beautiful—especially seen by moonlight—that it seems impossible to describe it impassionately, is said to have cost three-quarters of a million pounds sterling, and one authority gravely adds a million to that enormous sum; but such was the prodigality of Shah Jehan, that he had seriously contemplated erecting a similar structure for his own tomb on the opposite shore of the Jumna, and to connect the two by a marble bridge with silver railings.

The same purity of taste and richness of fancy exists in the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, which stands in the centre of the Fort, a jewel of chaste architecture. It is likewise erected on a raised platform, but of red sandstone, and opens upon a handsome courtyard, with a graceful minaret at each end. The body of the mosque is divided into a central and two smaller side halls, each entered by a lofty arched portal,

and surmounted by three domes; an open gallery running along the entire front, consisting of a triple row of most exquisitely proportioned Moorish arches. Every part of the edifice is of pure white marble, like that of the Taj, but instead of incrustations in coloured stone, the marble here is delicately carved into elegant patterns and arabesques without the addition of colour, and the effect is exceedingly beautiful.

I must now retrace my steps, and advance by the drawbridge, spanning a deep moat, which gives admittance to the Fort, with its high embrasured walls and handsome gateways. It was built by the brave Akbar, the grandfather of Shah Jehan, about three hundred years ago, and during the Mutiny became the refuge of nearly 6,000 Europeans, who flocked to it from all parts. The tales I heard here as to the origin of that disastrous Mutiny were strange and contradictory, varying in degree between open insurrection and a mere cartridge feud; the latter, we now know, was the approximate cause, the match that fired the train; but that the principal conspirators aimed much higher is equally beyond a doubt. "The origin of the great Mutiny," says Sir Richard Temple ("Men and Events of my Time in India"), in quoting Sir John Lawrence, his chief's opinion, "was that the Sepoys had become too numerous and powerful in proportion to the

European army. . . . . It was the sense of power that induced them to rebel."

The Sepoy, it is well known, only rebels for his pay or his caste; the former he receives punctually, but the report, carefully disseminated by emissaries of the king of Oude, that the cartridges had been greased with the fat of cows and pigs, thus striking at the religious prejudices of Hindu and Mohamedan by one blow, frightened and exasperated him, in the same manner as at Vellore, in 1806, the Government order to change the turban of the Sepoys, which the family of Tippoo took advantage of, and thereby caused the first mutiny.

Within the Fort, besides the Motee Musjid already described, there is the modern Arsenal, in which are supposed to be preserved the celebrated gates of Somnath, the holy Brahminical city of Goojrat; they are about twelve feet high, and said to be composed of sandal wood, elaborately carved and inlaid. Another account, however, and probably the true one, is that the genuine gates, which for eight centuries had been guarding the tomb of Mahmud of Ghazni, had been restored to the temple of Somnath, whilst those carried off by Gen. Nott in 1842, and brought to Agra, were not of sandal wood at all, but of deal, and of much later date. As I did not see them, I cannot

vouch for the truth of either statement; but if those at Agra were the original gates, they would hardly have been consigned to a lumber room in the Fort, where nobody ever set eyes upon them.

Akbar's palace overlooks the Jumna, and is still in tolerable state of preservation. It consists of a number of buildings and detached pavilions in white marble, and richly ornamented with carving and mosaics, reminding one somewhat of the Alhambra, the same Moorish arches, open-work galleries, balconies, and slender columns, fit only to grace the palaces of fairyland. All within breathes mystery, and many a curious tale is told of the famous "bath of mirrors," the design of which is extravagantly fantastic; walls and vaulted ceilings of the different compartments and passages, which the baths consist of, are completely covered with bits of mirror intermixed with bright-coloured glass, and arranged in the most intricate designs, representing flowers, &c. The water falls in a broad sheet into a marble pool over brilliant lamps, and the fountains are so constructed as to be lighted up from within. Most of the chambers and spacious halls are connected by open courts and gardens filled with fountains and the scent from thousands of flowers. There is also the throne room, and a courtyard paved with squares of black

and white marble, upon which Akbar and his fair companions were wont to move from square to square, playing at "pachisi," a game resembling back-gammon.

Such are the wonders of this Indian paradise of three centuries ago. This genius of Agra, this greatest of Mogul emperors, also was a wise man in his generation, and he had a ready way of settling knotty questions of State. Religion in those days was the apple of discord, as it is to-day, so many new sects having sprung up amongst both the Hindus and the Mohamedans; and at one time the people became so importunate that it was deemed necessary to devise means of reassuring them. Akbar and his minister, the crafy Rajah Beer-Bul, a Hindu, were equal to the occasion; the latter was despatched to call the chiefs and the head men of the village to a conference, when he assured them that, the matter being of the very gravest importance, time would be required to satisfy all consciences, and that the emperor desired them to attend him in durbar on that day six months, when he would be prepared to settle the whole question, enjoining them in the meantime to hold the peace, which they all promised. The appointed day at last came round, and from an early hour in the morning crowds of people from far and near, accompanied by their

leaders, assembled on the plain, where numerous tents of different sizes and colours proclaimed the spot the emperor had chosen to receive the assembly. At the back of these there was an enclosure with a large pavilion, the interior of which no man had been allowed to obtain even a passing glimpse of. Hither Akbar, his court, and the people proceeded, and whilst the emperor seated himself on the throne, the people had time to look round and wonder at the scores of columns they saw before them; each seemed to have been made of a different description of wood, stone, or metal, and much to their surprise, at the opposite side of the enclosure, a large number of blind men were stationed. Presently the trusty minister stepped forward, and after an eloquent rehearsal of his great master's high qualities and benevolent intentions, he explained that they would now have an opportunity of judging of his wisdom by the practical answer to their question as to which was the only true religion. You have before you, he continued, now addressing the blind men, one hundred columns, each one of a different material. You, my blind friends, are likewise one hundred in number, and the Emperor, wishing you well, gives you permission to get hold each of one of these columns, and the one who has hit upon the golden column shall be allowed to retain it as

his own property. Immediately there was a great rush, and no little bustle and shouting amongst these men. At last each held in his embrace a column; Beer-Bul now went to one after the other in turn, telling him to let go, but they all refused, each insisting upon his being that of gold. When the noise had somewhat abated, the minister turned to the multitude, "Here, friends, you behold with your own eyes the momentous answer. You, too, each of you, thinks that his religion is the precious pillar of State, but, be assured, none of you has reached the goal, for perfection does not exist here on earth; all religions are equally good if you be but true to their metal or teachings."

There is little doubt but that the people went away marvelling at the profound wisdom of their beloved Emperor, who, by the way, was well known for his latitude in religious matters, for had he not married—*inter alia*—a Portuguese lady who did not relinquish her Catholic faith!

The above story a native related to me in another and perhaps more probable form, since Akbar delighted in testing Beer-Bul's ingenuity. According to it, the Emperor asked his minister, "What is religion?" or "Which is the true religion?" The latter replied by requesting six months' delay for meditation, &c.—the

same *finale*, only that Akbar, instead of the people, is learning a lesson from his master in subtlety.

With this anecdote I will take leave of Agra, and pay a short visit to Secundra, at a distance of six or eight miles, where, in the midst of a neglected garden, rises to the height of a hundred feet the pyramidical tomb of Akbar, consisting of five terraces. Around each runs an arched gallery, resting on slender pillars, and surmounted by rows of cupolas. The material is red sandstone, except the upper story, which is of white marble, and the ornamentation consists of mosaics and carvings, as elsewhere. The road between this mausoleum and Agra is studded with tombs and ruins of palaces.

Within twenty-two miles of Agra, there is another very interesting place, namely, Futtehpore Sikree, once the country residence of Akbar, now one mass of ruins and neglect, although some of the princely buildings are still fairly intact, telling the same story of a luxurious age long gone by. The splendour of Beer-Bul's palace, and that of the mosque and tomb of Shekh Selim, is almost greater than that of anything yet described; but a short sketch of the latter will suffice to give some idea. This tomb, covered by a canopy six feet high, is made of mother-of-pearl, the floor of

jasper, and the walls of white marble inlaid with cornelian; there are marble screens, about eight feet square each, surrounding the same, wrought into the most intricate open traceries. This is one of the most beautiful specimens of the kind in India.

The population in the agricultural districts of the North-Western provinces consists now of eight Hindus to one Mohamedan; in the towns, both religions are about equally represented. The climate is far from agreeable, owing to its extreme heat and cold, and the country over which I travelled, as far as Delhi, is one level. I arrived there at an early hour in the morning, and finding the only hotel engaged, I had no difficulty in making myself comfortable at the Dâk bungalow for the small pay of one rupee per day.

Delhi, the great Mogul city, is strongly fortified, and about seven miles in circumference; it is surrounded by an embattled wall, with bastions, moat, and glacis, and has seven handsome gates; its population is said to count one hundred and fifty thousand souls. The streets are narrow, with one or two exceptions; as, for instance, the Chandnee-Chokee, or silversmith street, which extends from the palace to the Delhi gate, outside of which, in a sandy plain, is the Afghan Market,

a large enclosure occupied by the tall, and not over-clean, denizens of the hilly region beyond the Kyber Pass; also by their beasts of burden lying about amongst heaps of sheepskins and other unsavoury merchandise, and numbers of camels, horses, and cattle, brought here for sale. In the bazaars of Delhi the jewellers are said to drive the best trade, and I can well understand it, having visited the principal dealers in precious stones. Here is a rich store to feed our eyes upon—rubies, emeralds, turquoises, cats-eyes, and many others; the first two were especially beautiful, and many Europeans resort to the shops to match a certain stone.

The principal thoroughfares are always crowded with natives, who flock to it from all parts of India, and nowhere else does one see a greater variety of costume. That of a Cashmere swell will give an idea of its luxury. As I was walking along, this individual, bursting with pride and vanity, strutted in front of me, accompanied by three followers. The former was got up in tight lavender-coloured silk trousers, an amber coat with gold-embroidered collar, blue Cashmere shawl thrown loosely over his shoulders, and an enormous turban composed of a green shawl, shoes embroidered in gold and silver completing the attire. His underlings were dressed equally fantastically in

scarlet and crimson, braided with gold and silver, and all were armed with swords and tulwar.

Amongst public buildings, the most conspicuous is the Jumma Musjid, an enormous mosque erected by Shah Jehan in 1641. It stands at the extreme end of a large quadrangular court, with arcades on each side, and is approached by a flight of steps ; the architecture is that of other Mahomedan structures, with large entrance gate, minarets, &c., and built of red stone, except the cupolas, which are of white marble. The whole is very impressive from its size, solidity, and rich material.

The Mogul's palace, of which only a portion now remains, must have been very similar to that at Agra, a cluster of towers and battlements still marking its extent. The throne room, open, and supported by columns and arches, still exists, and the emperor's seat is of white marble of very simple design. Here stood in former times the famous Peacock throne, of which the " Koh-i-noor," or " Mountain of Light," was the principal ornament. The jewel had been carried off in 1739 by Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror of Hindustan, whose successor, Shah Soojah, the exiled monarch of Cabul, in 1815 was forced to hand it over to Runjeet Singh, the last Maharajah of the Punjab, when the former sought refuge with him after his

escape from Cashmere, and Runjeet Singh bequeathed the gem in 1839 to the shrine of Juggernaut in Orissa; but ten years later, on the extinction of the Punjab kingdom, it got into the possession of the British Crown. A few private apartments and bath rooms of white marble inlaid, and a small mosque of the same material is all that now remains of this noble royal residence.

An excellent college, and a number of more or less elaborate religious buildings, complete the list of public edifices; but I must not omit a visit on horseback to the ruins of Old Delhi, or "Indraput" (*Indra*, the firmament), a very ancient Hindu city, which covers an immense area on the banks of the Jumna. These remains belong to temples, palaces, and tombs—the very image of desolation. Amongst them we come upon an interesting relic in the shape of an unsightly tall black metal (edict) pillar, or "stambhas," twenty-three feet, eight inches high, marking the sight of an old Patan palace erected in the fourth or fifth century. The Patans are an Afghan race which had to make room for the Mogul emperors.

The Kuttab minaret merits special mention amongst that mass of granite and marble scattered everywhere. It belonged to an enormous mosque built 700 years ago by the first Mohamedan ruler of this

province. The minaret rises by five tiers to the height of 380 feet. Three of these are of red sandstone, most beautifully carved in Arabesque patterns, and verses from the Koran, and the two upper ones of white marble. Not far from this spot there is a very large well of great depth, into which men and boys are always ready to dive for a few annas.

The ride to town, some eight or ten miles, passed through avenues of banyan, acacia, mimosa, and mango trees, inhabited by all kinds of birds, especially parroquets. Every now and then one encounters elephants, camels, and other quadrupeds, natives on foot and in carriages, called ekkas, a sort of hammer-cloth, blue or red, stuck upon two wheels and drawn by oxen.

As much as I had enjoyed my stay at Delhi, I was glad to get away and have a quiet night, as the jackals converted it after dark into a veritable howling wilderness. Besides, Delhi's share in the late Mutiny has made everybody so well acquainted with the place that it seems unnecessary to go into further details. Before leaving, however, I had the usual levée, which in India greets every traveller, namely, of tradespeople, each praising his own and abusing his neighbour's wares. It is "Sahib here" and "Sahib there," as jewellery, miniatures on ivory, shawls, and a multitude

of other useless things are brought to light, and some really very pretty articles amongst them. There is a native artist here who is a capital hand at reproducing a photograph on ivory in colours, and I have found both here and at Agra that the natives have a very shrewd idea of art, but it requires cultivation. The Delhi jewellery is celebrated, not only in India, but all over the world.

Finding myself again *en route*, I noticed little to interest one in the aspect of the country, excepting the tremendous railway bridge over the Sutlej just after passing Loodiana. It is one mile in extent, and rests upon no less than fifty-seven girders. We are now in the heart of the Sikh country, of which the Punjab constitutes the confines. Its origin dates from the year 1469, by one Nânak, whose design was to combine Hinduism and Islamism into one harmonious brotherhood, the teachings of which are expounded in the "Grunth," the Sikh Scriptures. It seems evident, however, that the founder of this new creed can have had but a very superficial knowledge of the two religions, since their first principles, those of Pantheism and Monotheism, would seem to any intelligent person quite irreconcilable.

Amritzar, my next halting-place, is in reality the

cradle of that new community of "soldier-priests," and the great feature of the city is the "Golden Temple," in the sacred pool or reservoir called "Immortality," to which the faithful crowd morning and evening to hear the holy text chanted, during which performance they throw money and grain upon the circular platform, in the centre of which the priest squats with his "Grunth." Runjeet Singh, the last native ruler of the Punjab, built this temple, in the shape of an irregular square, with gateways, domes, and galleries; its exterior laid over with thin plates of gold, and its interior painted in Oriental fashion. The whole forms a pretty object, and very original. There is little else to interest one in this town, which is surrounded by a high wall; its streets and houses do not differ from those I have described elsewhere, but the city is considered to be wealthy, from its large trade with Cashmere and Thibet; indeed, it is the market, *par excellence*, for shawls and silks.

Barely thirty miles due west from Amritzar is Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, a large military station. There is an old palace, also the magnificent mausoleum of Jehangeer, a couple of miles from the town, and the large white marble tomb of Runjeet Singh; also that of Rani Chunda, one of his widows, a

somewhat eccentric lady, of whom it was told that, when implored by Sikh deputies to aid them marching on Calcutta, she suddenly drew aside the purdah, and threw her pyjamas at them. Besides, there is the usual host of mosques, tombs, and temples, all worth a visit, but their respective architecture in no way different from what has been already described—I shall let it pass. The Mohamedans having subjugated the Punjab early in the eleventh century, accounts for the great number of their religious monuments, many now in ruins.

Of modern institutions, there is a good college and a museum. The latter contains an interesting collection of sculptures and architectural fragments of old Buddhist remains in the Peshawur valley, which are now being moulded and photographed for the British Museum. It has been stated that much importance is attached to them, owing to the evidence of strong Greek influence, supposed to have come from Bactria into Afghanistan, and thence penetrated into Cashmere and India. My own opinion, however, is that the Hellenic influence upon Indian art has been very feeble, and by no means permanent; indeed, after careful examination of existing ruins, I should say that it seems to have completely lost its effect at a very early period, and that in nearly every example an

impress of independent Indian architecture is distinctly traceable.

Late discoveries have brought to light remains of Buddhist dagobas of great antiquity in many parts of India, and especially in Ceylon, their construction dating as far back as three or two centuries before our era, and showing that the sculpture of that early age had a very marked character of comparative excellency, which the Brahmins were never able to compete with successfully. I need only mention two specimens of the period I speak of; namely, the tope or stupa of Bharhut, about half-way between Jubbulpore and Allahabad, discovered by Major-General Alexander Cunningham in 1873, and the dagoba, "Thuparame," of Anurajapura, ninety miles north of Kandy, recently excavated by the Government of Ceylon.

Buddhism originated in India in the sixth century B.C., but did not attain the height of its influence until three centuries later, and continued in full power until the fourth or fifth century A.D., up to which period, and even later, pilgrims came to India as their holy land from all parts of Asia, especially from China. Brahminical persecution, however, gradually drove them from the great cities, and large communities of Buddhists retired among the hills of the west, where they constructed cave temples, many of which were

eventually adapted to the Hindu worship. Still Buddhism lingered on until the seventh century, when Brahminism took up its old position as the national religion of India, and between that and the eleventh and twelfth century, the last traces of the former disappear from the Peninsula, excepting in the diluted form of Jainism. Arts, sciences, and literature reached their highest development in India during the earlier and most brilliant epoch of Buddhism. The latter is now the prevailing religion in China, Burmah, Siam, and Ceylon, but only in the last named has it retained its former purity. In Thibet, as well as in Nepaul, Lamaism, an unworthy offspring of Buddhism, exists in full force, and is the universal religion of the people.

The Punjab (Panj—nad, or five rivers) produces large crops of grain—wheat, barley, Indian corn, and gram (*cicer arietinum*), also cotton and indigo, and the range of hills extending from the Indus to the Hydaspes, now called the Jelum, yields the famous rock-salt which is largely exported to Bengal.

It is within fifty miles of Lahore that we come upon classical ground, where Alexander the Great, in B.C. 327, had erected altars on the banks of the Hyphasis, the modern Sutlej, to commemorate the extent of his conquests. In the same region, Lord

Lake, on the 24th December, 1805, at the command of Governor General Sir George Barlow, signed the treaty by which Holkar was reinstated in all the territory which had been acquired by Lord Wellesley during the latter's memorable administration 1797-1805, during which period he secured to the East India Company the government of one half and the control over the other half of India, from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej; advantages subsequently lost by Lord Cornwallis's weak policy, followed by Sir George Barlow and Lord Minto. Lord Wellesley's conquests and alliances, however, were eventually more than re-established by Lord Canning, Earl of Moira, Governor General 1813-1822.

Greek mythology has likewise been busy in these regions; it was on the banks of the Hydaspes where Nonnus, in his "Dionysiasa," laid the fight between Bacchus and Deriade, which lasted seven years.

CHAPTER IV.

Mussoorie and the Himalaya—Benares—Hindu Polytheism and Institution of Caste—Calcutta—Madras—Conjeveram, temples of the Chalukyas Dynasty—Pondicherry.

The cold season of the year unfortunately prevented my pursuing the much coveted journey to the Cashmere valley; but being bent upon obtaining as near a view as possible of the Himalaya (Simla, for the same reason, being out of reach), I retraced my steps as far as Umballa, and there made arrangements for a trip to Mussoorie, one of the Government sanataria of the Hill States, with Landour, the military division, yet a thousand feet above. It is situated at the confines of

the provinces of Sirmore and Gurhwal to the north, and the low land called the Dahra Doon to the south, where the Jumna rushes past in a south-easterly direction. The journey is extremely fatiguing, for although the distance as the crow flies is but seventy miles, the road, which not only winds a good deal, often in zigzag fashion, but is almost continually uphill, more than doubles it; besides, the dâk express, by which I travelled part of the way, is by no means a pleasant conveyance. It jolted sorely over the rough road, whilst but little shelter and less comfort was to be had *en route* owing to the inclement season. Indeed, it was the coldest month of the year, and forcibly reminded me of that prevailing in northern Europe about the same period. Tremendous gusts of high wind at every turn, frequently accompanied by a downpour of sleet, with a very appreciable daily fall of the thermometer; to which inconveniences must be added many a mishap to the underfed ponies which had the misfortune to fall under our relay.

About half way we reached the spurs of the Siwalik hills, and here my climb commenced in earnest, now borne aloft in a palki, now on foot, and by the time I reached the highest point a smart frost added to the feeling of loneliness which the bare scenery inspired,—down again past rapid rivers,

over slender bridges and through jungle and noble forests, mounting and descending in turn; steeper and steeper becomes the ascent until we reach a height of upwards of 6000 feet. Here at last we came to a full stop, and received the welcome intelligence that we had reached our destination. There was barely sufficient daylight to see a dozen yards ahead, and I was only too glad to turn in, finding the scanty accommodation quite luxuriant compared with what had hitherto fallen to my lot since I had left Umballa. The night, however, was bitterly cold, and, Hyperborean as I am, I had the greatest difficulty in keeping warm, putting every particle of clothing and wrappers I possessed under requisition. On the next morning I rose early; but was disappointed in the sunrise as a heavy mist hung all around; this presently began to lift, developing before my eyes one of the most sublime aspects of nature. At first, I could see little more than the high ground upon which I was standing, with huts and bungalows built on the southern slope at considerable distances from each other, often apparently hanging on to mere crags; but little by little the curtain lifted, and range after range of rugged snow-clad peaks came within sight, separated from each other by deep gorges. From a distance they appeared to extend in parallel ridges,

which, however, is not really the case, for their spurs run in all directions; some seven or eight chains appear, one overtopping the other, each getting fainter, until at last haze and distance hide the rest. Their apparent height is much diminished by the great space intervening, even between the nearest objects; and the comparative lowness on the horizon of the whole stupendous mass is partly owing to the same cause, as also to there being no dazzling single peak towering in the air,—at least in this western branch of the Himalaya,—the entire range and group consisting, so to say, of a succession of peaks clad in perennial snow. Still it is a sight of unrivalled grandeur, and I was fortunate indeed in having such a clear day to view it all. The scenery may not be so picturesque, but immeasurably more impressive, nay, more awful, than any in Switzerland or the Tyrol. There are neither lakes nor cascades here, which in beauty can be compared with those of the Bernese Oberland, or the valley of the Traun; indeed, except in Cashmere, there are no great river basins on the Indian side of the western Himalaya, the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Sanpo or Brahmaputra, having their source in the Tibetan or northern region of the chain intersecting its axis in their solitary course. The entire breadth of these formidable mountain masses varies from nearly a

hundred miles to almost double that in their western branch. Notwithstanding the enormous aggregate height of the Himalaya with Mount Everest (*Gauri-sankar*), its highest peak, towering 29,000 feet above the sea level, it is not at all certain whether the Karakoram, or, according to native authority, the mighty Muztakh range--for they look upon the former merely as a separate ridge—reaching its greatest, yet known, elevation, 28,250 feet, at K_2 (survey symbol) recently named "Godwin Austen," after its first surveyor—be not the greater mass of mountains. Another report has raised some doubt as to whether "Mount Everest" be really the highest point in the Himalaya. At the June, 1884, meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. W. W. Graham, who explored that portion of the chain in September, 1883, in the course of a very interesting lecture, stated that, having reached the lower summit of Kabru, at least 23,700 feet above the sea, whence he had the most glorious view, he and his Swiss guide, looking in a north-westerly direction towards Mount Everest (which was less than seventy miles distant from where they stood, and perfectly clear and visible), distinctly saw two loftier peaks some eighty to a hundred miles further north, one rock, one snow, towering far above the second and more distant range. It is to be hoped

that it will not be long ere a regular survey settles this matter. Little also is as yet known of the north-eastern face of the Himalaya or of the river system flowing into the Sanpo, and its onward course to the Bay of Bengal, which has long occupied geographers. Nain Singh, the pundit, when at Lhassa, in 1874, was told that the Sanpo was the Brahmaputra, whilst Mr. R. Gordon, C.E., in a report, issued in 1879, endeavours to prove, by hydrological researches principally, that the Irawadi in reality receives the waters of the great Tibetan river; however, this latter view meets with few supporters now. The same uncertainty so far exists as regards the mineral products of this region. Of gems there appears to be an almost total absence;—but I must now return to Mussoorie.

There is something grim, and at the same time fascinating, in this wild northern aspect, whilst the scenery in the opposite direction appears tame by comparison. On this, the southern side, the mountain, covered with pine forests, amongst which the far-famed Deodar (*Cedrus deodara*), descends more or less suddenly, though seldom in precipices, and covered with vegetation. The Mall, about a coss in length, something like the Scotch mile and a bittock, during the season crowded with ladies and gentlemen in jampauns (mountain sedan chairs) or on horseback, was now

deserted, but nature lost none of its charms by their absence.

Having made one or two sketches from different points, I prepared to return on the following day, when I examined the slopes more at my leisure. Gradually in the intervening valleys, and in sheltered nooks, although in the depth of the cold season, vegetation became more varied, and many old acquaintances turned up in the way of shrubs and flowering plants; indeed, as soon as warmer weather sets in, even the bare rocks assume a gayer aspect by the appearance of interloping grass patches. Also the Alpine flora (so strangely missing, by the by, in the Atlas range) is strongly represented by primroses, campanulæ, gentians, &c.; and one of the prettiest objects here is the Judas tree (*Cercis siliguastrum*), covered with rose-coloured flowers; also tree-ferns, and a great variety of rhododendrons, grace the hillside.

Beyond and below lies the vast expanse of open, broad valleys, which are those of the Dehra Doon, whence this time I took a more easterly route to join the railway at Saharunpore, by which I saved ten miles. Once more I turned round to gaze upon the endless succession of hills, thousands of feet high, and as many silvery streamlets; then, closing my eyes, I soon took refuge in the land of dreams and oblivion.

After the fatigue of the previous week, I was not sorry to get a long rest in the comfortable compartment of the East Indian railway, which admitted of a good stretch ; and after a journey of nineteen hours, I reached Benares, the holy city of the Ganges, remarkable for the bigotry of its population, Hindu, as well as Mussulman, about one-fifth belonging to the latter faith in the town, and only one-tenth in the country districts ; for, although the Mohamedans have put an end to the supremacy of the old Brahminical emperors, the religion of Brahma has remained unshaken in India.

The position of Benares is decidedly the most picturesque of any town in India. The river here forms a curve, and from it rises a town in the form of an amphitheatre, approached by flights of stone steps, called ghâts, to a height of thirty feet and more, running along with continuous breaks for nearly three miles. The buildings facing the river are mostly temples and palaces, thickly studded with domes and minarets, gilt or gaudily coloured. Upon the steps there are erected shrines of every variety, filled with idols ; and here and there the scene becomes varied by funeral piles where the Hindus burn their dead, and throw the ashes into the sacred river. These ghâts are always crowded, especially in the morning, with devotees in

every variety of costume; the most conspicuous amongst which is the swaggering Bengali, moving along majestically under the shade of a large crimson umbrella, carried by a servant, and generally accompanied by a host of followers. Fakirs and mendicants there are in great numbers, and men and women of all shades, taking a dip in the purifying stream, whilst prayers and incantations are being pronounced by the priests. Others, having completed their devotion, sit under a coloured awning, gossiping and enjoying their hooka.

It is a lively scene indeed, and not easily forgotten. The best view is from the river, and there are always plenty of boats at hand to have a row up and down. Of mosques and temples there are hundreds at Benares, especially of the latter. They are mostly small, called "Mut," but there is certainly one imposing mosque close to the ghâts. It was built by Aurungzebe, of red sandstone, and from its lofty minaret there is an extensive view all round.

The Brahmans, a very wealthy class, bestow large sums upon their temples; and, as far as I could perceive, their principal ceremony consists of the pouring of the Ganges' water over the image of their deity, and decorating it with wreaths of white and yellow flowers; indeed, this seems the only form of worship observed,

and a stranger, visiting these curious places of piety, does not escape without a similar garland being thrown over his shoulders, for which he is expected to dive into his pocket and produce a rupee, and those who are anxious for further distinction can have their forehead marked with the emblem of the deity, which means another rupee. There are also more substantial offerings made by the believer in the Hindu Polytheism, but if the gods get them, the Brahmans take care they shall not keep them.

On looking at the architectural works of India of bygone days, they are almost without exception sacred monuments; religious ideas, contorted as they are, govern the whole life of the Hindus in the greatest as well as in the smallest matters—no room for a charge of Erastianism here; according to their extravagant superstition, nothing is done without some supernatural agency. The Hindu religion presents a very confused idea of doctrine, at first (about the thirteenth or fourteenth century, B.C.). According to the Veda, Brahm was God, all in all, the personification of the elements, the world's Creator, Preserver and Destroyer, and the Hindus believed in the final absorption of their spirit into Brahm; so far, therefore, their religion was clearly Pantheism; soon, however, he became the invisible God, and his attributes were represented by

the Triad or sub-deities, Brahma, Vishnu, and Seva;—a similar system existed in ancient Egypt, where, however, every large town had its local Triad of Gods, at Memphis, for instance, it consisted of Phthah, Sakhet, and Tum; at Thebes of Ammon-Ra, Maut, and Chonsu, &c. Once upon the high road of polytheism, other deities and so-called incarnations were soon added by the Hindu priests, and certain signs invented to brand the followers of each of the gods of their Trinity. Those of Brahma have a black line drawn vertically on the forehead with a spot in the middle ; Vishnuites three lines, the outer ones white, and the central red or yellow \ | /; and Sevaites three white horizontal lines and a black spot in the centre . Fear and Hope being the devotional element of the Hindu religion, Vishnu, the Preserver, and Seva, the Destroyer, are now favourite deities, the principal temple of pilgrimage of the former being at Juggernauth, on the Orissa coast, and that of the latter at Byjoonath, in Behar. To Juggernauth the pilgrims bring offerings of food and money, to Byjoonath water from the Ganges. Brahma has few followers now. Mahadeva, as Seva is usually called, has of late years increased his influence, and is plentifully bathed, especially by the weaker sex, who bring water for the purpose from holy springs in pretty little brass chatties.

(A similar ceremony existed in Greece in the last half of the fifth century, B.C., analogous in sentiment as well as solemnity of the sacred rite, of which Grote relates—Vol. vi., p. 368—that "at Athens, and also at Argos, on the festival of Plynteria the statue of the goddess Athênê was stripped of all its ornaments, and washed or bathed under a mysterious ceremonial by appointed priestesses and other women.")

Transmigration of the soul is one of the tenets of the Hindus, as it is that of the Buddhists, with a different interpretation, however, as to its ultimate fate, or rather absorption, as will be seen when we come to discuss Buddhism in Chapter VI. Another custom of the former is to tie their garments on the right shoulder like the Parsees, in opposition to the Mussulmen.

The institution of "caste" amongst Hindus is part of their religion, and Europeans residing in India suffer much from it, as it prevents the general usefulness of an individual; every man can only follow a certain trade, or do, touch, and eat a certain thing, according to his caste, of which there are four principal ones. Firstly, the Brahmins, or priestly class, the highest and most reverenced of all; secondly, the Kshatriyas, or military; thirdly, the Vaisyas, or husbandmen and merchants; and fourthly, the Sudras,

or artisans and labourers. The latter or lowest caste can only be employed in the meanest and most servile duties, and is looked upon by all others as an outcast; he dare not enter the hut of even a Vaisya, much less eat with him. It is this system of caste, rather than the effect of an enervating climate, which necessitates in India a numerous staff of servants. Mr. Lewis Rice, in his excellent "Gazetteer of Mysore," published in 1877, gives 413 as the known number of castes.

There is a remarkable difference in the bearing of a Hindu and that of a Mussulman; the former is commonly fawning and obsequious, seldom looking you in the face, but letting his eyes wander about, whilst the latter is always quiet, calm, and self-possessed; the former is as licentious as the latter is on the whole moral and sober.

The happiest life at Benares lead the cow and the monkey, both sacred to the Brahman; they fill street and temple, and are never interfered with; they are fed and tended, and no one would think of giving them a kick, even on the sly, to get them to move out of his path.

The native houses at Benares are mostly painted on the outside in glaring colours, often designing mythological objects as gods, or brutes with several

heads, arms, or legs; and walking along the narrow streets one meets with unceasing sounds of discordant instruments issuing from religious institutions and Hindu temples.

About two miles from the town is the little village of Secrote, where the British officials reside, and the military cantonment.

The bazaars of Benares are well worth a visit, for it is the great mart for shawls, silks, diamonds, and a particular kind of brass-ware handsomely engraved, a kind of intaglio, and much superior to the Moorish trays and nicknacks.

The mercantile and agricultural classes in this province are said to be wealthy, of which one notices many indications; and sugar, opium, and indigo factories are numerous.

Before leaving Benares, it fell to my lot to witness a grand nautch, which, to my mind, did in no respect come up to those I had seen in Upper Egypt, where good features and faultless figures, picturesque posing and grouping, and harmonious music, although quaint, form an agreeable supplement to the actual dancing or graceful movements of the body. The dancing syrens I saw in India are as a rule plain-looking, and their performance consists of eel-like sideling, moving their arms gently round the head and arranging, displacing

and rearranging their drapery, which is always as gaudy as colour and tinsel will make it,—their ears, noses, arms and ankles are encumbered with rings and glass jewels. The natives are very fond of nautches, and pay the actors handsomely for the display of their art.

Twenty-five years ago travellers for Calcutta had to make the Ganges their highway and proceed thither by the budgerow, a clumsy rowing boat, carrying sail, with a high poop-deck. They had the opportunity of seeing much pretty scenery, studying the character of natives and doing a little shikarring or sketching *en route* according to their taste and inclination; now all the poetry of such a journey is lost by the introduction of railways, one is hurried along and has little more than a glimpse of the country. We stopped an hour at Dinapore, of unenviable notoriety as those will remember who have followed the events of the mutiny, and ten miles farther we reached Patna with its ghâts and temples, a small —very small—edition of Benares without the latter's life and wealth. The soil of this district is fertile, rice and poppy grow in abundance, and a variety of palm trees enliven the aspect of its extensive plains.

It was here, at Patna, in the centre of the rich province of Bahar, where, at the outbreak of the mutiny in 1857, the Wahabees, a fanatical sect of Puritan Mohamedans, were the arch-intriguers, and it was fortunate indeed for the Government, that in Mr. William Taylor, the Commissioner of the district, it possessed one of its most sagacious and energetic servants. He, as soon as he had discovered the plot, without hesitation arrested the chief Mulvis of the sect, whom he placed under supervision, notwithstanding the favour they stood in with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. They were eventually tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, but the High Commissioner commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life on the Andaman Islands. Here Ahmed-Ulla, one of them, was under nominal confinement when Lord Mayo was assassinated by a Mohamedan,—and only the year before, in 1871, the Chief Justice of Calcutta had been stabbed by a Wahabee fanatic on the steps of his own court! Colonel Meadows Taylor, author of the "Story of my Life," mentions an earlier case of the murderous excesses of the sect in Southern India, where in 1833, a horrible plot, said to have been of their contrivance, was discovered to kill all Europeans at Bangalore and sell the women as slaves.

At an early hour on a very cold morning I found myself crossing the Hooghly in a steamer for Calcutta, speculating upon the comfort I should enjoy at Wilson's or Spencer's large hotel, but alas! my thoughts had been wasted, for both were full, and it was only after an hour's search that I secured rooms at a lodging house. My first care was to find out how, when and where I should proceed on leaving the Bengal capital, the city of palaces and whatever other appellation people give it, since it did not take me long to discover that it was not a place of my abiding longer than absolutely necessary.

I had Burmah in my mind, with distant visions of Mandalay and Bhamo, but friends dissuaded me from going there, "nothing to be seen and steamers uncomfortable," and very sorry I am to this day that I listened to the croakers, especially since reading Lieutenant-General Fytche's interesting account of the country. Next I thought of visiting the famous "Black Pagoda" and the temple of Juggernauth at Puri, good specimens of the Indo-Aryan style, distinguished by its square ground-plan and curvilinear sikra or tower; they are about three hundred miles down the coast, but here again I was baffled "no direct steam communication," and on learning that there were similar pagodas in the Madras presidency,

I secured a passage in the French steamer "Meinam" to start for Madras in the course of the following week.

Of Calcutta I have very little to say—everybody has heard of the black hole of 1756, and the horrible sufferings which only few survived. The town differs but little from any other of similar size in Europe; it has its Viceregal palace of considerable architectural pretensions, a park—rather bare, and not like an English park—containing a number of large tanks, and some fine broad roads called the "Course," where the fashionable world take their airing about sunset, stared at by a fraction of the lower classes. Here is a string of elegant and well-appointed carriages, each accompanied by three or four servants in Indian livery, white coat and trousers, with coloured sash and turban; there a wealthy Mohamedan in a showy sort of dressing gown and white or green turban, luxuriously reclining in an old-fashioned barouche; again a large carriage crammed full of a Hindu family, the men in white, a shawl thrown over the shoulder and an embroidered skull cap on their heads, giving them a very rakish appearance, the women all rings and tinsel, but their servants often dress even more absurdly. One of these carriages passed me, with a coachman seated on a scarlet hammercloth, the very counterpart of those

one still occasionally sees in Hyde Park, decked out in a heavy blue cloth cloak, with a triple cape in broad stripes of scarlet and gold, and a chimney-pot hat sporting a cockade. Presently there is a general move, and, lo and behold! the viceregal party in a landau with escort, all in scarlet on snow white horses, heave in sight; there is a great stir amongst the carriages as well as equestrians, of whom there is a goodly show, but all unnecessary, for off they go in another direction, a very pretty sight as they wind round to the other, side and gradually disappear.

Another day I visited the botanical garden, which is really very pretty; in it the flora of India is well represented, and there is plenty of running water to moisten the thirsty soil; also a Chinese pagoda in carved blackwood of seven stories, with the usual gilt ornament on the top, which from a distance resembles a pope's tiara. Gas lamps illuminate the garden after sunset, and a military band strikes up, much to the relief of ayahs and children; meanwhile, the moon rises, and those who crave for food jog home to enjoy a good dinner, much aided by the flapping of a punkah. Indian cooks, as a rule, know how to tempt the appetite; excepting only the French artiste, there is no better cook in the world.

Calcutta is famous for its fine gardens stretching for miles down the Hooghly, and mostly belonging to native princes; the ex-king of Oude's are very extensive, also containing a menagerie; those of Scindiah, Gwalior's ruler, were likewise very beautiful, and there is some gossiping notoriety attached to the latter relating to a little incident that happened on the eve of the mutiny, when a garden fête, to which Scindiah had invited the Governor-General and all the principal Europeans, was opportunely, or, as many people have it, providentially, put a stop to by a violent thunderstorm. Over-sensitive people afterwards talked much of an intended wholesale murder of the English guests, and subsequent proclamation of Scindiah as Emperor of India, whilst the latter's loyalty to the British Government, like that of Holkar, the Guikwar, and the Nizam, has become matter of history.

I have frequently travelled by the French Messagerie boats, and cannot speak too highly of the capital accommodation and excellent table they provide. The "Meinam" was no exception, and her commandant, a most polished "*merle blanc*" (white blackbird), as the French slang terms an out-and-out gentleman.

In Indian parlance, by-the-bye, anything perfect is called pucka; one hears people speak of pucka girls, as well as a pucka horse or pucka cigars. The company on board was exceedingly agreeable, and the time passed quickly; there was a Col. H., Commissioner for the Suppression of Thuggism and Dacoytism, full of tales relating to exploits of that plundering cut-throat fraternity; Col. R., talking of his hill life; a Belgian Consul-General and Madame, both attentive listeners; a dapper little Irishman, making everyone laugh with his hyperbolical sporting adventures, and many others, each adding his mite to the general fund of conversation, whilst the frolics of a clever black ape, belonging to the Captain, further helped to amuse the passengers.

Early on the fourth day we found ourselves in the open roadstead of Madras, and the weather being somewhat boisterous, the landing in a massulah, a large deep surf boat, was by no means pleasant; the latter are made of planks stitched together with leather thongs so as to be light, and at the same time yielding when struck by a sea.

The feature of Madras is its polygon fort, "St. George," built in 1639; the natives reside in the so-called Black-town, which also contains the offices of merchants and bazaars, a few temples, tanks, and a

large mosque. In the suburbs is a people's park and wild beasts, here also are the palatial residences of the Europeans; walls, verandahs and pillars covered with Madras chunam, which gives them the appearance of fine marble. There are excellent broad roads in every direction, and to judge from the number of elegant carriages rolling along in the afternoon, one would imagine that there must be considerable wealth in the place. There is also a club, one of the best in India, and during the cool season private theatricals are the rage. Here I saw "Nothing venture, nothing win" capitally performed by officers of the 17th Lancers. The races, likewise, take place there, and all these are matters to talk about. On reaching Madras I had the good luck to be invited to stay with a friend at one of the best appointed establishments; a comfortable West-end brougham covered all over with white quilting, the very sight of which made one forget the tremendous heat, took me to its destination. On alighting I found the ample verandah, which for blinds had chicks or tattees, made of split bamboo, hung between the pillars, thronged with white robed domestics, some dusting, others pulling the punkahs, cleaning the lamps, moving chairs, etc., and in one corner there were a couple of tailors squatting on the cool mosaic intent upon a shirt front

or a ball dress, for all I knew to the contrary. At dinner there was generally company, and a *recherché menu* of delicacies; in fact, during the week I spent with my friend I undoubtedly found myself in clover: a carriage was always at my disposal, and I never had occasion to feel hot, for whenever I moved from one seat to another, or from a room to the verandah, at once its respective punkah was set in motion; even during the night it continued its function, and finding the constant fanning inconvenient, I, with the greatest difficulty, stopped it by grasping it tight with both my hands. These punkah wallahs, at night, frequently fall asleep during their monotonous occupation, when people requiring their services wake them by emptying a jug of water over their head through the open window. There is, however, one custom that ought to be abolished, that is the final salaming on the part of all the domestics of the establishment, from the butler to the sweeper, with a view of receiving a rupee, which no guest can escape; from the moment you have swallowed your last meal they waylay you at every step until you depart.

About fifty miles south-west of Madras is the pretty town of Conjeveram, celebrated for its silk manufactories and temples, moreover familiar to Anglo-Indians

as the base of Lord Clive's operations, during his successful campaign against Arcot in 1751, six years before he won the battle of Plassey, the two greatest events in the history of India of the last century. Also our fight at Conjeveram in 1780, against the forces of Hyder Ali, will be remembered by those versed in Indian history.

The country we passed through is flat but well wooded; teak, with its large ragged leaves, acacia and mango trees there are in abundance, also the tulip tree and the portia; and birds of every variety of plumage, including the prettily marked florikan (*Syphrotides auritus*), so much appreciated by the *gourmets* of Madras. The extensive rice fields, swarming with white ibis, and innumerable women weeding, clothed in bright red and yellow sarees, a kind of tunic, bangles on wrists and ankles, presented a very lively scene, and one not easily forgotten. The men in these country districts seldom encumber themselves much with dress, a dhotee or loin cloth, and turban, complete their toilet.

On reaching Conjeveram, my khidmatgar or butler, who had accompanied me, produced from the recesses of his tiffin basket a most acceptable breakfast, cold chicken and other delicacies, to be washed down by *Liebfrauenmilch*, and a No. 1 Trichinopoli by way of a

digestive, whilst he appeased his own appetite with a draught of cool water from his lotah. After this important operation, which took place under the friendly shade of a large mango tree, I strolled through the town, consisting of fine broad streets and neat little houses, all decorated with yellow and white stripes, and carved pillars supporting the verandah; here the natives sat in groups weaving silk and cotton. There were no beggars or other disagreeable sights so common in Indian towns; all was clean and pleasant to the eye, and the people seemed happy and content. Of the old town, which a thousand years ago had been the capital of the once powerful kingdom of Chola, during its short existence of 150 years, not a vestige remains, excepting its religious monuments. The day was oppressively hot, and I had to walk quite a mile in one direction, and twice that in another, to the celebrated temples. They are the largest I have so far seen, and no one ought to leave the Presidency without paying them a visit; but strange enough I have met very few travellers who had even heard of their existence.

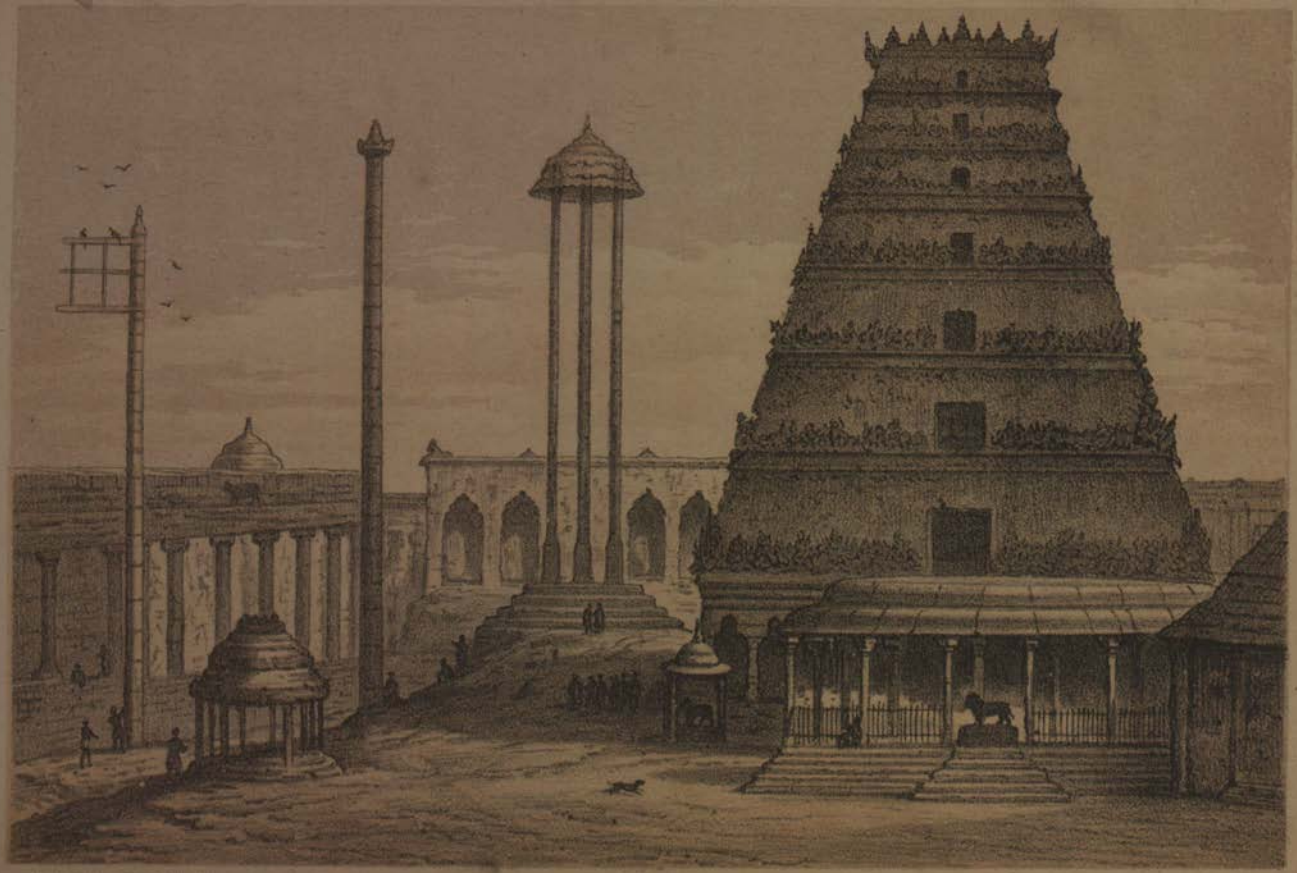
The first I came to, dedicated to Seva, was built between the tenth and twelfth century, the most renowned period of the Chalukyas dynasty, which latter, with its capital, Kullianee, about forty miles

from Nuldroog, had endured, within larger or smaller boundaries, since the middle of the third century, when, about A.D. 1200, it was succeeded by rulers of the Bahmany dynasty, noted for their erections of massive forts, many of which are still existing, and it was not until 1480 that the district came under the dominion of the kings of Beejapoor. But we must now return to the temples we came to see—an open gateway, consisting of four stone columns, supporting a plain entablature, stands some distance in advance of the strong wall which surrounds the whole group, accessible by an enormous pyramidal porch called "*Gopura*," so well known in connection with places of Hindu worship. The latter has nine tiers, each of them open in the centre; built of granite, black from age, and its entire height must be upwards of a hundred feet. The space within, covering several acres of ground, has on the right some ordinary buildings, reserved for the use of the priests, and a college; beyond those, again surrounded by an inner wall, is the temple itself, or "*Vimâna*," polygonal or star-shaped of really noble proportions, surmounted by three of those lofty towers, similar in size and form to that over the entrance, and richly ornamented throughout. The sides of the steps leading up to the temple are carved, representing elephants drawing a chariot, and

the interior is approached by the "*Mantapas*," a kind of portico, which always covers and precedes the door leading to the cell; besides there are several pillared halls, called "*Choultries*," used for various purposes; but the mysterious adytum or inner cell is kept in utter darkness, excepting a small light faintly illuminating the image of the God, which seems ever so far off, and here no Christian is allowed to enter. There is also a very large tank within the enclosure, steps leading down to the water's edge and bathing booths and shrines around. On the other side a platform, raised several feet, and supporting one hundred granite columns, covered with carvings representing the exploits of their gods, and in their midst rises a large throne of the same material, where Mahadeva is placed during the festival. In front of the temple there is a tall gilt column for the display of manly fortitude in the service of the deity; here, on the Churuk Puja, or swinging festival, now abolished, fanatics had a hook passed through their skin at the small of the back, and allowed themselves to be swung round and round, the real support, however, being the kumarbund or waistband; besides there is quite a labyrinth of columns and pavilions, and on feast days the scene is said to be very imposing. Of course every temple has its band of musicians and

dancing girls. In the accompanying sketch (Plate V.) I have endeavoured to convey some idea of this extraordinary group, and I only regret that the space at my disposal does not admit of giving a more complete view of the temple-buildings.

The other temple, to which I was accompanied by a score of little Indians through an avenue of cocoanut palms, which somewhat shaded me from the broiling sun, is dedicated to Vishnu, and varied but little in its construction from the one just described, excepting that it was even larger. It so happened that Vishnu was more complacent and held a feast on the very day of my visit; the street leading to the entrance was gaily dressed in flags and festoons of flowers, and the ponderous chariot, on which the god was to take an airing, stood ready in front of the Vimana, the crowd shouting Ram! Ram! but I had not time to wait his pleasure, and was content to witness the arrival of the chief priest, an old man, his forehead besmeared with ashes, dressed in purple silk and gold, a gilt tiara on his shaky head, and borne aloft in a golden palki, in shape resembling a shell. He was marshalled by two elephants gorgeously caparisoned, three small cows with gilded horns mounted by men beating the tom-tom, by his own horse led and surrounded by a crowd of shouting natives, some carrying what looked like



HINDU TEMPLE AT CONJEVERAM.

p. 104.

large cymbals suspended from bamboo poles, others tall, bright-coloured umbrellas and banners. Presently another palankeen, this time of silver, made its appearance, bearing a bilious-looking youth, got up like his superior and similarly attended. It was a curious sight, and altogether I felt well satisfied with my day's work.

By the time I reached Madras the hedges were brilliantly alive with fire flies, and as I turned into my host's gates I heard the gong sound within, which called up visions of a pleasant repast, not at all to be despised after the fatigues of the day.

A few days later a friend of mine being about to start on a short trip to Pondicherry, persuaded me to join him, and I was glad of the opportunity, as the sea voyage would be pleasant during the hot weather we were then enduring, and so we found it. We approached the shore of the little French colony just in time to witness a grand sunset, throwing a peculiar crimson glow over the whole sky and reflecting the same tint, instead of the orthodox golden light, all along the coastline, studded with houses and palm trees. There is nothing remarkable about the town ; it is exceedingly clean, possesses a large church and a fine Governor's residence and garden. I believe there are only two or three carriages in the colony, and very few horses ;

people go about in a Push-Push, a sort of large perambulator with an awning, propelled from behind by one or

two natives. The "Galle" steamer picked us up on the following morning, and we had a jolly run back to Madras, occupying nine hours.

CHAPTER V.

BANGALORE—THE NEILGHERRIES—THE STATE OF MYSORE—HASSAN—BELUR—LIFE ON A COFFEE-PLANTATION—FLORA AND FAUNA—THE SUKALI GIPSY TRIBE—NATIVE SACRIFICE—COFFEE HARVEST—THE BUNDH GHAUT—MANGALORE—JAIN TEMPLE—BRITISH ADMINISTRATION OF INDIA.

ANXIOUS to see more of Southern India, and hearing such glowing accounts of the hilly region of Mysore, I determined to travel right across by way of Bangalore and down the western Ghaut to Mangalore, whence there is a regular steamboat communication with Ceylon.

After a comfortable night's journey in a sort of sleeping car, we reached the Bangalore railway station

at an early hour, and I drove at once to the Cubbon hotel, kept by Mr. Brown, one of the best hotels in India, consisting of a group of bungalows. Most luxuriantly housed and fed, and with kind friends in the town, I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not acknowledge Bangalore to be the Eldorado of Southern India; nay, I honestly think it is. There are no wonderful monuments here, either religious or secular, but the European element is strongly represented, both military and civil, who vie with each other in providing amusements of every kind, and whose hospitality is proverbial.

This, the capital of Mysore, is essentially a handsome town, each resident living, Indian fashion, in his own bungalow, surrounded by a garden and compound, which latter includes stables and outhouses. The natives have their own quarter, the "Pettah," quite distinct and some distance from the former; there a lively trade is carried on in all kinds of goods, but the principal manufactories are those of silk and cotton cloth, called sari, for the adornment of native women, and of carpets, which, although not equal to the Vellore make, notoriously the best in India, are strong and of good pattern. Beyond the Pettah is the old fort, kept in tolerable condition; it includes the arsenal and the ruins of an old palace.

IRRIGATION ELEVATOR.

p. 109.

Races and tournaments, polo, archery, cricket, lawn tennis, and golf, are only a few of the afternoon entertainments, generally accompanied by the music of a military band, and giving plenty opportunity for harmless flirtation and hilarity. Dinner and garden parties, as well as balls, are likewise of frequent occurrence, and when the hot season approaches, those who can get away take flight to the Neilgherry hills.

Bangalore sports a model farm, which is irrigated by means of an ingenious apparatus (Plate VI.), made of bamboo, the "shaloof" of the ancient, as well as modern, Egyptians. I very much fear, however, that this farm is doomed to have its useful career cut short by the present mania for economy. Here I also saw a most primitive oil mill, the "checkoo," consisting of a clumsy wooden mortar and a pestle driven by oxen. The latter belonged to the famous Mysore breed, the "Amrut Mahal," splendid large fawn-coloured animals.

A small village separates the farm from the "Lal-bagh," the finest botanical garden in India, which does full justice to its manager, Mr. Cameron.

A long avenue of Portia trees (*Thespasia populona*) covered with handsome yellow funnel-shaped flowers, leads to its entrance gates, and within there is a splendid

show of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, ferns and orchids, and a charming border-edging of lilac Plumbago (*Statice armeria*) ; indeed, owing to its situation within the tropics, combined with an elevation which gives it a temperate climate, Mysore boasts of an uncommonly rich and varied flora. At a flower show held during my stay, there was a splendid collection of variegated leaves of the genus *Croton* and *Caladium*, and fine specimens of the bright red *Poinsettia* and *Amaranthus*. As for creepers and climbers, I do not think even Ceylon produces a greater variety: there was the *Thunbergia laurifolia*, and the *Bougainvillea spectabilis*, both purple ;—the *Acanthus* (*hexacentris*) *rosea*, flower fox-brown, growing in spikes ;—the pink *Antigonon;*—the blue *Jack Beaumontia;*—the *Bignonia venusta*, a cluster of pale-amber pendants ;—the scarlet *Pyvoria ;*—the yellow *Bonetia ;*—half-a-dozen kinds of *Passiflora ;* and I might add scores of others of equally great beauty. The Sebestan plum (*Cordia sebestina*), grows here to great perfection; it is a handsome pyramidal tree, eight to twelve feet high, producing bunches of opaque-amber coloured flowers ;—the *Hibiscus syriacus*, white corolla with purple centre; also the *Alamanda grandiflora*, sometimes seen in green-houses in England, a shrub with large yellow, funnel-shaped flowers ;—the *Ixora butea ;*—the elegant

Indian rubber tree (*Ficus elastica*) with its thick, glossy leaves;—the Exile tree (*Thevetia neriifolia*) of the Caoutchouc family, a tall tree of bright pale green foliage, its grass-like leaves gracefully hanging down, *à la frange d'épaulette*, and full of milky juice; its yellow flowers of periwinkle shape, and its fruit, smooth greenish balls, nearly an inch in diameter—and hundreds of others. Mr. Cameron kindly made up a parcel of seeds for me, some forty different creepers, many of which are now flourishing in a garden near Florence.

No town in India, not even excepting Lucknow, had pleased me as much as Bangalore, and being in no hurry whatever to return to Europe I decided upon remaining here for the next few months, and taking a trip to the Neilgherries during the hot season, in order to see them in all their natural and social charms, besides escaping the South-westerly monsoon, which makes travelling almost an impossibility in the Mysore hills, rivers and ghauts then becoming impassible. I found little difficulty in securing a comfortable bungalow, near the Lal-bagh, at the moderate rent of seventy-five rupees per month, and Abdel Khader, of the tribe of Israel, and a well-known furnisher, for another twenty-five rupees supplied not only elegant and good furniture, but also every requisite

in the shape of china, glass, cutlery, and kitchen utensils. Living at Bangalore is not expensive, and the hire of a carriage and pair, including coachman and groom, is only 150 rupees per month. Every morning I strolled down to the Botanical garden, which seemed to produce fresh flowers with a marvellous rapidity, and it was impossible to tire of those shady avenues of palms and other fine trees, or of the pretty hedges of scarlet hibiscus. Besides, there is quite a menagerie of wild beasts in strong iron cages, from a rhinoceros and lion, down to a little kingfisher, which I liked to watch during feeding time.

The Neilgherries (Nilgiris, new spelling) or Blue Mountains, are now reached in comparative comfort, and it is only the latter portion, the climbing to the summit of the gorge, which has to be done on a pony, on foot, or in a palki. Although there are nearly a dozen hotels at Uty, besides a great number of bungalows nestling among tree-covered terraces, there is difficulty in securing a bed during the hot season, unless ordered beforehand. These hills are situated in northern latitude 11,30° and longitude 77°; they are a nearly isolated granite group of triangular shape, with its base, about forty miles long, facing the Malabar coast, and of an average breadth of fifteen miles, connected

with the Western ghauts by a precipitous ridge. The highest peak, Dodabetta, is near the centre and 8,640 feet above the level of the sea,—the greatest elevation south of the Himalaya, and about 500 feet higher than the Pedrotallagalla of Ceylon. Below, the mountain is well wooded, rhododendron and creepers abound along the zigzag route, and even at the height of 7,300 feet, where Utakamand or Uty is situated, there are splendid tall trees and a rich vegetation covers the undulating ground; here grass grows as luxuriantly as it does in the mother country. The climate is excellent, the heat seldom exceeding seventy-five degrees in the shade, and there are glorious views all round. Conoor is another sanitary station within easy reach.

People are very sociable at these hill stations, and many families do not return to Bangalore until July to prepare for the races which take place towards the end of that month. The latter are kept up for four or five days, and they are generally very good sport; even the natives take much interest in them, and it is amusing to watch their ingenuity in providing platforms and standing-ground. A favourite position of theirs is to squat upon the rails of a ladder by leaning two or three against each other. This is the gay season at Bangalore, and there is no lack of feasting and dancing; besides there is a first-rate club to

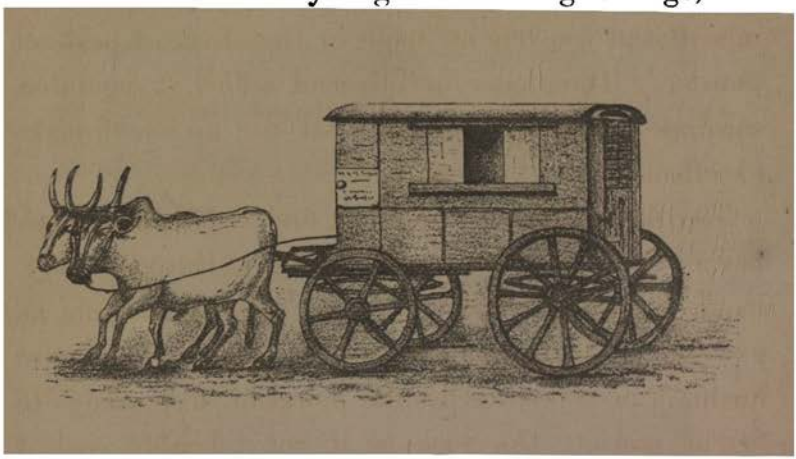
while away time with reading or a game at cards or billiards.

The preparations for a tour across country to the Malabar coast is a somewhat formidable undertaking as regards clothing and provisions,—the climate changes with the elevation of the country, and I was told that very inferior mutton and rice were the only articles of food to be had in the native bazaars of the interior; in the latter I was agreeably disappointed, for I soon found that my kitmagar managed to procure poultry, eggs, ghee or clarified butter, milk and delicious fruit in all but very out-of-the-way places. I therefore recommend travellers in those regions not to load their conveyance with an unlimited supply of provisions, but confine themselves to groceries and a few tins of delicacies to effect an occasional change in their diet, and perhaps a case of wine, although the water is excellent throughout,—cigars of course, some of the best brands of Trichinopoli, can be had at Bangalore for ten rupees per thousand.

The only mode of travelling through Mysore is by bullock, or transit-cart, admitting room for one or two persons, a sort of elongated bread-cart, or pauper hearse at home, painted canary-yellow; on the outside seat in front sits your servant, generally surrounded by

a number of nondescript packages, containing cooking utensils, a small supply of provisions to still the cravings of an empty stomach *en route*, and his own kit. The oxen driver either sits on the shaft, or else runs alongside, using his whip freely, and applying any number of not very savoury epithets to the quadrupeds under his charge. This most comfortless and primitive conveyance is supposed to rest upon springs—the latter, however, seldom last out an entire journey, but have a knack of snapping whilst the worn-out traveller is wrapt in deep slumber, making him jump up suddenly, thus bringing his head into contact with the low roof, from the sensation of which he does not soon recover. The interior is divided horizontally by boards, below for the luggage, and above, covered with a thin mattrass, its owner reclines full length, with barely room for the necessary articles of his toilet; but as he cannot easily turn round within, he has to slip out as best he can, feet foremost. There are small shifting boards on each side to admit air and—dust. These transit-carts have to be ordered several days in advance, as oxen have to be laid on at certain stages, about six miles apart; and since one travels during the night only, the progress within the twenty-four hours seldom exceeds fifty miles. The hire for the cart is three rupees per day until its return, and a pair of bullocks are

charged at the rate of three annas per mile when full, half that when empty, or cart and oxen fourpence to sixpence per mile. Not a very extravagant rate! Here is a sketch of my elegant travelling carriage,



Having left Bangalore at eight o'clock in the evening, I travelled with tolerable ease until ten the next morning, when we halted at Yedoor. The Government bungalow here, like those along the whole line of the journey, was clean, and being provided with the prescribed articles of furniture and a good bath-room, I soon felt reconciled to my mode of travelling, and enjoyed the excellent breakfast put before me by "George," such was the chosen name my factotum indulged in. In fact, the tea I had brought from Bangalore, genuine Neilgherry, I thought much

superior to any China I had ever tasted at home; and as for the rice and curry, George was a perfect master of his art; and how different good Indian curry, made of fresh ingredients and condiments, to the stale ready-mixed stuff you buy at home in the shape of paste or powder! The pinions and liver of a fowl, a vegetable, sardines or eggs, nay, even toast cut up small, make excellent material for curry.

The day was excessively hot, and impossible to stir beyond the verandah, which faced a dreary, sandy-looking garden, in which trees struggled hard for an existence; all that showed life were a few shrubs, producing a pretty butterfly-like flower of deep orange to bright scarlet. As soon as it got tolerably cool, I renewed my journey, stopping at Heerasavi for supper. Here the bungalow being occupied by two gentlemen, who showed little civility, I made my stay as short as possible, and managed to reach Hassan, an important Mysore city, early next morning. In making the above remark I must, however, in common justice state, that as a rule one meets with the greatest attention and assistance, when required, from one's fellow-travellers in India. On a similar occasion, arriving late one evening at the bungalow, and finding every room and corner in it occupied by ladies, gentlemen, and children, I was at once hospitably admitted into the midst of a party just

sitting down to dinner, and I seldom spent a pleasanter evening. Indeed, one frequently meets exceedingly agreeable people belonging to the Survey or Revenue Department, who travèl in their own conveyance, accompanied by a number of carts laden with their tents, baggage, and provisions; these generally make short marches, according to the requirements of the service, and having a numerous staff of servants, they understand making themselves very comfortable, besides often enjoying the pleasure of sport provided for them by planters of the district. Throughout this account of my journey in India, I have abstained from entering upon the subject of shikarring, for which there is unlimited scope, as so many interesting volumes have been penned on the subject by more competent hands, that there is hardly room for the adventures of an ordinary shot.

Hitherto I had not missed much, in point of scenery, by travelling at night, as the country between Bangalore and Hassan is of a most ordinary character, and I shall pause here to make a few necessary remarks respecting the district I am going to explore.

The natural division of Mysore is into two separate and distinctly marked regions; the larger one, the Maidan, or open country, through part of which we have hitherto passed, consists of wide-spreading plains,

filled with villages and towns, and gradually rising on proceeding westward. Their agricultural products are ragi, gram, millet, and cotton in the northern portion, and sugar-cane and rice in the more irrigated districts of the south. The second division is called the Malnad, or hill-country, to the west, and is covered with magnificent forests, watered by perennial streams, and presenting very charming scenery, here and there relieved by isolated massy rocks, rearing their crests to four or five thousand feet above the sea level, in many a fantastic form and peak. The sheltered slopes of these hills have been selected by enterprising men for coffee plantations, which have of late years considerably increased in number and extent, producing the finest quality of that produce, excepting perhaps Mokha.

This magnificent country rests on the Western ghauts, communicating with the coast by narrow passes. The aspect of the country, as throughout India, undergoes a very material change with the seasons. What is dry and parched during the months of March, April, May, becomes green and productive after the monsoon or trade winds, which here commence early in June, and continue with occasional breaks until the middle of September. The total population of Mysore, according to the census of 1871, is about

five million souls, of which only five per cent. are Mohamedans, and the remainder Hindus. Of native Christians there are nearly 18,000, all but ten per cent. Catholics, who have their agricultural communities in every district. Hassan, until recently one of the eight divisions of Mysore, has as many as 2,500 native Christians. The Roman Catholic missionaries, I understood, allow converts to keep their caste, which is a liberal concession sure to be appreciated; for without caste a native becomes contemptible in the eyes of all, and is expelled from intercourse even with members of his own family. Each of these eight provinces is subdivided into eleven talooks, possessing a court of justice, each presided over by a native, and bribery is said to be flourishing there to an incredible extent. The language of Mysore is Canarese, and anything but euphonious; according to Professor Max Müller, it is one of the Turanian tongues.

The present Maharajah is Chama Rajendra Wodeyar Bahadar, born in 1863; he is very stout, and of pleasant countenance, holds enlightened views, and is fond of English society, although a strict Hindoo.

A railway connecting Hassan and Chickmagloor with Bangalore is now (1888) being pushed on, and likewise the construction of a fine stone bridge, with nine arches

PLATE VII.

HANFSTAENGL, 76, REPTON ST LONDON W.

HASSAN IN MYSORE

of sixty feet span, across the Yagache river at Belur, which latter, very much needed indeed, as will presently be seen, is to be completed in 1890. The Maharajah's line between Bangalore and Mysore, the capital, has recently been bought up by the Southern Mahratta Railway Company, with a view of continuing it as far as Bellary, to connect it with Bombay direct, as well as with Marmagaon, by a branch line westward; a very important extension, since the latter seaport is open all the year round, whereas Mangalore, Tellicherry, Calicut, &c., are closed during the monsoon. Railway communication has been a great boon to Mysore coffee planters, whose estates—at a very low ebb a few years ago—have in consequence materially increased in value, no doubt assisted by good crops and higher prices for the berry in the European markets.

Hassan (Plate VII.), to which I must now retrace my steps, is a pretty town, and its inhabitants may well be proud of its magnificent wide avenues of the lofty Flamboyant (*Pousiana*), clad in bright scarlet flowers. It is one of the most beautiful trees in the East; only the *Amherstia nobilis* of Burmah exceeds it in brilliant effect; the flower of the latter is scarlet and gold, and grows to a height of forty feet, which the Flamboyant often exceeds.

There is the usual temple facing an enormous tank and various shrines. Both European and native quarters offer many picturesque subjects to brush and pencil.

Hence to Belur is up hill all the way, often through very fine forests, and two rivers to cross, which prevented our averaging more than a mile and a half per hour during the whole of that night; and, moreover, just as we had got half across the second river—the Yagache, which after many windings becomes the Hemavati, and eventually flows into the Kaveri—fortunately not far from my destination, the cart stuck fast, the wheels had locked, and nothing would move us an inch. On sending to the village, the kotwala, or headman, at once collected half a-dozen men, and came down with torches. Great big fellows they were, of a splendid *physique*. I well remember one of them pulling me out by the legs, and carrying me bodily to the dry shore, whence I had to tramp off by torchlight to the rest-house, a cart following with the baggage, which George suspiciously watched, for he evidently did not trust those swarthy fellows. However, all went smoothly, and I found the kotwala very useful. He afterwards accompanied me to a somewhat famous temple, dedicated to Vishnu, and in tolerable repair.

It is surrounded by four or five smaller ones and several subordinate buildings, all enclosed within the high wall of a court, about 400 feet long, and possessed of two fine gopuras or pagoda shaped gateways. The large temple, the porch, and the pillars are substantially built, but all the other halls and compartments have little to boast of. Some of the stone carvings are very beautiful, especially the windows and pierced slabs of the porch, twenty-eight in number, each of a different pattern; also the base of the Vimána is elaborately sculptured. The middle of the twelfth century is the period assigned to its erection, although it was only finished two centuries later, after the Mohamedan invasion of the Deccan in 1310. Unfortunately, repeated coats of whitewash have in modern times considerably marred the beautiful effect of its details.

About ten miles from Belur, in a north-easterly direction, is Halabid, the old capital of the Rajput Ballala Rajahs of Mysore, which was destroyed during the Mohamedan conquest, hence the unfinished state of its magnificent temple, of which Sir George Birdwood says, "had it been completed it would have been the noblest example of the Chalukyan style," which is also that of the Belur edifice. This temple of Halabid, dedicated to Seva, is raised five or six feet on a terrace;

on it stands a frieze of 2,000 elephants, following all the sinuosities of the star-like ground plan; above it is a frieze of lions, then a band of exquisite scroll-work, then a frieze of horsemen, another scroll, and a frieze representing the conquest of Sanka by Rama. Then two friezes of celestial beasts and birds, and above a cornice of scroll-work bearing a rail, divided into panels, each containing two figures, over which are stone windows and groups of gods of the Hindu pantheon. Above all would have risen, if the temple had been finished, the pyramidal towers pertaining to its architecture.

After considerable delay I at last succeeded in securing a couple of common country carts on two wheels, minus springs, and covered in by matting; into one of these I crept whilst the other carried George and my luggage. The transit waggon I left to its own fate in the river, congratulating myself being now safely *en route* for Moodgheri, in the neighbourhood of which I had promised to pay—what proved to be a protracted—visit to a coffee planter, but we had barely got a mile beyond Belur when an accident happened to my cart and the oxen refused to advance; luckily our attentive kotwala and his men, possibly expecting some little mishap, had accompanied us

for a short distance and were now brought up to our assistance; the cart was quickly repaired and a fresh pair of cattle fastened to the pole in the usual primitive fashion of this country. In order to reach my friend's estate I had to quit the high road after a distance of twelve miles, where I found horses and coolies waiting to convey us the remaining five miles, which passed through the most beautiful hill-country, forests and jungle, well watered by little streams, and from time to time glimpses of distant mountain ranges.

Soon my friend, the "dhorey," or master in Canarese, the only appellation by which he was known here, joined us and on reaching the boundary of his estate, a welcome cup of tea was presented by one of his servants who had prepared it in the jungle. George and myself had consumed the last tin of sardines under a large tree of the "ficus" species, while the horses were being got ready, and the ride up and down hill under a broiling sun had by this time created a vacuum. Another mile through the plantation landed me at last at the pretty bungalow of Pore, called so from a village that had once existed here.

Pore lies 3,300 feet above the sea level, enjoying a most perfect climate, not only for the human body but also for the cultivation of coffee. And there is such

a variety of beautiful scenery on this fine estate, covering about 1,500 acres, that I am not surprised to find people willing to spend their best years in plantation life, although 150 miles away from a large town whence a doctor might be procured.

Here we have the old virgin forest, so dense with jungle, that it is difficult and often impossible to penetrate. Trees 100 to 150 feet high, covered with magnificent foliage, and many producing exquisite flowers, as the

Bastard Teak (*Combretum*): Long scarlet spikes, hanging down in clusters; leaves large and ragged. (Plate VIII.)

Dhak tree or Palas Kino (*Butea frondosa*): A splendid sight when covered with racemes of butterfly-like, deep orange-coloured flowers. The twigs yield a resinous Lac, the secretion of an insect. (Plate IX.)

Moordilla (*Barringtonia speciosa*): Flowers consisting of nearly a hundred crimson and yellow stamens. (Plate X.)

Indian Coral tree (*Erythrina indica*): Long spikes of splendid scarlet flowers, red seeds like coral. (Plate XI.)

Pagoda tree (*Plumieria acuminata*): A handsome tree, bearing bouquets of white lily-shaped

BASTARD TEAK. (*Combretum.*)

p. 126.

DHAK TREE. *(Butea frondosa.)*
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PLATE X.

MOORDHILLA TREE. *(Barringtonia speciosa)*
p. 126.

PLATE XI.

INDIAN CORAL TREE. *(Erythrina indica.)*

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PAGODA TREE. *(Plumieria acuminata.)*

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PLATE XIII.

JUNGLE COTTON. *(Bombax malabaricum.)*
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MANGO. *(Mangifera indica.)*
p. 127.

CUSTARD APPLE. *(Anona squamosa.)*
p. 127.

flowers of fragrant perfume, leaves lance-like. It is a favourite tree with the Hindus, who use its flowers for adorning their temples. (Plate XII.)

Silk cotton tree (*Bombax malabaricum*): A most imposing tall tree, covered with formidable thorns; its handsome deep crimson flowers of the shape of an open tulip appear before its leaves. (Plate XIII.)

The Indian Sterculia (*Sterculia fœtida*): A noble forest tree, dark purple flower of kidney-shape, and offensive odour when fading.

Most of the above flower before they produce leaves.

Amongst fruit trees there is the delicious

Mango (*Mangifera indica*): Shape of a large Marie Louise pear, in colour and taste not unlike very ripe apricot with a *soupçon* of resin. (Plate XIV.)

Custard Apple (*Anona squamosa*): Of delicate vanilla flavour. (Plate XIV.)

The Jack tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*).

The Dorian (*Dorio zibethinus*): This, as well as the Jack, much liked by the natives, but generally shunned by Europeans, owing to their offensive smell when cut open.

The Ali hanno, its Canarese name: Fruit like a large green plum, sticky inside, but of agreeable flavour.

Also there are many specimens of trees used in building, and for domestic purposes, as the

Ebony (*Diospyros ebenum*).
Teak (*Tektona grandis*).
Blackwood (*Dalbergia latifolia*).
Satinwood (*Chloroxylon swietenia*).
Sandalwood (*Santalum album*).
Banyan (*Ficus indica*).

Of Palm trees, the

Toddy palm (*Phœnix sylvestris*).
Cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*).
Palmyra (*Borassus flabelliformis*).
Date palm (*Phœnix dactytifera*).
The Stemless Date (*Phœnix acaulis*).

Others, whose seeds contain oil, after the extraction of which the residue or poonac becomes a valuable manure for the coffee gardens, also used as food given to milch cows, viz. :—

The Indian beech (*Pongamia glabra*): Honge, Can.
Gingelli (*Sesamum indicum*): Woll ellu, Can.

PLATE XV.

Ram-til, or foolish oil plant (*Guizotea oleifera*)
Huch ellu, Can.
Castor oil (*Ricinus communis*) : Haralu, Can.
Mahwa, or Indian butter tree (*Bassia latifolia*).
Illupie, Indian oil tree (*Bassia longifolia*) :
Hippa, Can.

Of those producing dye stuffs :—
Gamboge tree (*Garcinia pictoria*).
The Safflower shrub (*Carthamus tinctorius*).

Deep gorges, here and there opening out into a valley with running water and cascades, clumps of tall waving Bamboos, of which there are a great many different species used for building bridges, making furniture, rope, and a variety of other useful articles; and strings of Screw-pines (*Pandanus*) (Plate XV.), dipping their thirsty ærial roots into the moist soil near a rivulet; the fruit of the latter after being boiled and dried, forms farinaceous food for the natives. Again you get into the wood, running up a hill; this time there are no trees above fifteen or twenty feet high, for it is little more than a jungle now, the forest having, at some former period, been cut down to make room for cultivation, and since been followed by a secondary growth of trees of a smaller type. Such land is called "kumri," and many coffee plantations or gardens have been made on it and

worked successfully, although, of course, virgin forest soil is much preferred, and less risky. These jungles, when not planted, have an undergrowth of the common Bracken (*Pteris aquilina*), and generally patches of date grass, used for thatching; the latter grows to a height of three or four feet and is very strong; its yellow fruit, of the size of a small cherry, the natives are fond of. Also many useful trees and shrubs are found here, as the

Emblic myrabolans (*Phyllantus officinalis*): Bearing a little, semi-transparent, green fruit like a gooseberry; it is very acid, and no native curry is complete without it.

The Tamarind (*Tamarindus indica*): A pod, used similarly, also preserved in sugar.

The Indian laburnum (*Cassia fistula*): The pulp of its seed used medicinally, and the bark for tanning; flower, bright golden cluster, and a great many others.

On reaching the summit the view is singularly beautiful, first the forest-clad hills, in many places precipitously cut into ravines, beyond, wide rich undulating plains watered by silvery streams, and in the distance a magnificent chain of mountains, being part of the Western Ghauts, the most beautiful spur

of which is the Babu Budan to the north, E. Long. 75, 37 to 75, 50, N. Lat. 13, 34 to 13, 22, forming a right angle, the two arms taking a westerly and southerly direction, respectively, each about 15 miles in length, and its most southerly peak, the Mulain-giri, rising to a height of 6,317 feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere here being very rarified, one has a clear view of mountains nearly all round, Mysore being a plateau locked in between the Eastern and Western Ghauts.

Having given some idea of the "flora" of Mysore, I will now add a few words on her "fauna." There are neither elephants nor lions now in this part of India, and even tigers and bisons are not very frequent, but the cheeta, jackal, and monkey, the planter's enemy, the latter having a partiality for the coffee berry, are plentiful, and the sportsman has a choice of game in the spotted deer, a very pretty, sagacious animal, the hog-deer, and the jungle sheep, which is delicious eating; it has however, neither the beautiful horns, nor is it as large as the gigantic wild sheep (*Ovis poli*) of the Tian Shan range in central Asia, of which an excellent description appears in Lieut.-Col. Gordon's "Roof of the World."

Squirrels and rats are in abundance. Of reptiles,

snakes are represented by the poisonous hooded cobra, the long green tank snake and the common whip; besides frogs, lizards, bloodsuckers, and tortoises.

Fishes—there are said to be a good variety in some of the larger rivers; I have seen none but a few perch, carp, and eel. Amongst insects, which seem to enjoy special privileges in hot climates, one here never escapes the fly, mosquito, B flat, or F sharp, and millions of ants, white, red, green, and black. I have frequently met with ant-hills in the jungle six to ten feet high; then there are hornets, grasshoppers, and beetles; of the latter there is the pretty golden-green, whose wings are much used in the embroidering of dresses and shoes, also bees and some fine butterflies; leeches wherever you walk during the wet season, whilst your walls are alive with creeping abominations, scorpions, spiders, and centipedes.

Amongst the birds inhabiting these forests and swamps are the green parakeet, the yellow-breasted Thrush, the Cookoo, the pretty orange minivet or mango bird, as he is here called, the warbler, and the beautiful paradise Flycatcher (*Tchitrea paradisi*) whose adult male is a small white bird with blue-black head and crest, and two central tail feathers prolonged fifteen to twenty inches beyond the ordinary tail, forming two long silvery streamers. This bird, which

is also frequently met with in the forests of Borneo and Celebes, is remarkable for its graceful and silent movement in darting rapidly through the air of some sheltered spot which is his favourite resort; the female and the young male are of a light-brown colour, and have the ordinary tail without prolongation.

The sportsman visiting these regions will be glad to hear that there are also plenty of hoopoo, florikan, jungle fowl, woodcock and snipe.

Breeds of domestic animals are throughout poor, cattle, buffalo, and sheep, the latter selling at the low price of five to seven shillings each, and so small that any able-bodied man will consume an entire sheep in two or three days with or without the help of his cook. The horses used at Bangalore are mostly Walers, from Australia, and the quick little Pegu pony, generally cream coloured with black tail and mane; up-country the rough-looking dark Mahratta pony is the favourite, being more wiry and a good climber, as well as inexpensive; ten pounds is a fair price for the latter, whilst a Pegu fetches about thirty pounds.

Let us now return to the bungalow, which is covered in by a large thatched roof, gable-fashion, and overlapping the sides like a swiss châlet, a verandah back and front, and half-a-dozen comfortable rooms inside,

all on one floor. At the entrance stood the smiling dhorasani, my host's better half as some people thought, ready to do honours at the head of a well-appointed tiffin table, an invitation I politely declined, however, not wishing to spoil my dinner, and enjoyed a good rest instead.

During the very first night I spent at Pore, I experienced the disadvantage of a thatched roof, for rats came in by the dozen, and seemed to make themselves quite at home in my room. At one time they had a grand steeple-chase overhead, and one or two fell upon my mosquito curtains; at another, hide and seek was evidently their game, whilst some more hungry than their playful brethren began to gnaw at my boots, which I found in the morning more or less the worse for their appetites and sharp teeth. There was little sleep to be had under such circumstances, but by the first appearance of dawn my entertainers suddenly disappeared, and I determined to make up for lost time; however, living in the jungle means early rising, for as soon as nature wakes there are thousands of birds ready with their morning song. I well remember the Plaintive or Hawk-Cookoo, one of the earliest birds, who in time became simply detestable to me owing to his peculiar whining tune, consisting of the notes of nearly an octave from treble to

bass; or as Mr. V. Ball has it in his "Jungle Life," the reiteration of its chromatic scale of seven or eight notes uttered in a monotonous adagio strain, then suddenly breaking off ready to repeat it at short intervals. After one has heard him several times, and always with the same melancholy effect, one feels inclined to rush out gun in hand, but our friend probably retires cookoo-fashion into the hollow of a tree, for he can never be caught.

Presently a loud gong or bell is sounded in the compound calling the coolies to work, and now all around is alive. The cattle and sheep are let out of the sheds, and are driven off to pasture; the dhorasani from the back verandah superintends the milking of cows; the search for eggs, which the snake is supposed to be immoderately fond of, but here the latter has been found to be a biped; the feeding of the poultry, and giving an eye to the grooming and feeding of the horses, as the natives are apt to abstract the gram for their own curry. In the meantime the coolies approach in strings by various routes from hill and valley, headed by their maistry, whose business it is to see that none sham sickness or run off. There they are, men, women, and children, mostly scantily and poorly dressed. There are, however, exceptions, as, for instance, the so-called "locals," who have their permanent lines, or group of

huts, on the estate, and but rarely leave it. These enjoy certain privileges, and are much more orderly and provident in their habits. The men wear the combley, a brown cotton plaid with a dark border, gracefully slung, Hindu fashion, over the right shoulder and round the waist, fastened by a broad belt, often holding a knife or a small axe ; on their head they tie a bright-coloured handkerchief, with one end hanging down behind the ear. The women dress in the sari, a long cotton cloth, generally blue, wound round their figure down to the knee and over the right shoulder, one end thrown over the head, and generally they wear a tight-fitting short bodice underneath, leaving neck and arms bare. They are very fond of flowers, especially the marigold, which both men and women like to put in their hair instead of a handkerchief. (Plate XVI.)

Canarese names have a pleasant sound, as the following, picked up at hap-hazard, will show :—

MEN.	WOMEN.
Poota.	Hoochi.
Kala.	Kali.
Chena.	Mari.
Runga.	Gungi.
Pudama.	Ningi.
Byra.	Bori.
Rama.	Siddi.

CANARESE COOLIES.

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Nursima.	Mungee.
Yencata.	Jummini.
Dava.	Chowli.
Gunga.	Meetuddi.
Hosba.	Toolcee.

These hills are frequently visited by a certain gipsy tribe, the Lambani, or Brinjari, or, as they were here called, the Sukali, whose head-quarters are at Orissa. They wander about in gangs under a headman, accompanied by their cattle and all their worldly possessions. They never stay very long in one place, but, I understand, they make excellent coolies on coffee plantations. In the olden days of Indian warfare, these people used to make themselves eminently serviceable as grain-carriers, on the backs of their cattle; the remembrance of which induced the Duke of Wellington, during the Mahratta war, and, again, Colonel Coke and others during the late Mutiny, to employ them in districts which were either exhausted, or where sufficient carriage was not obtainable, to supply the bazaars with food. The haunts of the Brinjaris, for the purpose of pasturing their cattle, were pretty well known; and, although they avoided populated districts, the offer of a good round sum would always secure their services. Colonel Meadows Taylor, in his most interesting work, "Story of my Life," gives his readers a little insight into the

darker side of their doings previous to 1847, when they were frequently connected with daring gang-robberies. It appears they adopted the habit of travelling considerable distances, presumably as carriers of grain and salt, their real object being to waylay the unwary, and it required considerable sagacity, which Colonel Taylor possessed in a very high degree, and which eventually enabled him to put a stop to their crimes. These gipsies are very peculiar people, and have to be humoured a good deal. They worship their own deity of the forest, "Baneshankari," and are guided by their own laws and customs, which they keep secret; they also speak their own language. The women's dress is very picturesque, and totally different from that worn by any other class. It consists of a tartan petticoat and a brownish shawl or mantle, elaborately embroidered, which covers the head and upper part of the body. The hair is worn in ringlets or plaits, hanging down each side of the face, decorated with small shells, and terminating in tassels. Their arms and ankles are profusely covered with rings and trinkets made of bone, brass, and other materials. They dance solos, and in groups, to the accompaniment of timbrel and castanets, and the whole performance, nay, the people altogether, in appearance, as well as in their odd habits, remind one of the Zingari of Wallachia and the Gitani of

Spain ; and like all of that order they are thieves from infancy. When employed on coffee plantations they, of course, occupy separate lines of huts, as all others do belonging to different gangs and castes.

Soon the daily work is apportioned to each set of coolies, tools delivered into their hands, and off they file to the gardens under the wing of their maistry, who is responsible for the work done. The latter does not always lead an enviable life, amongst such strangely assorted people, mostly of the lowest type and caste, besides they have their domestic troubles too. Whilst I was at Pore there was a tall, good-looking young fellow named Ramanaik, who had lately risen to the distinction of headman, on the strength of which he had married a pretty girl, by the payment of a considerable sum, probably thirty rupees, to her mother. After a time the latter, a sordid old woman working on another estate, persuaded her daughter to return to her on a visit, with a view of selling her again to some other man who was offering a tempting number of rupees. Ramanaik, becoming uneasy about his wife's long absence, begged leave of the dhoray to go and fetch her ; however, the poor fellow never returned, for his mother-in-law had managed to poison his food, and thus get rid of him.

When there are large numbers of coolies employed

on one estate, and the majority of the latter having at least two hundred acres under coffee, requiring upwards of a hundred hands throughout the year, it is often puzzling to remember names, since so many sound alike to the uninitiated; some are called after the legendary Hindu deities, others again seem to be known only by the name of the village they sprang from, and as thus there are frequently several under the same condition in one gang, they add a distinctive adjective, such as Doda elder, Chicka younger, or Dodee and Chickee in the case of a female, etc.

After tiffin, whilst the dhoray was attending to his daily duties, I accompanied his wife to her kitchen-garden, which she seemed not a little proud of, and well she might be, for I have seldom seen one better stocked with vegetables; there I noticed lettuce, beans, peas, carrots, yams, cabbage, tomatoes, brinjal or egg plant, sweet potatoes, and even Indian corn, besides a row of roselle shrubs (*Hibiscus sardariffa*), the red sorrel of the West Indies, which has a pretty yellow flower, deep purple in the centre, and bears a bright crimson fruit, making a delicious preserve not unlike damson jam. During the dry season this garden is daily irrigated by narrow channels cut between every row of beds, and at the time was under the charge of a very fanatical, fat, jet-black Hindu,

named Padamah, always clad in a bright red turban and little else, a man who, from his cunning and his long residence, exercised considerable influence over the coolies, and being besides a great glutton, he watched every opportunity to propitiate the gods, which means having a sacrifice or tremendous feast, if possible at master's expense; at one time it is sickness, at another evil signs or any other trivial cause.

One early morning the loquacious Padamah made his appearance in the compound wild with excitement, in vain trying to make himself heard by the dhorasani, whilst the cattle were lowing and the sheep bleating on leaving the sheds; the poor lady finding herself in the same dilemma as King Charles of old, during his progress through Kent, when a mayor of Rochester, just at the commencement of an elaborate address, was accompanied by the loud braying of an ass, only that she had not the ready wit of his Majesty, who exclaimed, "One at the time, gentlemen, one at the time." However, the remembrance of this anecdote could not well be expected to have disconcerted the excited gardener, who, eschewing all obstacles, managed, by dint of perseverance, to make his mistress at last understand that an old cow having died over night, it was certain the evil spirit had done it in

revenge of some offence, and that the latter must be propitiated by the sacrifice or pujah of the dead animal, which, in consequence, was given up, for had it been buried, they would have dug it up and eaten it all the same. The ceremony was performed in the evening on the slope of a hill not far off, under a large Mohwa tree, and in front of a rough stone slab or altar, about five feet high by three feet wide, leaning against its trunk. Here the big beast was roasted whole, the blood sprinkled upon the stone, the intestines examined for good or for evil, and incantations pronounced. Dancing and singing, and all sorts of abominations while away the time until the feasting begins, and they seldom leave off as long as there is anything to devour. If the task is beyond their power, they dry the remainder in slices to eat at their leisure. It afterwards transpired through the Ayah that the deity was supposed to have been offended by the dhorasani, in her walk on the previous day, having passed, or perhaps even touched, the stone which their superstition had dubbed into an emblem of the Godhead. Stocks and stones, or a lump of clay, and frequently trees smeared over with a little red paint, are converted into an idol and reverenced by the ignorant Hindu; the natives generally adorn them with little earthenware pots or chatties, and

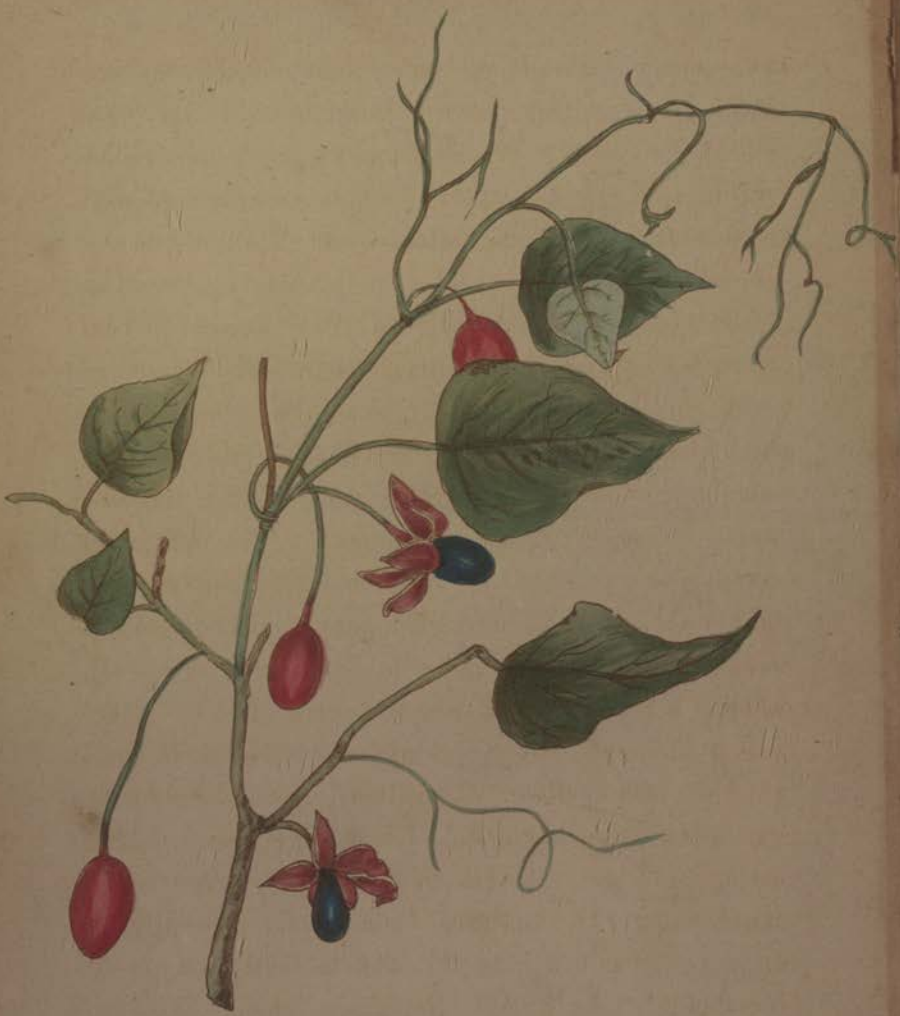
strings of white and yellow flowers. At a marriage feast the bride walks three times round this improvised shrine in her bridal dress.

Flower gardens are generally neglected in these regions, as they require much attention and are sure to suffer during the long dry season; still Pore does sport one of modest dimensions in front of the bungalow, surrounded on three sides by a hedge of the evergreen-rose, enclosing small beds of pretty flowers; plenty of Zinnias in half-a-dozen colours, these indeed grow all over the jungle; a slender pink iris, the fuchsia, geranium, a light blue convolvulus, as large as a cheese-plate, called the "morning glory" and others, also two magnificent lime trees (*Citrus acida*),—altogether not much to boast of, if compared with European gardens. There was also a fine grove of plantains, consisting of a great number of young plants luxuriating under the shade of tall trees overlooking a narrow valley, whose slopes are planted with coffee, and at the bottom with cardamoms of bright green, following the winding of a clear rivulet which springs at the upper end from a tiny lake, barely 80 yards in diameter, with a lofty Indian elm-tree (*Ulmus integrifolia*) in the centre, the *tout-ensemble* forming a pretty bit of scenery as seen from above Of plantains there are a great many

varieties in Mysore, especially one kind I have not seen elsewhere; it is very large, pink inside (*Musa paradisiaca*), and has a delicious flavour,—there are others again that are only fit for cooking.

These hills abound in picturesque aspects, secluded spots crowded with ferns, trees covered with orchids and interlaced by creepers of every variety, hardly admitting a peep of the blue sky overhead, and in their midst a little brook disputing the passage; beyond broad terraces, one above the other, with water trickling down in pearly threads, setting off the fresh emerald green of a rich crop of rice which requires much care in its irrigation, for there is not a more thirsty plant in existence excepting the water-lily and others purely aquatic.

One day the dhory proposed riding over to Kerri, so called after the Canarese for a "tank" which exists at the extreme end of this, his other estate, some eight miles distant. I readily assented, and we set off before sunrise next morning, both being well mounted, he on a Waler and I on a stout Pegu pony, but never did I experience so short a distance occupying so much time on horseback. Our road or path led principally up and down hill, occasionally through swampy paddy fields, fording rivers and scrambling over thick jungle. The air was deliciously cool and



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the scenery throughout unrivalled,—nature has certainly favoured this part of India beyond any other that I have visited. We continually passed some beautiful flowering shrubs, and the hedges were covered with creepers whose Canarese names were all I could learn; one was called Hággeri bud, a scarlet pendant barely an inch long, another Bati bud (Plate XVII.), flower like that of a crimson fuchsia with purple centre and a bright red ovary, a most graceful plant growing to a considerable size; I also noticed a small tree bearing white flowers resembling bouquets of white pinks of a fragrant vanilla perfume, name unknown. We rode over acres covered with Cape Jasmine (*Gardenia florida*) and then passing on through a jungle with occasional breaks of pasture we came upon a herd of cattle, amongst them there was, what appeared to my correct eye, a blue cow, and on examining her closer I found that the optical effect was produced by minute bluish-gray spots under the skin. I had often heard of blue cattle in India and this solved the mystery to my satisfaction. In northern India, and especially in Rajputana, we are told the forests hold many wild blue bulls, there called Neilghau, which, like the peacock, are sacred animals; all blue things are deemed so in honour of Krishna, who is always represented of the same colour.

The Kerri estate, about 200 acres, covers a hill forming a large plateau on the top, the old forest having been cleared away to make room for plantations, excepting a sufficient number of tall trees to give shade; for in Mysore, unlike Ceylon and the Wynaad, coffee is invariably grown under shade, and few are better for that purpose than some specimens of the Ficus genus, specially selected for their bushy crown, besides the Goney, the Busri, and the Howligay, the Canarese names by which they are known here to planters and natives. The Toddy palm, which attains a considerable height, is also frequent here; these trees are hired out to men of a certain caste, whose privilege it is to draw the liquid, by cutting off the end of the young flower spike before it opens, then fastening an earthenware chatty to the end, into which the sap flows. The simple machinery, by which the vessel is raised and lowered, consists of a double rope passing through a loop, ingeniously attached to the stem above, and a stone tied to the other end keeps the chatty in its place; when full the stone is removed and the vessel pulled down by the other rope. The toddy, when fresh, has a very pleasant taste, not unlike that of the green cocoa-nut, but it speedily ferments and becomes intoxicating; this is the stage in which natives like it best. When

distilled it becomes "arrack," and by boiling a sugar is obtained, called "jaggary."

After a very uncomfortable night, owing to the want of mosquito curtains, and an early cup of tea with some delicious chupatties, made of rice and cocoa-nut milk, we returned on the following morning by a longer but easier route, across many a field now almost bare, as the annual fires during the hot month of May had burnt off every blade of grass. These conflagrations, the deliberate act of the natives to obtain a fresh crop of herbage for the cattle, are a grand sight as they rage along at considerable speed, covering a large expanse of ground, but they are dangerous to cattle, and it requires the assistance of all hands to prevent the fire approaching the bungalow and the coffee gardens. The coolies extinguish or beat it out with long palm branches.

It is also at this period that the stillness of a piping hot day is frequently broken into by a tremendous crash in the depth of the forest, indicating the sudden collapse of some gigantic tree, long decayed to the core, breaking down in the midst of the dense growth around it. There is something very solemn in this last outburst of nature's decrees; the very air seems suddenly hushed, the birds stop their song, and all living things seem awed by it.

On our arrival at Pore I found heaps of letters and newspapers, always a most welcome sight in India, and the dozen different London journals sent by kind friends, were food enough to last me until the subsequent mail brought a fresh supply. People at home have little idea how much an old paper is valued out there. During the remainder of my stay in the Mysore hills, which now rapidly drew to a close, visitors occasionally turned up, although our nearest neighbour lived five miles off, an exceedingly kind-hearted widow lady, who managed her own coffee estate, and who supplied me with medicine and other things when I was down with fever, for the latter few can escape; it is not of a malignant character and soon gives in to a dose or two of quinine, else there is no prevailing sickness here, and the former only occurs after the heavy rains when the mouldering leaves and vegetation create a miasma. The natives, at times, suffer much from boils, but cholera is rare up here.

Amongst my parting rambles in the neighbourhood I had a very agreeable trip to Mercara, the capital of Coorg, a considerable military station, which lies in a hollow surrounded by hills; here I spent a few pleasant days at the bungalow of a successful coffee planter, where I was most hospitably entertained, and I was

glad of the opportunity of seeing the method of cultivation followed in that province.

The monsoon in these hills, with rare exceptions, sets in about the beginning of June, and the downpour continues with longer or shorter interruptions until the middle of September; during that time seedlings of coffee are planted out from the nurseries, vacancies filled up and new plantations formed. That operation completed, weeding becomes the principal work, requiring all the hands that can be obtained. This is a trying time for the occupants of the bungalow, whose thatched roof then almost resembles a sieve; every available vessel is set to catch the rain, still pools of water are unavoidable throughout the house, and fires become most acceptable.

Crop time was now at hand, and I only delayed my departure from Pore to witness the harvesting operation. Of course, the time of the year when coffee gardens look their best is during the few days, or sometimes a week, in the middle of March, when every bud opens under the influence of the so-called blossom or mango showers, and when slopes and valleys become all at once covered, as it were, with a thick layer of snow-flakes, whilst the perfume—a strong spice or vanilla scent—pervades the atmosphere for miles around. That is the time *par excellence*, I say, to

visit a plantation; then the planter is seen threading his way from garden to garden, with an anxious look, mentally comparing the show before him with that of previous years, and estimating its probable result, provided a bad monsoon does not upset even his most cautious calculation. Now in the month of November the trees present a different but also an exceedingly pretty aspect, crowded as they are with little bunches of red cherries, perhaps a dozen in each, and from eight to twelve such bunches on each branch, of the latter there may be as many as twenty bearing on one tree; however, such numbers are rather the exception, and not to be relied upon, for if a similar result could be obtained throughout, an acre would produce upwards of a ton of clean coffee, whilst in Mysore two and a half to three cwt. is considered a fair average crop, although Ceylon planters count upon five to seven cwt. per acre; but working expenses are very much heavier with them, labour having to be imported from the Malabar coast.

During picking time it is amusing to take your stand at the pulper and watch the women bring in baskets full of ripe fruit, carefully eyeing each lot being measured, as they get extra pay for any quantity exceeding a bushel, which often causes disputes and bad language, which the Canarese excel

in. The pulping machine separates the coffee in its parchment skin from the red outer pulp, which latter is allowed to ferment, and in that state forms excellent manure. The parchment berry, after being thoroughly washed in stone cisterns, is on the next morning taken to the barbecue, a large level piece of ground near the bungalow, in order to see it carefully watched, where it is for several days exposed to the sun's rays, either upon the ground covered with chunam, or upon long trays about six feet wide, running the whole length, and consisting of bamboo mats resting upon short poles stuck firmly into the ground. When perfectly dry the parchment coffee is taken into the store, and thence sent to the coast, where it is cured, that is, dried again and peeled of its parchment and silver skin, by which process the two half berries become released and the produce is ready for shipment to the European market. The whole operation is very interesting.

Within the last decade a new industry, namely the cultivation of Cinchona, has met with considerable success in Mysore and in south-western India generally, results, however, varying somewhat according to the process adopted for obtaining the bark, which is twofold, by uprooting and by coppicing. By

the former, the tree, after having reached maturity, yields at once the maximum of bark, at least, one-third more than obtainable by coppicing; but the trees are sacrificed, and the soil having to lay fallow for several years, one crop is obtainable within not less than ten years, whilst by the other mode (the coppicing) the trees will grow another crop in four, five, or six years. The *C. Calisaya* (yellow bark, yielding larger proportion of Cinchona than the *C. Succirubra*, producing red bark), by uprooting, will give from half to two or even three pounds of bark per ton, according to age. Another species, which has also been grown with good results, is the *C. Ledgeriana;* its discoverer is Mr. Ledger of Tucuman, the central province of the Argentine Republic,—the Eden of America, according to native writers. In Sikkim, Northern India, there is a large government Cinchona factory, which will in due time be able to supply the entire quantity of sulphate of Quinine needed by the government of India.

Gold has also of late years been discovered in Mysore, notably in the Kolar district, where several mines are now being worked, returning large profits to the fortunate shareholders of some of the numerous companies started.

I must now bid adieu to Mysore, and that not without a feeling of gratification, having had the opportunity of seeing and learning many things quite new to me.

A springless cart, the same kind I had before, and which is used for conveying coffee to the coast, was readily procured, and accompanied by the faithful George, I was soon on my way to Mangalore, about eighty miles distant.

On the first day I got as far as the top of the Western ghauts, which no one is allowed to pass, either up or down, during the night, owing to its dangerous precipices, and very early on the following morning I walked down this glorious pass in advance of the cart. The Bundh Ghaut, such is its name, offers much grander views than any of the Swiss passes, not only owing to the natural beauty of this enormous mountain chain and its smiling valleys below, but also to atmospherical effects and the rich vegetation of every part, besides, there are the usual waterfalls and cascades, and thousands of pretty flowers and butterflies.

On reaching the foot of the Ghaut, in the province of South Canara, I again got into the cart and made for the nearest Government-bungalow some miles off; there was not a particle of furniture in it, as it was

intended for natives only, but it had two rooms entirely open to the front, one containing a long stone platform with half-a-dozen holes in it for cooking operations. I have, however, often slept in worse places than this, and with the help of my mattress, taken out of the cart, I passed an excellent night and began the next day's journey by walking twelve miles before the sun had risen too high to mar my pleasure. This is the land of the cocoanut palm, fruit and rice fields, it being abundantly watered by streams and canals. Small properties are here the rule, and the country flourishes from the minute attention bestowed by each proprietor on his own little farm. There are fine hedges of the *Ixora Cochin-China*, bearing a sweet-scented flower of a peculiar maroon tint, which hitherto I have not met elsewhere; also ginger and turmeric are cultivated in these plains.

On the same evening, after one or two difficult passages through rapid rivers—for bridges I saw none—I reached Buntwalla on the Mangalore river, the banks of which are rich in vegetation and picturesque; thence most travellers proceed to the coast by boat; but visions of mosquitos, whose furious attacks on inland navigation in the tropics I had some acquaintance with, decided me to remain the night at this place, having my bed prepared under the table, as

the rain was pouring through the roof like a sieve, and about noon next day I found myself comfortably housed at the Traveller's bungalow of Mangalore.

This town has not much to boast of in point of beauty; there is a large native quarter and a considerable amount of trade, shipping as well as inland. The harbour smells strongly of fish, which is salted and packed for export, whilst the dead fish and refuse are sent by cart to Mysore to serve as manure. There is at Mangalore as elsewhere a good sprinkling of mosques and temples, the latter belonging to the Jain sect, much resembling the usual style of Hindu architecture. There are now probably, proportionately, more Jains in Canara than in any other province of India, excepting perhaps Chota Nagpur. Their exact origin is still involved in obscurity; they seceded from the Brahmins at a somewhat later period than the Buddhists, say about the fourth century B.C., and they have much in common with the latter, excepting that they admit into their religious system the worship of some of the favourite Hindu divinities and also retain caste, to which they owed part of their popularity, whilst the followers of Buddha have dwindled down to a very narrow circle, if indeed they can be said to exist at all in India.

Of Jain origin there are remains of many fine temples still extant in countries south of Dharwar, dating from the beginning of our era to the 13th century, on some of which Colonel Meadows Taylor, twenty-five years ago, when Deputy Commissioner of Shorapoor and the Raichore Doab, discovered ancient Canarese inscriptions; the finest complete specimen, however, is found at Gujerat, of the 11th century. The style of construction is always twelve-pillared, whilst that of the Hindus, when pure, is astylar; it is also noted for the Stambhas, a graceful column, often thirty to fifty feet high, formerly used for bearing emblems, figures of animals or statues elaborately adorned. The four-pillared pavilion or portico in front of Hindu temples receives from the Jains a fifth pillar in the centre, else there is little difference between them. The Jain temple always covers an image placed in a square cell, which receives its light from the doorway only.

The bazaars of Mangalore are well supplied with articles of native, as well as foreign, industry, amongst the former the silver ornaments of Southern India deserve a special notice. The "bidree" work, with its incisions filled up with some black composition, resembles the well-known Byzantine "niello" of the twelfth to the fifteenth century, and the handsome Caucasian

niello-work of the present day. Its process is well adapted to patterns of oriental character. Also the embossed silver ornaments of Tanjore, on the Coromandel coast, are extremely elegant; the relievo parts generally representing subjects of Hindu legendry.

A steamer from Bombay being then daily expected to touch at Mangalore on her way to Colombo, I reluctantly paid off my servant, who in vain begged to be allowed to accompany me, and prepared to leave India after a somewhat lengthy but most interesting sojourn. Previous experience in many other countries had taught me the desirability of seeing India, not only along well established routes, but also on less trodden ground, and of conversing and mixing with natives, and I readily availed myself of special circumstances which gave me the opportunity of carrying out that resolution; and whatever I have related in these pages is a simple and faithful account of all I have witnessed.

A few words on the British rule in India will appropriately close this portion of my journal.

In building up a great edifice or Empire, we must commence by laying down a sound and solid foundation, in other words raise the moral condition of the people, and bring them to such a high state of civiliza-

tion that they may eventually become the pillars of that noble structure. This has undoubtedly hitherto been the aim of the Imperial Government, the same principle has guided each of her officials in his respective post, from high to low, and there is now every promise of complete success. Already native judges preside at some of our courts in India, and before long we shall find the same element represented in all branches of Government and private enterprise.

The agricultural progress of the country, within the last twenty-five years, has been enormous, and many able writers having fully discussed and fairly threshed out the subject, I do not intend wearying my readers by expounding my own views. As regards the Ryot, a very important personage in a purely agricultural country, I feel fully convinced that the "village system" is the most suitable for India at all times, and more especially so in bad times, and when visited by the curse of famine. The high death rate during the latter, which decimated Mysore in 1877, was no doubt owing to the neglect and total disorganization of that system, which had been handed down from father to son for generations past, and which the Ryot clings to with a sort of religious eagerness, feeling safe and content under it.

The sole object of the Government is to rule India for the benefit of her people, no selfish view of filling her own coffers being part of that policy; trade and agriculture are alike unshackled by any restriction, and whatever taxes and duties are imposed they are solely employed to meet the expenditure of the Indian Empire, to further education, and to extend public works in India.

The benefits of Christianity are placed at their door, ready to exercise their civilizing influence, but are by no means forced upon the natives; on the contrary, their religious prejudices, even when mere superstitions, are scrupulously respected.

The people of British India, however, are not of that docile and apathetic nature which characterizes the Javanese, who have, until recently, been ground down by their rulers, as we shall see in a subsequent chapter. Moreover, the vast extent of the Indian Empire, and the conglomeration of race, as well as the presence of powerful semi-independent Princes, require a strong military organization, which has become a serious burden to the country. The combined force of British soldiers and sepoys in India numbers, in round figures, two hundred thousand men, comprising about one-third of the former, and two-thirds of the latter class; which, on the highest military authority, is deemed sufficient,

not only to keep the peace within our border, and to hold in check the large armies maintained by Rajahs of various degrees, but also to defend a population of two hundred and fifty-two million souls (according to the census taken in 1881) from all foreign agression. These native forces, although very formidable-looking on paper, as aggregating three hundred thousand men, do not, on closer inspection, present elements for any serious apprehension of danger; for, however numerous, the greater part are mere rabble—ill-clad, noisy, and badly armed; nor do they possess an artillery enabling them to cope with European troops of all arms; moreover the possibility of a successful insurrection or mutiny has been very much minimised by the introduction of railways and telegraphs; although too much reliance must not be placed upon these either, for nothing is easier for rebels than to tear up the rails and cut the wires; besides, during the hot season, large numbers of European troops, and more especially officers, occupy the military Sanitaria, now so much in vogue, at a considerable distance from their base.

The following gives the approximate strength of the forces kept up by Indian Princes, compiled from statements which appeared in the *Times* of 2nd September, 1878, and 29th July, 1879 :—

Rajpootana.	Oodeypore	21,400	
	Jeypore	14,000	
	Judhpore	9,600	
	Other Rajs	47,500	
			92,500
Mahratta.	Gwalior	22,000	
	Baroda	19,500	
	Indore	10,000	
			51,500
	Bundelcund	25,000	
	Hyderabad	45,000	
	Cashmere	20,000	
	Minor States	71,000	
			305,000

Besides, independent Nepaul has an army of 50,000 to 100,000 men.

CHAPTER VI.

Ceylon and the Singhalese—Mountain route to Kandy—Botanical Garden at Peradeniya—Dalada Temple—Buddhism—Visit to Newere Ellia, the Sanitarium—Damboul, Pollanarua, and Anurajapore, Ancient Capitals of Ceylon—The Thuparame—Galle—Precious Stones and Pearls of Ceylon.

On approaching the island of Ceylon at an early hour, the aspect of the coast, fringed with a deep border of cocoanut palms, and high mountains for a background, is exceedingly beautiful, and the contrast on arriving in the small port of Colombo, with its projecting walls of the old Portuguese and Dutch forts, is by no means a pleasing one. The harbour is now, however, under-

going a great extension. The new breakwater, already far advanced in construction, is to be supplemented by jetties and warehouses, calculated to make Colombo the great calling-port of the East. Shipping seemed to be active on my arrival, and it was difficult to find a landing-place, where the custom-house claims the right of inspecting every new arrival's luggage.

Ceylon, like India, has a history of which we know very little as far as regards its earliest phases, which are enveloped in mythological legendry. According to the Ramayana, the Hindu epic, part of the island was conquered from Rawana, the demon-king of Ceylon, by the hero Rama, the sixth incarnation of Vishnu, who had sent his monkey-general, Hunnooman, to recover Seeta, his wife. This Hunnooman in his expedition was said to have laid down Adam's bridge across the Paumben strait, consisting of rocks and boulders, from the mainland to the island, which near the former now admits of a passage for small crafts up to 300 tons. There has been a project, by the way, for some years past, to widen the same for big steamers.

The first historical fact, however, we learn from the Mahawansa, an epic written in the Pali, or sacred dialect, namely, the submission of Ceylon, in B.C. 543, to Hyara, an Indian prince, who introduced the Hindu religion, and a mild form of caste. After that period

Buddhism gradually crept in, and became the dominant religion in B.C. 307. In those early days corrupt government had its full sway in Ceylon, as elsewhere, and eventually, by misadministration, there were no less than seven kings governing the island, when in 1505 the Portuguese landed; who, after having held part of the coast for nearly 150 years, were expelled by the Dutch in the 17th century. The latter had made their first appearance in 1601, and in 1643 they fortified the coast, but in 1796 they, in their turn, were defeated by the British, who took possession of all the maritime provinces, whilst in 1814 they made an end to the misrule and cruelty of the native king at Kandy by taking full possession of the whole island.

After these few words, by way of introduction, we will proceed along the pretty esplanade to the Galle-Face Hotel, lying almost hidden amongst the tall cocoanut palms by which it is surrounded. It consists of several detached bungalows, barely a hundred yards from the sea, opening out a very picturesque vista. Here every comfort is provided, and, moreover, the hotel is noted for its very superior curry. Bandhies, a kind of four-wheeled dog-cart, with an awning, are always in attendance to take one to the different points of attraction.

Colombo lies at the mouth of the river Kalaniganga,

is a clean town, has its government-house and clock-tower, and the view from its southern extremity is worth a moment's pause. On the one side is the roaring ocean, on the other a number of lakes, the largest but a few miles in circumference, surrounded by gardens of considerable beauty, cottages and bridges. The European residents live in handsome buildings, amongst most luxuriant vegetation. One day, *en route* to visit a friend, I was caught by, what is very unusual at that time of year, a tremendous tropical shower, as if the clouds were coming down bodily; everything became drenched in a moment, and there was no escaping it. The rainy season here, as in India, is from the middle of May until September during the south-westerly, and in November and December during the north-easterly monsoon. After a short stay, there is little to interest one at Colombo, and I was longing for a nearer view of the mountains and their hidden treasures, a journey now easily accomplished, since a railway has been made to run up as far as Kandy, a wonderful work of engineering.

Nothing can be compared with the magnificence of the ever varying scenery for the entire distance of seventy-two miles, as we are running over swamps, along edges of precipices, and in zig-zag fashion up steep sides of mountain passes, with glimpses of fertile

valleys below, watered by some rapid stream, and forest-clad peaks of various shapes overhead. As far as the first station the ascent had been but slight, whilst passing through forests and past endless terraces of bright green paddy fields, set off most effectually by the muddy colour of a rapid stream, much swollen by that day's heavy rain. As the train stopped I had the satisfaction of seeing a large bridal party, a very noisy lot, who had occupied the next compartment, take their departure; they were accompanied by a wretched band, and dressed up in all the colours of the rainbow, as half-castes generally are.

Here I also had the opportunity of watching a crowd of Singhalese on their way to some fair; they did not seem a very energetic people, which I afterwards heard confirmed, with the additional information that they are notorious liars. This air of languor and apathy, especially amongst the men, may, however, be deceptive; and those who wish to form a correct judgment of these people had better visit the northern districts, where enormous earth-works have been thrown up, and upwards of a hundred tanks repaired by their voluntary labour, aided by official supervision.

The Singhalese are mostly agriculturists, and leave trade to the Moors, who originally were probably

SINGHALESE DHOBI.

p. 167.

Arabs, and are still strict Mohamedans. The latter speak Tamul, in which tongue also the Seera, an heroic poem, which they are fond of reciting, is written, whilst the Singhalese language is of the Pali dialect. Sciences are much neglected by the natives; but they are not without artistical instincts, as their temples prove, as well as many articles they manufacture. In laces and embroidery, also in carving blackwood, ebony and tortoise-shell, they show considerable taste, as they do also in the display of their costume. . Both men and women wear the comboy or coloured cloth, put on petticoat fashion, to which the women generally add a white muslin jacket, or they throw one end of the comboy over the right shoulder, covering their bosom, like the women of southern India. Both sexes confine their long hair by a handsomely worked comb, and wear earrings and bangles, but the females do not cover themselves all over with jewellery as the Hindus do. (Plate XVIII.)

Polyandrism, although abolished some thirty years ago by Sir Henry Warde, is said still to exist in the interior of Ceylon, as it is known to do amongst the Buddhists of Ladakh, the Nairns of Malabar, the hill tribes of the Himalaya and the Todas, the Aborigines of the Nilgiris, now numbering barely a thousand souls; among the latter, according to Mr. Edwin

Arnold ("India Revisited," p. 300), female infanticide, which fifty years ago was a common practice in many districts of India, has, it is feared, been again resumed. Frequently a woman will marry three or four brothers, all living under the same roof, thus saving the expense of so many separate establishments.

We must now, however, proceed on our journey, the contents of a green cocoanut and a few excellent oranges having been despatched whilst waiting at the station. Here the ascent commenced, and with the help of two engines continued for more than an hour. During that time we passed through lovely mountain scenery; at first the higher range appeared in the distance, in the midst of which, on our right, the famous Adam's Peak, the most prominent, although not the highest point, which latter is the Pedrotallagalla, 8,230 feet, besides two others somewhat lower. Adam's peak rises 7,420 feet above sea-level, and on its summit the priests have erected a hut, where they show the Sri-pada or sacred footstep, sixty-four inches by thirty inches. Here pilgrims assemble on special days in large numbers. Adam, on leaving paradise, is said to have touched the spot with one foot, according to others Buddha did so, during one of his three visits to the island.

The mountains of Ceylon appear as spurs or separate

masses of rock, and are well wooded to the very top. Here and there one passes clusters of thatched cottages half hidden by the surrounding vegetation; below, the eye rests upon a broad valley extending far beyond the deep ravine cut precipitously into the hill side. Presently there rises a black granite wall to a height of several hundred feet, concealing the sun in his downward course and for a moment obscuring every other object. Here we enter a tunnel, and on emerging from it there opens out a perfect fairy-land, as the train leaps from hill to hill passing in review the most varied bits of scenery. Trees of enormous height and girth, apparently groaning under the weight of foliage, often in full blossom of white and crimson or else crowded with fruit; palms of every variety, the Jack and the Bread-fruit tree with their handsome large leaves, held prisoners in the embrace of some enormous creeper, and as we pass through a thick jungle, a mass of palmetto and fern trees gracefully bend their wavy leaves to the breeze. Cascades and rivulets tear down the mountain creeks, every cone and peak becomes separated by floating clouds, and below it all is the beautiful valley of Kaduganawa, receiving the last rays of the setting sun. The latter presented a sublime picture; at first the sky assumed the purest transparent blue with

heavy silver-fringed clouds floating about; presently these seemed to unite and form one sheet of brilliant silver, gradually assuming rose and yellow tints, and spreading over the entire sky, growing deeper and richer in tone until the fiery orb has disappeared, leaving the heavens enveloped in bright crimson and gold, whilst to the east a rainbow in all its beauty still lingers for a short space, when gradually all disappears, and one seems to awake as from a dream. Such sights are rare indeed.

We have now reached the elevated plateau upon which Kandy is situated, 1,678 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery becomes tamer, the trees less lofty, even the palms look stinted compared with those we have left behind, and here and there huge black boulders heave in sight. We soon pass a tall monument erected to the memory of Captain Dawson, who was the surveyor of this magnificent mountain-road, eventually utilized for the railway, and who died at Colombo in 1829. There is a pretty garden at the station close by, gay with poinsettiæ and rose bushes, an extraordinary contrast to the wild scenery hitherto passed through.

At last we approached the old capital of Ceylon, four hours after having quitted Colombo, and a very pretty town it appeared to be as far as it was possible

to judge by the bright moonlight. Twilight does not exist in the tropics, and had it not been for Selene riding the heavens, we should have reached our destination in utter darkness. At the Queen's hotel I arrived just in time for dinner; there were many visitors, chiefly planters, and in the course of the evening I was able to collect all the information I required for further exploration of the island.

On the morning a beautiful sight presented itself from my windows; in front, a very large artificial lake surrounded, as far as the eye could reach, by mountain ranges of undulating outline, with huts and villas scattered about along the water's edge and in the recesses of the lower slope; to the left the native town running backwards, consisting almost entirely of one long street, and parallel with it on the other side, an excellent road lined with fruit trees, which leads to the Botanical Garden. Skirting the lake beyond the town is a handsome drive encircling a large grass-plot; here a crowd of natives in picturesque costumes was already moving about; amongst them one or two Kandian chiefs in white pantaloons, a gorgeous jacket with balloon-shaped sleeves, and a large flat hat surmounted by a point of curious shape,—all waiting the sound of the gong calling them to the famous Dalada temple, situated

beyond the lawn near the margin of the lake. A peculiar contrast in that crowd a number of policemen produced in strictly metropolitan garb.

The day was clear and not too hot, which decided me to walk to the Botanical Garden at Peradeniya, now under the direction of Dr. Henry Trimen, the successor of the indefatigable Dr. Thwaites, the author of "Flora Zeylanica," who had for 30 years been its head. The distance is four miles, just a pleasant walk, giving one a good opportunity of seeing the country as well as the people. I was considerably stared at, as Europeans in tropical climates invariably ride or drive, but I did not mind that. The road led through a succession of neat villages and forests, and on reaching those beautiful gardens the first sight that greets the visitor is a magnificent Taliput palm (*Corypha umbraculifera*), the king of palms, with large umbrella-shaped leaves; around it were other kinds, as the Palmyra (*Borassus flabelliformis*), valuable for its timber, the Areca (*Areca catechu*), for its betel nut as a masticatory. The Traveller's palm (*Ravenala madagascariensis*), the leaves of which are arranged like an open fan; it is noted for containing, even during the driest season, a large quantity of pure water, supplying to the traveller the place of a well. A knife is inserted into the thick end of the leaf, near the trunk, and a stream of the clear

liquid at once gushes out. I tasted it and found it cool and perfectly sweet. There also was the Cabbage palm (*Areca oleracia*), its young leaves used as a vegetable; and of course the Cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*), which supplies all the wants of the natives; when green, food and drink; when ripe it yields oil; its sap gives toddy and arrack; the fibrous casing of the fruit, when woven, makes ropes, nets, and matting; the nut-shells, drinking vessels, spoons, etc.; the plaited leaves serve as plates and dishes, and as thatch for the cottage; the dried flower-stalks are used as torches and the large leaf-stalks as garden fences; the trunk of the tree is used for every possible purpose, from knife handles to door posts; and, hollowed out, it forms a canoe or a coffin.

The garden is tastefully laid out, its beds bursting with a display of brilliant flowers such as are seldom seen together; then there are clumps of Bamboo, yellow and green, from half an inch to twelve inches in diameter, and splendid Fern trees rising to a height of ten and sometimes even twenty feet. Ebony, Blackwood, Teak, and many other useful trees; some producing handsome flowers, as the Coral tree (*Eurythrina indica*), already mentioned in the chapter on Southern India; the Jarool or Bloodwood (*Lagerstræmia reginæ*), a magnificent tree of red wood much

used for boat-building, flower like a rose-colour lilac; the Ironwood (*Mesua ferrea*), large tree with scarlet shoots, etc.

Having thoroughly enjoyed my visit I walked back to Kandy, during the cooler part of the afternoon, meeting all the beauty of the town and a great many healthy-looking children, which speaks well for the climate; the latter is said to be excellent, and the town tolerably free from fever.

Soon after my return, whilst taking down notes, I was disturbed by a great noise, produced by the combined instrumentality of a tom-tom, a flute, and a drum, which came from the direction of the temple, calling the people to their evening devotion, and a friend offering to show me the wonderful relic therein preserved, and which is most jealously guarded by the priests, we walked across to the Dalada Maligawa, a large octagonal building, the upper story of which recedes to admit of a gallery, with pillars supporting a conical roof. A solid square stone portico flanked on each side by handsomely carved inner and outer walls of different height, gives access to both temple or Dagoba, and monastery or Vihara. The latter consists of three or four buildings to the back, surrounded by gardens and again enclosed by a third and higher wall of similar design as the other two. The whole group

presents some good sculptures and other mural ornamentations. On entering the temple, priests in their yellow robes and shaven heads, with much ceremony, admitted us to an inner compartment, where there was a handsome shrine containing the sacred tooth of Buddha in a silver-gilt casket of the ordinary bell shape—a piece of ivory about two inches long, for the possession of which the late king of Siam had offered a sum of money equal to forty thousand pounds sterling, but the priests declined, finding it to their advantage to keep the relic, and to exhibit it from time to time to the faithful, which brings considerable sums into their coffer. The original tooth was destroyed by the Portuguese 300 years ago, which is conveniently overlooked by the priesthood. There are also a great many silver-gilt images of Buddha grouped within the temple, and one of crystal, the most beautiful thing of the kind; it is enclosed in a casket of elegant workmanship about eighteen inches high.

With some difficulty, and after a donation, gratefully accepted by the priests, although poverty, as well as celibacy, are strictly enjoined upon them by Buddha, we managed to get through the throng which was just on the point of filing off in procession around the temple. Near it there is one of those peculiar large bell-shaped tombs of a Kandian king.

Buddhism is now the chief religion in Ceylon. Previous to its introduction in the third century B.C., the aboriginals of the island worshipped demons and serpents, and even recently consecrated serpents have been found in some of their temples. According to mythological records, the ninth incarnation of the Hindu god Vishnu was a white elephant, which became Buddha, and a tenth incarnation is still expected by his followers in Burmah and Siam. This is likewise to be a white elephant, meaning a return of Buddha; hence the great veneration this animal is held in by the people of those countries, where he is lodged in a royal pavilion.

Historically, however, Buddhism rests upon the Tripitaka, or Three Baskets—three collections of writings transmitted in the Pali dialect. The first is called Soutras, or Discourses of Buddha; the second, Vinaya, or Discipline of the Monastic Orders; and the third, Dharma, Religion or Contemplation for the Laity. From these we learn that Gotama, or Buddha, was born at Patalipatra, on the confines of Nepaul, in B.C. 623, and died in B.C. 543 at Kusinagara, in Oude. He came into the world to reform the Hindu religion; his mission was to purify the people from idolatry and caste, and to teach a code of austere morality, a life of virtue and charity. He strictly forbade the taking of

the meanest life, also falsehood, intemperance, dishonesty, anger, pride, and covetousness; he preached the doctrine of endless series of transmigrations, or eternal existence of matter alone, possessing power of reproduction without any other agency. His disciples, therefore, are essentially Atheists, like those of Confucius, acknowledging no Supreme Being. Hence the effigy of Buddha is regarded as a type of earthly goodness, wisdom, and beauty, for he himself was the perfection of an ascetic; he had passed through millions of existences, and had ultimately attained the sublime excellency of Nirvana—that is, that state of blissful unconsciousness, akin to final cessation of existence, the consummation of eternal felicity, "a peace that passes all understanding," which is every Buddhist's aim and ambition. "Life will condense," says a learned Singhalese priest, "by means of death into its essence."

Nirvana therein differs from the Hindu absorption of the spirit into the supreme divinity of Brahm, whilst the leading feature of the third of the chief religions of the East, namely, Mahomedanism, is admission to a material paradise.

"Till all the sum of ended life—
The 'Karma'—all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,

Grows pure and sinless; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh form it takes
In new existence, that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus, 'finishing the Path,' free from Earth's cheats;
Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides
Lifeless to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!"

From EDWIN ARNOLD'S "*Light of Asia.*"

Flower decoration enters very largely into all the rites of the two older systems, Hinduism and Buddhism, and idol worship has gradually crept into the latter faith, which has lost much of its original purity. In the northern districts of Ceylon the Malabars follow the Hindu religion, and worship Seva.

Those who have studied the spread of civilization in the early times of the world's history must have noticed the resemblance of many of Buddha's precepts with well-known apophthegms of his contemporary, Solon, as—

"In all things let reason be your guide;"
"Diligently contemplate excellent things;"

and many others. It is a curious coincidence that these two great men should have been born within a

few years of each other, although thousands of miles apart; the one an ascetic and philosopher, whose teachings rapidly disseminated over the whole of the East; the other a lawgiver, exercising immense influence over, what was then, the Western school.

At the invitation of a gentleman from India, staying at the same hotel, I joined him and his son in a delightful trip to the hills extending in a southerly direction, visiting one or two of the largest coffee plantations on the island, where we were most hospitably received. Our road was almost continually ascending, the best elevation for the cultivation of coffee being apparently 3,000 to 4,000 feet, where the ground is covered with a rich chocolate brown loam, consisting of decomposed particles of rock from above, blended with decayed vegetable matter of the forest. The first plantation was commenced as recently as 1841, and since that many fortunes have been made here by those who have had ample funds at their disposal. The only thing that spoils the appearance of coffee estates in Ceylon is the number of black scorched trunks which have been left standing after the land had been cleared by the axe and by burning. At Pusillawa we inspected two of the largest

establishments of the kind, and I was surprised at the superior mode of cultivation to that I had witnessed in India, and yet producing a bean barely equal to that of the Wynaad, and much inferior to that of Mysore.

Being anxious to visit Newere Ellia, the sanatorium of Ceylon, about a day's journey from Pusillawa, I engaged a small buggy, leaving my friends to pursue their own object, and started afresh on the following morning. After some hours' hard travelling, I gained the magnificent Ramboda Pass (Plate XIX.), sometimes spelled Rangbodde, a narrow gorge closed in by precipitous masses of rock reaching many hundreds of feet into the air, with enormous sheets of water or cataracts tumbling down on either side over crags and well-worn boulders. The mountain scenery now assumed a very grand character, and the greater portion of the route being steep, I preferred walking. At last I reached Newere Ellia, completely tired out. Its position, 6,200 feet above the sea level, is picturesque, and the air pleasant during the day, but cool at night. There is every accommodation for visitors; good hotels and comfortable-looking bungalows, but owing to the time of the year the place was nearly empty, and finding no inducement to prolong my stay beyond a day, I started on my return journey before sunrise, and

PLATE XIX

BASTERLL. 31, RUPERT ST. LONDON W.

RANGBODDA FALL.

returned to Kandy at an excellent pace, the road with few exceptions being down hill.

On my arrival I noticed a great commotion under the verandah; a native had brought for sale an armadillo, which he had caught in the jungle, and there was a lively competition going on for its acquisition; some gentlemen wanted to buy the animal to take it away alive; whilst others desired it for the purpose of killing and roasting. The latter succeeded in obtaining it, and I had my share in devouring the poor brute, which proved very good eating, although he is not always a very clean feeder.

The principal object of my visit to the interior of Ceylon, namely, the inspection of the Buddhist remains of Anarajapore, I had left to the last as a *bonne bouche;* also as it was advisable to allow the sun to counteract the effects of recent heavy showers; the jungle in those regions being considered exceedingly pernicious, indeed I was warned that a night passed there was almost certain to bring on fever. When everything was ready for a start, and a light bullock cart at the door ready laden with my traps and provisions, a party happened to arrive at the hotel who had just returned from the very district I was bound for, and he assured me that I should find it utterly impossible to get beyond a certain distance, the

roads being deep with mud and the rivers impassable. This was no small disappointment, but I was not to be deterred by obstacles I had often overcome in India, and started on my formidable journey, merely taking extra precautions by way of stout ropes and a few poles.

The difficulties of the road were indeed immense, and on several occasions I had to walk some miles, often through swamps, to obtain assistance from the nearest hut or village. The whole country seemed to be flooded, and the jungle teemed with leeches, barely an inch long, which continually crept up my legs, causing incessant irritation. Altogether I found the obstacles much greater than I had anticipated; they, in fact, hourly increased as I proceeded, frequently through dense forests, where seldom the human voice was heard. Here also those enormous tree-like creepers (*Butea superba*) frequently intercepted my path. The entire distance between Kandy and Anarajapore, due north, is about 90 miles, and there is another buried town "Pollanarua" lying far to the east. A few rest-houses are scattered about along the route, although at considerable distances; still they offer shelter during the night, if nothing else.

In the centre of the island there is a succession of mountains for a distance of about 100 miles stretch-

ing from Adam's peak northward. My road, however, ran along their base, thus avoiding much fatigue, but, on the other hand, suffering very severely from the superabundance of water.

By the evening of the first day I got as far as Matale, only sixteen miles from Kandy, now reached by railway; here I passed the night, and on the following day I managed somewhat better by making twenty-nine miles, reaching Damboul late in the evening. Some eight centuries ago this had been the capital of the Singhalese, but long before that it had been a very important town, and its famous cave-temple, which is said to be nearly 2,000 years old, seems to prove as much. The entrance to the latter confirms the [illegible] of skill employed upon religious monuments at that early period. Its porch is flanked by two massive pillars of almost Doric simplicity and of excellent proportions, and is surrounded by some good carving in the solid rock, representing figures of Buddha, with two large statues, one on each side in a recess; of these latter, however, little remains. This entrance led into the temple where a platform had once supported the sitting figure of Buddha. The present Vihara, or monastery, which is attached to all Buddhist temples, is of a much more recent date and built of brick, covered with cement.

About forty miles due east of Damboul is Pollanarua, the capital a couple of centuries prior to the former, and in order to reach it, especially owing to the overflown rivers, I had to undergo many trials and great fatigue. Here are some very remarkable remains of an early civilization, in fact an entire town is being excavated in the depth of the forest. The Gal-Vihara is a rock-hewn temple after the manner of those of Ellora, indicating some good sculpture, but completely ruined. This, and another I shall presently mention, were supposed to be the only examples of that style of architecture in Ceylon; which, however, may be doubted, and we shall probably hear of others by-and-by, since the unearthing of several of the old Singhalese towns has been seriously taken in hand by the Government. At the Gal-Vihara there is, leaning against its outer wall, a reclining figure of Gautama, forty-five feet in length, similar to those found in Burmah and Siam, also an upright one of twenty-three feet, and a sitting image sixteen feet in height.

The Agiria-Vihara at Pollanarua is another fine specimen of enormous size and excellent proportions, the north side of which still exists in its entire length, and has all the resemblance of the ruins of a splendid palace richly ornamented with pilasters, recesses, and carvings of every description, now covered with shrubs

and creepers, giving it a very picturesque appearance.

Pollanarua, being the very hot-bed of fever, I got out of it as soon as possible, and my route now lay through forests and vast sandy plains, here and there dotted with low jungle and swamps, sterile deserts, but rarely relieved by fertile valleys or tracts of patanas, coarse wiry grass affording pasture for cattle, so common in most parts of Ceylon.

Anarajapore was the capital of the Singhalese kings from B.C. the fifth to A.D. the eighth cen[illegible] and is situated N. Lat. 8, and E. Long. 80, or ve[illegible]ly so. Its site, by the way, has recently been sel[illegible] the seat of Government of the newly-created North-Central province. In the eighth century, owing to encroachments by the Malabars into the northern district, Pollanarua became the capital, and after that Damboul, as already stated; then between 1266 and 1410 half a dozen other towns took their place, when Kandy was chosen as the residence of the native king. As early as A.D. 477 the Singhalese built a fort of great strength and beauty upon a high rock, called "Sihagiri," situated near the centre of the island.

Already on the road to Anarajapore, as well as in its immediate neighbourhood, I noticed a great many

tanks, some in utter ruin, others recently repaired. They were mostly of enormous dimensions,—worthy monuments of Ceylon's former greatness and civilization,—and their number throughout the island, it is said, can be counted by hundreds. Their restoration by the Government is now rapidly progressing,

The ruins of Anarajapore are perhaps the most interesting and stupendous of any hitherto excavated, and probably of the same period as those of Pollanarua, commenced soon after the permanent establishment of Buddhism in Ceylon, which occurred B.C. 307. The largest [redacted] finest dagoba is that called "Thuparame," which [redacted] ave been a wonderful structure before it fell [redacted] ial ruin. Its circular platform of a diameter of fifty feet, and fourteen feet from the ground, is reached by stone steps from two opposite sides, and the wall supporting it on the outside is built of brick, embellished with mouldings and pilasters. The platform is paved with large granite slabs, upon which there are four concentric rows of graceful octagonal stone columns, all monoliths of different height, no doubt originally for the purpose of supporting an umbrella-shaped roof, forming part of the bell-tapering which has always been a prominent feature in the architecture of dagobas, resembling the pagodas of Burmah and the topes of Afghanistan. These columns, whose

height was twenty-four feet the inner row, twenty-two, nineteen, and fourteen, respectively, the other three rows, had capitals decorated with grotesque figures in every conceivable position, excepting the third row which had eagles with outstretched wings instead. The proportions of the columns, as well as that of their individual distance from the centre, increasing towards the outer ring, and the gap left opposite the two approaches in the same ratio, are very perfect, and could not possibly have been improved upon, even by the Greeks.

There are many indications that the Thuparame dagoba had been richly decorated throughout. All the brick-work was originally covered with fine plaster and ornamented with mouldings and figures; moreover, the whole of the interior, roof, pillars, and altars had probably been elaborately gilded and coloured, as is pretty clearly proved by recent excavations of similar structures most carefully made at Anarajapore and elsewhere. The walls on each side of the stairs had been covered with carved stone, portions of which are still extant, representing figures bearing vases containing the sacred lotus, reminding one of the wall-ornamentation of those magnificent monuments of Upper Egypt and Assyria, in both of which the same flower held such a prominent position. Raised portions

of masonry in different parts of the platform indicate that a well originally existed between the third row of columns and the outer one, with a stone door at each entrance. Likewise altars for the depositing of offerings of flowers or valuables, dedicated to the use of the priesthood, had existed at the base of the shrine, which, occupying the centre, held the jewelled casket containing the left collar-bone of Buddha.

There are a great many other remains at Anarajapore, as, for instance, the Ruamveli and the Lankrama dagoba, although smaller, built after the model of the Thuparame. They are scattered in the depth of the forest, and most of them completely ruined, but the above description of the most ancient of these temples will give an idea of the style we may expect to find amongst the excavations still going on. They are said to have recently brought to light a great number of granite columns, or parts thereof, forming a square of forty to each face, thus giving a total of one hundred and sixty when complete; these are supposed to have formed the lower structure of some wonderful palace.

Before leaving Anarajapore I must name a curiosity of the place, what is supposed to be the original Bo-tree or Peepul (*Ficus religiosa*), the oldest tree in the world, said to have been planted in B.C. 288, and tended ever

RAMBUTAN. *(Nephelium rambután.)*
p. 189.

JAMBOO, OR MALAY ROSE APPLE. *(Jambosa vulgaris.)*
p. 197.

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since by the lineal descendants of the original keeper. Great sanctity is of course ascribed to it by the Buddhists, and its fallen leaves are carried away as treasures by pilgrims who would not dare to touch the sacred tree itself, which is now enclosed by a wall supporting an iron railing, totally in discord with the venerable relic.

My return journey to Kandy was favoured by splendid weather; and a pretty feature, all along the mountain slopes, was the rhododendron, often reaching a height of thirty to forty feet, and many other beautiful shrubs and trees. Of those bearing fruit I noticed the lime, the plantain, pomegranate, guava, and rambután (*Nephelium rambután*) (Plate XX.), the latter, one of the most delicious fruits, similar in flavour to the mangosteen of Java, and in appearance like a bunch of two or three very large hairy red gooseberries.

The country is supposed to be full of elephants, but it did not fall to my lot to see a single wild one, although I passed many kraals, or traps on a large scale, into which they are driven and afterwards tamed. The cattle are small and buffaloes plentiful; also several kinds of deer and antelope and the pretty little Indian muskdeer, monkeys in abundance, and hares, squirrels, and porcupine. Magnificent butterflies I met with on the mountains, especially a bright green species with

swallow tails, fully eight inches across its outspread wings. The birds of Ceylon are mostly the same as those of Southern India: the roller, the golden oriole, the hoopoo, the wild pea-fowl, parrakeets, thrushes, fly catchers, pheasants, etc.; ibis, snipe, and teal amongst the rice fields and swamps; and occasionally a flamingo on the lakes. Serpents are not frequent in Ceylon, I am told; I certainly saw none; but plenty of white ants, most destructive creatures. Of fishes there are seir, of the mackerel family, and other small fry.

Kandy and Colombo having been reached in due time, and a few purchases of curiosities effected in both places, I left the latter town one early morning for Galle by coach. The road was in excellent condition, and we passed, in almost constant succession, clean picturesque villages, cinnamon gardens and cocoanut groves; every now and then we came close upon the sea which cooled the atmosphere very perceptibly. The entire distance of seventy-two miles was accomplished in ten hours, being occasionally delayed by unmanageable horses. At Bentolle, about half way, we stopped an hour for tiffin, which consisted of a variety of fish dishes and oysters; the latter, however, were coarse and unwholesome. The natives on the coast occupy themselves solely with fishing, and catch

enormous quantities, from a shark to a kind of white bait; dried fish and rice forming their principal food, as in all other Asiatic countries that have access to the coast.

At four p.m. we reached Galle, and the Oriental hotel which provides comfortable accommodation. Its wide verandah, neatly paved with many-coloured tiles, I found taken possession of by a great number of travellers, owing to the fresh arrival of two P. and O. steamers, one from Europe, the other from China, whilst natives were sneaking about trying to pawn off bits of coloured glass for precious stones; others driving a hard bargain for combs, paper-knives, porcupine spines, and little ebony elephants; also lace, embroidery, and mats met the attention of lady purchasers principally, and many of the articles offered for sale proved a decided artistic taste on the part of the maker. Although most of the rings one saw here were worthless, Ceylon produces a great variety of very beautiful stones, which mostly find their way to Europe to be cut, and often return again, in their reduced size but more marketable form, to Ceylon and India, where good stones are highly appreciated by the wealthy class of natives.

Sapphires and cats-eyes, found in the Saffragram

district, are the finest in the world; also the ruby and the carbuncle, the cinnamon and the moon stone; the garnet and the amethyst, are very plentiful in the central range of hills, in the Badulla and Newere Ellia districts.

The famous pearl fisheries are in the Bay of Jaffna, the extreme north-west point of Ceylon; they have been very unremunerative for many years past; but now, beds having been laid down some years ago, the Government expects better results at an early period. Prices at the annual auction have of late years averaged about a rupee for every hundred oysters; this shows what risk purchasers run.

There is an exceedingly pretty drive from Galle through forests of tropical growth to Wakaila, a little elevated plateau, whence there is an extensive view of the broad fertile plain, watered by the silvery Gindura, stretching for many miles in an easterly direction, and gradually fading away amongst the distant mountains. *En route* I inspected a cinnamon garden, which also contained a great many rambután and bread fruit trees, also the traveller's palm.

The "Emu" ss., having arrived to take up passengers for Singapore, I bid farewell to this magnificent island, and, entrusting myself and baggage

to the tender care of a peculiarly shaped boat called "catamaran," from a distance resembling a large spider,—a sort of long trough or canoe, furnished with a heavy outrigger resting upon the water to prevent it capsizing, and quaint sails, I soon reached the steamer, and off we started, passing in review many miles of the pretty coast. Galle looks best from the sea, especially at sunset.

CHAPTER VII.

STRAIT SETTLEMENTS—PENANG—SINGAPORE—BINTANG AND BATAM—BANCA—LEAF AND STICK INSECTS—SUMATRA COAST—FLOATING ISLANDS.

AMONGST the passengers were two bishops, one a Protestant on his way to Australia, the other a Roman Catholic bound for Batavia. The weather was fine, and on the second day we passed the Nicobar Islands, N. Lat. 7° 8′, E. Long. 93° 4′, consisting of two larger and a group of smaller islands. The former are said to contain about 6,000 inhabitants, principally Malays of rather piratical propensities; the shores are fringed with cocoanut palms and plantains.

On the following day we sighted Sumatra. The

atmosphere became very close, eighty-eight degs. in the shade during the greater part of the day, and as we were passing the coast of Acheen, having sighted "Point Way," the surface of the sea to our right presented a very peculiar appearance in the shape of ripples in endless strings, similar to the rapids on the Danube, or those of the St. Lawrence near the Thousand Islands. This phenomenon here, the captain explained to me, is caused by opposing currents; it also occurs in a milder form in the China sea, where sailors call it the chow-chow waters. The Sumatra coast remained within view until evening, and on the following day we encountered a strong current against us, by which fifteen miles were lost, and we did not reach the harbour of Penang until seven p.m.

This island, properly called Prince of Wales' Island, the Pulo Penang of the natives, meaning Betel-Nut Island, belonged to the King of Quedah, who owns the country on the opposite shore, or part of the Malay Peninsula. Its acquisition is connected with the romantic marriage of a British officer, Captain Light, to the daughter of the said king, who made a gift of the island to his son-in-law; but in 1786, quite regardless of his previous promise, the above potentate ceded it to the East India Company for an annual payment of £1,200, increased afterwards to

£2,000 per annum by the surrender of a strip on the mainland of similar size, covering an area of 160 square miles, now called the Wellesley province, on the further condition, however, of Captain Light's service being retained as superintendent of the new colony.

Georgetown, on the eastern shore of Penang, is the seat of the present Government of the Strait Settlements, including Malacca and Singapore, and is defended by Fort Cornwallis. A few miles from it is Strawberry Hill, the sanatorium of the island, situated at an elevation of 2,700 feet, and from this point there is a magnificent view of the lofty hills of Quedah. The island is densely wooded, and watered by numerous small streams; its principal inhabitants are Malays, but there are also a large number of Chinese and Moors. The latter, descended from the Arabs, are mostly small shopkeepers, and both Malays and Moors are strict Mahomedans.

The Chinese were that day celebrating their new year, and the town was dressed in long red paper placards and coloured lanterns. Each house or shop belonging to one of their fraternity had its altar decorated with bronze figures, vials of various shapes, and scented Joss-sticks, whilst in the street the junior

members of these long-tailed Celestials amused themselves by letting off squibs and crackers amongst the passers-by. The entire population of the island seemed to have flocked to the town,—there were crowds whichever way one turned. A quantity of fruit was exhibited for sale, oranges, guavas, and the jamboo, or Malay rose-apple (*Jambosa vulgaris*), (Plate XX.), a delicious fruit of slightly acid taste, and in appearance like a small tomato.

The Moor contents himself with a very small square space for his shop, where he squats cross-legged, dressed in a sort of petticoat, dark jacket, and a pot-shaped cap, generally striped. Here he patiently waits for a purchaser; but he has not the civility of his race in the Levant, where a customer is seldom allowed to go away without a cup of coffee, and often a pipe, having been offered to him. I entered a large bazaar kept by a Chinaman, whose Josse, an immense figure of Buddha, about twelve feet high, in sitting posture, was placed in a recess upon a raised platform, a quantity of incense burning all round; here I bought a few articles, amongst which the well-known Penang-lawyer (*Licuala peltata*), a small palm, six to eight feet high, making excellent walking-sticks, a portion of the root being left to form a handle. The Chinaman in the tropics generally wears white trousers and long jacket, his pig-tail either

twisted round the head or allowed to hang down, and as its length is the owner's ambition, often a piece of silk is added to bring it down to the heels. There is little variety in the costume of a Malay, who always wears his sarong, generally of a brownish colour, wound round his hips and reaching to the knee, sometimes below, a tight-fitting coloured jacket to the waist, and a small turban made of some dark material.

Having the better part of the day to dispose of, I took a drive into the country, passed many rice and cotton fields, pepper, coffee, and tobacco plantations, also groves of nutmegs and cloves. The roadside was dotted with native cottages and small temples, villas and gardens belonging to Europeans; and about five miles from the town I came upon a pretty waterfall, after the manner of the Giesbach, as it rushes down the mountain, once or twice interrupted in its course. This is rather a show place, and there is a delightful plunge bath surrounded by a screen of thick foliage. Here also grows the Flamboyant, now in full bloom, throwing every other plant into the shade; and butterflies there were of such beauty that collectors would have little reason to complain.

When the time allowed us by the captain to remain on shore had nearly expired, we made our way back to the ship, accompanied by a smart shower of tepid rain,

passing a number of Malay fishing boats, with square brown sails made of cocoanut fibre.

On the following day we passed Malacca, the shores of the Peninsula and of Sumatra remaining nearly all the time within view, and early on the following morning the Strait Islands hove in sight, which required very careful navigation, as we passed through narrow passages and inlets, until we weighed anchor in the harbour of Singapore. Here I had to waste a couple of hours in the transfer of my luggage, part of it to shore and part on board the Dutch steamer, "Vice-Admiral Fabius," bound within a few days for Batavia.

The island of Singapore, including a great number of small islets, N. Lat. 1° 17′, and E. Long. 103° 50′, is larger than Penang by about one third, became a British free-port in 1819, and is the *entrepôt* of produce from all parts of the world for exchange and re-shipment to its ultimate destination; besides, it has a considerable home trade in gambeer, sago, cocoanut, and nutmegs, produced on the island.

The population, in all barely a hundred thousand souls, consists principally of Chinese and Malays,—say, about two-thirds of the former and one-third of the latter; they all speak the Malay language, and their

villages, like those of Penang, are built upon piles driven into the swamp. The climate is salubrious, and very even throughout the year, favouring a rich and beautiful vegetation, and the entire island is flat, with only slight undulations. The town is large and intersected with canals and bridges, else offering little variety from other places in the tropics.

Mr. Whampoa, a rich Chinese merchant, has a large property in the neighbourhood, its gardens laid out after the fashion of the country of his birth, trim hedges, box and myrtle trained and clipped to shapes of animals, junks, etc., tiny watercourses, and miniature bridges. A little stream, crowded with gold fish, was made to pass under the central portion of his mansion, which formed an open gallery, and was supported by a lofty bridge, admitting of a boat passing underneath. A little farther on the water collected in a pond, or rather, — begging Mr. Whampoa's pardon, — into a diminutive lake, full of water-lilies, the most beautiful of them the *Victoria regia;* its flowers, when expanded, are a foot and more across, and its round salver-shaped leaves vary from four to six feet in diameter with a raised rim of two or three inches. The "piggery," however, is quite the feature of the establishment, and one the owner is not a little proud of. There are some enormous beasts,—I measured one fully seven feet from

snout to tail,—tremendously fat, and the place they were kept in was wonderfully clean and neat in all its arrangements.

The other sights of Singapore, such as they might be, I left until after my return from the Malay Islands, whither I was now bound by the little Dutchman, "Vice-Admiral Fabius," of only 300 tons, like her namesake of old, progressing at a truly Fabian pace. A wretched boat in every way, as regards speed, comfort, as well as feeding. This I believe was intended to be her last voyage, and fine new steamers were in future to meet the requirements of an increasing traffic, which may benefit me later on.

We now passed a number of small islands, and through the narrow strait dividing Bintang and Batam, we came to anchor in the roadstead of Rhio, after which the passage is named. The same splendid vegetation, quite a belt of lofty trees, palms, and ferns, with little villages built on stilts, in some secluded inlet of the coast. A few hours being required here to discharge some merchandise, I went on shore. There were about a dozen European bungalows, and a fort commanding the strait. These islands belong to the Sultan of Linga, whose viceroy resides on the opposite shore.

On the following morning we crossed the Equator,

without any of the old customs of rum and feathering being kept up. The heat was intense.

Minto, the principal port of the large island of Banca, the great tin emporium and Holland's mine, in every sense of the word, was our next destination, where goods had to be exchanged. I landed, to enjoy a stretch in the cool shade of the forest, and here I saw those wonderful insects belonging to the order *Orthoptera cursoria*, the Walking-leaf (*Phyllium*) and the Walking-stick (*Phasma*), the most perfect representation, when in repose, of leaves like those of the jasmin, and of bits of dry branchlets a few inches long. They are very curious, and I collected a few specimens, along with their natural food, to take with me, but they did not live beyond a few days. They are very slow in their movements, especially at starting, as if it took them a little time to recover from their trance or stupor.

After a few hours, delay we passed through the narrow strait between Banca and the fever-stricken coast of Sumatra. The climate on the latter is said to be deadly to both Europeans and natives. Frequent attempts have been made to clear its forests and jungles, but the hand of death has invariably put a stop to it. Its tall trees, 100 to 150 feet high, which one sees so distinctly in passing through the

strait, are the Hard-camphor (*Dryobalanops aromatica*); they are said to grow only here and in Borneo. The camphor is obtained by cutting down the tree and dividing the wood into small pieces, in the division or natural cavities of which it is found in crystalline masses. This tree is of quite a different order to that of the Camphor-laurel (*Camphora officinarum*) which grows in China, Japan, and also in India. The latter likewise grows to a great height; but, in order to obtain the camphor, it is necessary that stem and branches be chopped into fragments and undergo some chemical process.

At one time we steamed so close to the coast of Sumatra that we could distinctly see a little village, consisting of wooden houses, ornamented with carving and very picturesque high-pitched gables, either at one end only, or at both, the roof considerably dropping towards the middle, also smaller houses of similar construction, built entirely of bamboo. This was in a more southerly part of the island, which was neither so densely wooded nor so unhealthy as where the Hard-camphor-tree grows.

The pace of the "Vice-Admiral Fabius" had gradually become a crawl, and although only 540 geographical miles from Singapore, it was not until daybreak of the fourth day, or at an average rate of

six knots an hour, that we approached the coast of Java, greeted by the appearance of floating islands, which became more frequent as we reached the roadstead of Batavia. These were large masses of soil covered with upright trees, ferns and grass, which annually, by the rapid descent of large volumes of water, become detached in the interior of the island, and are swept down by the current of the river Jaccatra into the sea, where they float along until they come into contact with the shore of some neighbouring island; there they attach themselves, and by these means many of the latter slowly change their outline. Thus, by the whim of nature, the very charming phenomenon of these floating islands is produced; which, however, occurs only at certain periods, and after an unusually heavy downpour, say towards the end of the monsoon, which in Java lasts from November until March.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATAVIA—GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RECEPTION—BUITENZORG—BOTANICAL GARDENS—ETHNOLOGICAL AND GEOLOGICAL MUSEUMS—JAVA FRUIT—VISIT TO RADEN SALEH, NATIVE ARTIST—BATOE-TOULIS, SITE OF OLD TOWN—FETISH MONUMENT—COURT OF JUSTICE.

ON reaching the roadstead of Batavia, we anchored some two or three miles from the town, and a single boat made its appearance to take passengers and luggage ashore, where the vexatious process of examining the latter at the custom house proceeded with admirable punctiliousness, after which, and the inspection of passports, I was allowed to proceed on my way by a small open conveyance, the baggage being separately con-

veyed to the hotel. It was a long drive and a hungry one, since no breakfast had been provided on board before starting. The first portion of the road led through the mercantile and crowded native quarter, thence through wide shady avenues to the European town, consisting of handsome villas almost concealed by a rich vegetation, until I reached the Nederlanden Hotel, which enjoys the prestige of being the best; but, finding it full, I proceeded to the Hotel de la Marine. Here the accommodation was good, a handsome circular structure facing the road, surrounded by the indispensable verandah, which was supported by columns of apparently snow-white marble, in reality chenamed, and large public rooms within. At the back, at right angle with the road, there were two long rows of buildings with numerous doors, each giving admittance to a front and back sitting and bedroom, a colonnade running along the whole length, and between them a garden resplendent with gay flowers. *Au fond* were several magnificent baths; these were in constant requisition during the early part of the day, and again between the siesta (which is quite an institution in Batavia) and the dinner hour. When going to bed I was very much puzzled what to do with a long narrow bolster, made of fine bamboo fibre, and covered with a white slip, which I found lying lengthways on the

mattress. Upon making enquiry as to its use, I was told that people place it between their legs to keep them cool, and it certainly has that effect. I afterwards found this curious habit universally adopted in Java. Still, the nights being hot, and the perpetual singing of the mosquitoes, in their vain attempt to penetrate the net curtain, disturbing one's slumber, induces people to rise early; and between five and six o'clock every door is thrown wide open, a large lounging chair placed under the verandah, and the occupant in a very light wrapper proceeds to the bath, which offers every variety of application. Many very curious costumes does one behold on this occasion, especially amongst the gentler sex; however, it would not be polite to criticize what was not intended for the public eye.

Thus refreshed, each seeks comfort in his easy-chair, and there discusses a cup of tea or coffee and a rusk, handed by one of the numerous attendants, all dressed in white with a red sash. Soon a sort of Freemasonry is established with one's neighbour, and after having been at the hotel for a few days you know pretty well every one residing under the same colonnade, and frequently his whole history to boot, entrusted to you in the strictest confidence. You thus learn that, excepting a few ships' captains, they are nearly all merchants

from neighbouring islands, or from the eastern towns of Java, each trying to steal a march upon the other in the disposal of some produce, or in the purchase of a certain European commodity. A promenade along the entire length of the verandah is generally the *finale* of the morning out-of-door appearance; a careful toilet follows, mostly consisting of white linen in both sexes, and at noon the booming of a gong announces the breakfast hour, which is generally welcomed by a full muster, both of strangers and *habitués* attended by the crowd of copper-coloured Malays, who make excellent servants. The conversation, at first brisk, soon slackens under the influence of a continuous handing-round of dishes at very short intervals. The same routine is followed at morning and evening meals, consisting principally of a kind of curry, which, however, allows of great variations. It begins with rice being served, of which every one takes almost as much as the plate will hold, then follows a soupy curry, which is mixed up with the rice, and to it is added a little of every dish handed round, whilst you keep eating during the interval smoked and cooked meat, fowl, sausage, pickles and condiments, fish and omelet, and I don't know what not. A favourite ingredient is a little red fish, a species of *Engraulis*, which comes from Macassar; it is no larger than white-bait, and is salted like anchovies.

It requires a healthy appetite to go through this course without flinching, especially as a roast, pudding, and cheese follow the curry. The *ménu* of these repasts, although simple enough, is so very peculiar that I could not resist giving it in detail. A cup of coffee follows, and a good Manilla, with the cry of "api, cassi-api,"—a light, bring a light,—all round the table, the boy is quickly at your side presenting a long match prepared of sandal-wood, and throwing off a delicious aroma. After the exertion of a smoke the siesta becomes inevitable, and perfect silence reigns for the next two or three hours; by that time the atmosphere has become somewhat cooler, and a drive is ventured upon. Those who have business to attend to drive in the direction of the port; others, like myself, wend their steps to the native bazaars, mostly kept by Chinamen. They are on a modest scale, and nothing very remarkable for sale either in goods or live stock. Of the latter, some shops are filled with bird-cages, others with monkeys, cats, and dogs. I inspected silk goods, embroidery, and slippers, and bought a few specimens, also a very handsome embroidered handkerchief made of pine-apple fibre, say from the leaves, resembling the finest cambric. Here, as elsewhere in the East, a good deal of haggling is necessary before one strikes a bargain. Also large flat rice ladles of

rhinoceros horn are rather a curiosity, and they are much more practical than ordinary silver spoons.

After my return to the hotel, I donned my black coat and hat to meet the fashionable world taking a drive along those splendid avenues,—the Ryswyk, with the Governor-General's palace, and the Harmonie, a large club, the Waterloo-plein and the Konings-plein. Often a band plays here for an hour, but the whole thing is very tame,—after a few turns you may call on your friends unless you are sufficiently intimate to do so in the morning, *en mi-toilette.* The dinner hour is usually seven o'clock, and the evening is whiled away with conversation, a cigar, and a newspaper.

The beauty of Java's tropical vegetation is proverbial, and Batavia makes no exception. There are magnificent bits of scenery at Parapattan, Greenoeng, and Tiebault, river and canal banks displaying the charms of the graceful bamboo and the stately palm,—everything is smiling; but the climate, although much has been done to improve it by way of drainage, is fatal to all who exceed the strictest rule of diet and sobriety, or who visit the marshy coast in search of sport. Cholera and malaria are the great enemies of the northern coast of the island; whilst inland, at the elevation of a few thousand feet the climate, during

the greater part of the year, is simply perfection. One bright morning I went to the cemetery, a large dreary place, which, although at the time of my visit had been only twenty years in use, was already crowded to excess, and I must confess I thought its position by far too near to the best part of the town. My object was to trace the grave of one, who had been buried there at the very commencement of its construction, as the number thirty-three on the register proved, but there was not a vestige of it left. The very stone slab that had covered it had crumbled to pieces, and a damp and clammy atmosphere pervaded the whole place, which is laid out in avenues. I was struck by the number of newly-made open graves, and the significant answer was "they may all be filled by this time to-morrow;" which gives a painful idea of the great and sudden mortality. Graves have always to be kept in readiness.

My contemplated journey into the interior of Java, requiring the permission and assistance of the Government, made it necessary for me to call at the palace in order to deliver my letter of introduction; this, however, was by no means so simple a matter as it appeared to me. I was admitted into the bureau of the secretary, in whom I soon discovered a great adept in the art of

circumlocution. At first he held that the letter would have to be forwarded, accompanied by a statement naming the object of my visit. This I overruled by pleading want of time; at last, little by little, concessions having been made on both sides, and after a lengthy consultation with his chief, the secretary informed me that I might present myself at the general reception His Excellency was going to hold at an early hour on the following morning, when an audience would be granted, provided I presented myself either in uniform or in full dress; neither of which I was prepared to do, having left my heavy luggage at Singapore containing all that might be useful in the present emergency, and never dreaming that a dress-suit could be required in my rambles here. It required a fresh conference to settle that point, and at last I carried the day by promising to be attired in the best clothes my present wardrobe afforded in order that His Excellency's dignity might not suffer by so serious an indecorum on my part.

At 9.30 a.m. I proceeded in state, this time to the principal entrance of the palace, the verandah of which I found already filled with gentlemen in sable tail-coats and white cravat, with a sprinkling of military and naval uniforms. Tea was handed round, and about half an hour having elapsed, servants in scarlet livery

announced the arrival of His Dutch Majesty's representative. The latter, in whom I had expected to behold a formidable and punctilious gentleman of the old school, stood barely five feet in his shoes, and appeared very affable and obliging, for when my turn came, everybody being ushered into his presence according to strict rule of etiquette, and my object explained, he at once promised to send me a circular-letter addressed to the "Residents" of the different provinces, instructing them to provide me with horses and do all in their power to enable me to visit the interior with comfort. He also invited me to spend a few days with him at his palace at Buitenzorg after my return from the East, and altogether we parted excellent friends. I much regretted afterwards that want of time and bad weather compelled me to leave Java without paying the intended visit.

Batavia has a fine museum, where I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the produce of every important island in the Archipelago. It also contained life-like representations of the different tribes inhabiting the same, of their dwellings, by small models executed in bamboo, as well as their handicrafts, curious specimens of native manufacture, arms, musical instruments, etc.,—altogether a most complete and interesting

collection. In the zoological garden there were some handsome birds: the kroonvogel of the size of a large fowl, of delicate slate colour, with brownish wings, a very full feathery tuft on his head, and a bright red eye; the splendid bird of Paradise from the Moluccas; the gold and silver pheasant, and the black cockatoo belonging to this island; the blue Australian pheasant, and the large blue emu. An exceedingly pretty animal, belonging to Java and the Malay islands, is the dwarf or musk deer (*kanchill*, the Dutch call it), no more than eight to ten inches high and fifteen inches long, the most perfect and well-proportioned little animal imaginable, very active and easily tamed.

Foreseeing that I might possibly miss seeing Buitenzorg, the sanatorium of the Batavians, if I delayed the trip until my return, I arranged to go there at once, and secured a seat in the coach that was to start on the following morning. It was a cumbersome machine, which had probably some fifty or a hundred years ago plied between Amsterdam and Rotterdam,—four, and at times six, ponies were put under requisition to pull us along, which they did at a fair pace, a couple of boys running alongside encouraging the poor animals by whip and tongue. We passed through the pretty *faubourg* of Cramat, with its elegant villas, and past

magnificent woods and gardens, along an excellent but hilly road, until we reached the plateau upon which Buitenzorg is built, 883 feet above the sea-level, and forty miles from Batavia. Now a railway connects the two towns, with further extension in prospect.

Nature has done much for this island, justifying the appellation of "Queen of the Eastern Archipelago," which many travellers have given it. It is the spot above all others that fully merits the admiration of lovers of natural beauty, whichever direction the eye may take. French authors have compared Buitenzorg with Versailles, but I cannot see the slightest resemblance, unless it be that both possess a stately palace, though differing totally in their respective construction and surroundings. Art did everything for the favourite residence of the Grand Monarque, whilst nature has imbued Buitenzorg with all her charms. The extensive and really handsome palace at the latter place, where the Governor-General seeks repose during the more unhealthy part of the year, stands in a park of magnificent banyan trees (*Ficus indica*), whose numerous roots, descending from the branches, gradually form quite a network around the parent tree, which is a favourite resort of the monkeys continually met with, sitting high aloft or swinging themselves from branch to branch, and keeping up a perpetual chattering.

The famous botanical garden, which has the reputation of being the finest in the world, is in close proximity to the park. Here acres of land are laid out apportioned to the different groups of plants and trees. A large space is occupied by palms of every kind, from the majestic taliput to the common date, also the pretty fern tree (*Alsophila latebrosa*) is seen here in its full development. Entire avenues are formed of poisonous trees, a single fruit of which or the chewing of a leaf would speedily despatch a man into the other world. Orchids and pitcher-plants (*Nepenthés*) of almost incredible beauty, not to be surpassed even in the West Indies, where the swampy ground and hot damp climate particularly favours their growth. Creepers, water plants,—an enormous *Victoria regia*, completely putting Mr. Whampoa's specimen at Singapore into the shade,—and every variety of plant enjoying the privilege of Latin denomination. Amongst this tropical vegetation I noticed a perfect menagerie of leaf insects, which, unless already known to the visitor, he would hardly detect at a glance, so like are they to the actual leaves amongst which they house; the very network of veins, and frequently the very spots of partial decay, are here reproduced to a nicety. Whilst walking along the main alley of gigantic rasimalas (*Liquidambar estingaria*), I made

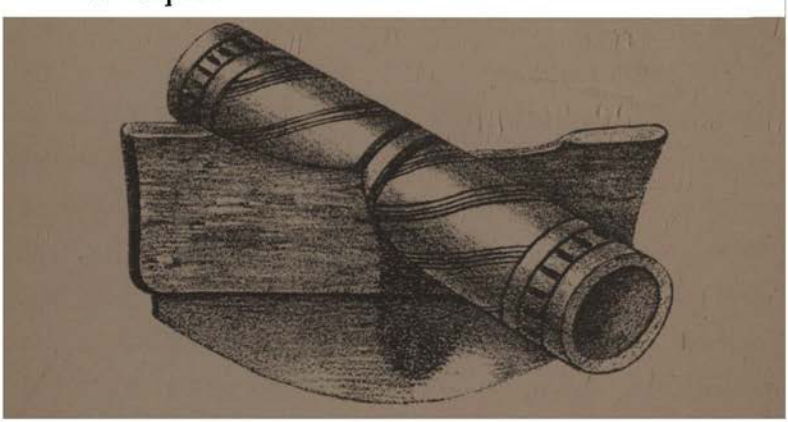
the acquaintance of a handsome jet-black cobra, about six feet long and a couple of inches in diameter, said to be poisonous.

Buitenzorg, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Murschenbrock, who holds the high position of judge and controller, and to whom it had been my good fortune to be introduced, possesses a most excellent geological museum, containing samples of gold and coal from Java, diamonds from Borneo, copper and coal from Sumatra, silver from Timor, etc. Sumatra is particularly rich in coal, but so far the Government had not granted permission to work it; there are seams twenty feet in depth, whilst those of Java seldom exceed six to eight feet. All these islands produce innumerable varieties of timber; Mr. Murschenbrock told me that he had sent to the last exhibition at Batavia no less than 800 specimens from Banca alone.

The country around Buitenzorg is simply magnificent, and the prettiest view is probably that from the verandah of the Hôtel "Belle Vue." A thickly-wooded and well-watered valley below, with high mountains for a background, rising to a height of 4,000 to 5,000 feet, and clothed in verdure to the very top. To the east there is a succession of terraces whose bright green indicates the cultivation of rice, and under your eye winds a limpid stream, spanned here and there by slender bamboo

bridges. A striking feature in the Java landscape is the enormous height which palms and other trees attain, leaving those of India far behind in that respect.

In the cool of the evening it is pleasant walking amongst the fields and watching the natives getting in their crops. They cut the paddy by means of a peculiar little implement, consisting of a semi-circular blade about three inches in length, securely fixed cross-ways upon a piece of bamboo no more than three and a half inches long, which latter the reaper grasps in some ingenious way, allowing the knife to project between his fingers, and with this he manages to get through his work in an incredibly quick time. The following sketch will give a fair idea of the paddy, or rice-reaper :



MANGOSTEEN. *(Garcinia mangostana.)*
p. 219

LONGAN. *(Nephelium longan.)*
p. 220.

Gardens abound in the neighbourhood, and fruit trees are plentiful: it is the home of the

Mangosteen (*Garcinia mangostana*)—(Plate XXI.): without exception the most delicious fruit I ever tasted; its rind, when ripe, is of a reddish brown, similar to a small pomegranate, and its flesh underneath a dark crimson pulp, but the edible portion, in the shape of a peeled Mandarine orange, resembles more a compact mass of snow than anything else; with soft kernels of an elongated shape, others without. The flavour of this fruit is not easily described: it is something of the pine-apple, orange, and vanilla, exceedingly delicate and very juicy, but it must be eaten as soon as it is ripe. The rambután, already mentioned in Ceylon, has a somewhat similar flavour.

The Loquat (*Eriobotrya japonica*).

The Guava (*Psidium pyriferum*).

The Pomegranate (*Punica granatum*).

The Fig (*Ficus carica*).

The Breadfruit (*Artocarpus incisa*).

The Custard apple (*Anona squamosa*): filled with a delicious cream-coloured vanilla pulp.

The Pine-apple (*Bromelia ananas*).

The Orange (*Citrus aurantium*).

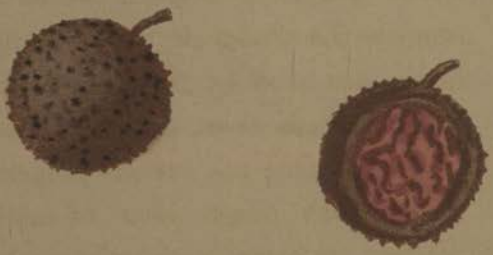
The Papaw (*Carica papaya*): whose fruit resembles the shaddock; its large fig-shaped leaves are used by the natives instead of soap to wash linen, and the juice of the fruit possesses the curious property, when boiled with tough meat, of rendering it tender; its taste is sweetish sour, rather insipid, and somewhat turpentiny.

The Pomaloe or forbidden fruit (*Citrus paradisi*) (Plate XXII.): of a pink pulp and very thick rind.

The Longan, here called Duku (*Nephelium longan*) (Plate XXI.): like a brown ball barely an inch in diameter, of agreeable although sometimes slightly resinous flavour.

Besides these there are nearly all the fruits of Southern India and Ceylon.

In passing gardens containing such an abundance and variety of fruit I fear I cast many a jealous glance at the latter, and would gladly have paid the forfeit enforced many years ago in the environs of Herat, had I only been invited to help myself. Mr. Arthur Conolly, who visited that country in 1831, in giving an account of the beauty and richness of that part of



LYCHEE. *(Nephelium litchi.)*
p. 283

POMALOE. *(Citrus paradisi.)*
p. 220.

Afghanistan, extols its fruits as the rarest and most delicious in flavour, they being, moreover, so plentiful that people were allowed to enter the gardens and pluck and eat them. Each visitor was weighed as he entered and again as he returned, and paid at a fixed rate the difference in weight. This seems a more equitable process than that adopted now in many parts of Switzerland, where, during the grape season, people are allowed to have their fill at one uniform rate, generally half a franc. If a similar arrangement were universally adopted, fruit stalls would soon be compelled to close their establishments for want of customers.

Taking an early drive one beautiful morning, I reached a spot where there was a delicious clear pond under the friendly shade of an enormous fig-tree—a temptation to bathe which I could not resist, and thus refreshed, I proceeded to a neighbouring village to deliver an introduction to Prince Raden Saleh, a native artist of some repute, who had passed many years in Europe. His friend and patron was the reigning Prince of Coburg Gotha. Subsequently Raden Saleh was received at most of the European courts. He still prided himself upon his success in the highest society, and would have liked you to believe that an English Miss actually poisoned herself out of

desperate love for him. He had also served Eugène Sue as a type in his "*Mystères de Paris,*" and was altogether a character. His residence had been built in the Javanese style, with large open halls; and, although by no means any longer adolescent, he had lately married a very young lady of prepossessing appearance, the daughter of the Sultan of Djokjokarta, or, at all events, one born within the latter's harem. He seemed very proud of his acquisition; treated her *à l'orientale,* more like a toy than a reasonable being, and covered her with beautiful jewellery. Madame was dressed according to native fashion,—the sarong and a loose jacket of pink and pale blue silk,—and was allowed to appear in public, that is to say, in her husband's presence, for he was said to be exceedingly jealous. Prince Raden Saleh presented a somewhat peculiar appearance for a man of his years. His complexion was copper-colour, good features, and jet-black hair, presumably his own, pasted on his forehead in festoons; he wore close-fitting white pantaloons, and a blue cloth jacket, tightly laced round the waist, with gold buttons, and a decoration on his breast. He introduced me to his wife, who had a pleasant smile, and then showed me his studio, the easel bearing an enormous canvas in oil, representing a moor on horseback attacked by a lion.

The picture was nearly finished, and promised well. It was intended as a present to the Emperor of Russia, whom he seemed to admire immensely. (Raden Saleh died since, in 1880).

After some slight refreshment I took leave, continuing my drive to return by another route. Here I came upon a herd of flesh-coloured buffaloes carrying sacks of produce upon their backs; they were curious-looking animals, almost hairless, with large horns; they are very strong and valuable beasts to the husbandman. I afterwards met with them all over the island.

Of wild animals there are the tiger and the rhinoceros, causing the sacrifice of many lives. Death amongst the natives by these, and the bites of poisonous snakes, are computed to happen in Java at the rate of one per diem. They abound especially in the southern districts, which are uncultivated, indeed, more than one-half of the island is in that pristine state to this day, including a great many volcanoes, whose number is variably given as thirty-six to forty-six, of which about a dozen are still active.

Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence, averaging about once a week; the interior being most, and the north coast least, subject to these visitations.

At its western extremity, in the Straits of Sunda,

and about twenty-six miles from Anjer, was the uninhabited island of Krakatau, only five miles in length and three in breadth, culminating in a peak rising 2,750 feet above the sea, which, in the month of August, 1883, was visited by a stupendous volcanic eruption, creating impenetrable darkness for hundreds of square miles around, and, in its effects, reducing the island to a fraction of its original size. It is curious to note the flow of pumice-stone thus released: its progress during the first five months after the occurrence must have been slow, for in January, 1884, the "Marlborough" ss. passed through a flux of the *débris* 320 miles N.E. of Krakatau on her way to Soerabaya; after that a strong easterly current seems to have wafted it across towards the African coast, where it positively littered the beach in many places between Zanzibar and Natal, as witnessed by Sir John Kirk in the month of June, and by Captain Reeves, of the barque "Umvoti," in September, 1884, having thus drifted a distance of about 4,500 miles in thirteen months; numerous records also prove that the disturbance caused by the velocity of the waves in consequence of the eruption even reached the coasts of France and England.

Java, lying between S. Lat. 5° 52′ and 8° 46′, and E. Long. 105° 10′ and 114°, 35′, is exceedingly hilly, the

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G. Philip & Son, London.

W. H. Allen & Co, 13 Waterloo Place, London.

entire group of mountains reaching an elevation of from four to 12,000 feet, mostly covered with luxuriant foliage to the summit. The population of the island is 18,000,000, consisting principally of Malays, excepting in the mid-eastern portions where the old Javanese race is still predominant; the latter have a somewhat longer face and a bronzed skin, better features, not unlike the people of Australasian descent, and slender hands; whilst the Malay has a round, rather flat face of copper colour, is small, of a stouter build, and large extremities. Both embraced Mahomedanism in 1475; since that time Buddhism has existed, but only in a few districts. Besides these there are a great many Chinamen in Java carrying on the trade from the coast into the interior as pedlars, some on a large scale.

There is an interesting spot called Batoe-Toulis, about ten miles, in a southerly direction, from Buitenzorg, to which Mr. Murschenbrock drove me one fine morning, whence we obtained a good view of the Magamendong, the most prominent peak visible, situated in the rich province of Préanger, and 4,780 feet high. We here stood upon the site of a large inland city which had long ceased to exist, and it was marked by a monument of great historical interest. This famous stone, about four feet high, bears an

inscription in some unknown tongue, of which, however, sufficient has been deciphered to prove that it refers to the foundation of the old town. Not far from this place Mr. M. pointed out the quasi-Druidical remains of an open-air altar, consisting of a large stone slab, raised a few feet above the ground, and roughly sculptured with designs now hardly discernible, also some ill-shapen stone figures, apparently of fetish origin, and a few earthenware vessels. The forest, in which these relics were discovered, is supposed to have been sacred, forming part of that superstition. There is much resemblance in the above monument with those already described, as existing in the forest districts of Southern India, appertaining to a rude form of Hindu worship, apparently pointing at a link in the gradual adaptation of one religious system into another. In the northern portion of Java the Brahmans held sway in the earlier centuries of our era, long before Buddhism completely superseded them between the tenth and twelfth century, but it is a mute question whether the inhabitants of those wild regions in the interior had ever come within the influence of Brahminical teaching, in fact absolute heathenism is said to exist there even now to an unknown extent. Amongst the lower orders Hinduism has always been strangely mixed up with fetish superstition, ascribing magical power to carved

stones or figures, and this often makes it difficult to arrive at a true decision as to the religious bias of monuments of an early age. In Mysore, however, the existence of caste and many other purely Hindu customs settle the point beyond a doubt; it is different in Java where the religion of Brahma has entirely disappeared, excepting, perhaps, in a few isolated cases amongst emigrants from India, in which the old rules have long relapsed into comparative apathy, and nothing remains but a few rites of minor importance.

Mr. M. informed me that the Chinamen to this day perform their devotions at the altar we had been examining; now they are doubtless Buddhists, for although there are two other religions practised in China, the Confucian and the Taouist, Fetishism is unknown there, and the class of people from which these pedlars in foreign lands spring do not profess either of the other philosophical creeds, hence the only conclusion one can come to is that, in their gross ignorance, the Chinamen confound those rather obese figures with others seen in their own temples in China, representative or emblematic of Buddha.

Previous to my return to Batavia, I had the opportunity of witnessing the proceedings in the Court of

Justice, held in an open building, called Pendoppo, a large roof supported by pillars, erected upon a platform a few feet above the ground. It had fine rice-straw hangings all round to shut out rain or sun from any part of it. The European judge presided at a table covered with documents and law books as elsewhere, to his right and left native dignitaries were seated to watch the proceedings, and assist in propounding knotty questions according to Mahomedan law, whilst the prisoners squatted upon the steps in front. I was much interested in the proceedings, which, however, being carried on mostly in Malay, and translated to me into French, lost much of their importance by this process. I was, however, struck by the ready and even justice meted out with due regard to native habits and prejudices, and the punishments, in case of conviction, were far from excessive.

Having seen enough of Buitenzorg to leave a very pleasant impression upon my mind, I returned to Batavia for a night only, which, however, seemed to me the longest I had ever spent, owing to fearful sufferings from prickly heat, by the Dutch in their euphonic language called "*rooÿe hund*" (red dog), which here takes the form of red blotches, as large as a hand, quite unlike the spotty appearance of the same disorder so frequent in the Levant and in India.

At the last moment, in consequence of heavy rains, I was advised to renounce my intention of travelling overland to some of the native states I meant to visit, as in all probability the roads would be knee-deep, and the rivers unfordable, and as a steamer was to start on the following morning for Samarang, I was not long in making up my mind, and prepared to go by her. The "Koningin Sophia" a fine new boat of a thousand tons, specially built and well-adapted for the tropics, started at eight a.m. There were not many passengers; and although we encountered several tremendous gusts of wind accompanied by heavy rain, the voyage was a very pleasant one. Even their extraordinary rice messes I began to appreciate, but I confess the Dutch people astonished me with their appetites.

At Cheribon and at Tagal, whence we had a fine view of the Slamat volcano, 10,500 feet high, we stopped for a few hours to land and embark cargo. This part of the coast, however, being very unhealthy, I did not leave the ship, and late in the afternoon of the following day we reached the open and dangerous roadstead of Samarang. The landing, by means of a small steam tender, up a muddy estuary was with difficulty, but at last successfully accomplished, and the " Heerenlogemente " condescended to house me for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

Samarang—Soerakarta—Emperor Susuhunan IX. and his Court Djokjokarta—Sultan Hamangkoe VI.—Château d'Eau—Tombs at Mataram—Temple Boro-bodo—Province of Kadoe—Magellang — Fortress Ambarrawa—Oenarang— Forced Labour — Dutch Government Policy.

No word can express the damp appearance of Samarang, and its only redeeming point is a splendid broad avenue of tamarind trees, the "Heerenstraat," nearly two miles long, and leading to the Resident's house at Bodjong. Along this route the Europeans reside in large white-washed houses. They attend the evening drive in considerable numbers, and, when

the sun is low, and the avenue shady, they mostly dispense with their head covering. Even the coachman lowers his glaced bowl-shaped topi and lets it waddle round his neck, whilst the attendant out-runners seldom encumber themselves with any part of attire that can be dispensed with. Some of the would-be aristocrats make their coachman pile an immense shiny chimney-pot hat, with silver band on the top of a brown handkerchief, folded turban fashion. The genuine Javanees wear a very extraordinary sort of high cap with broad brim, but entirely open behind, to admit their chignon, or knot, in which they tie their hair,—both men and women alike. In the evening I was invited to witness the performance of Chinese dancing girls ; they were quite young, and grotesquely dressed, at the commencement wearing masks, which they soon put aside on account of the heat ; they moved, or rather contorted their bodies in not very elegant manner, without stirring from the spot, and were accompanied by quite a regiment of gongs. The whole thing was far from lively. At Batavia I had seen Malay children dance, an infinitely prettier sight.

The Chinese quarter at Samarang is worth a visit, owing to its beautiful gardens sloping down to the water's edge, and the quaint pavilions, supported by

four posts, an open gallery above, and a pretty roof generally ending in a carved dragon. The neatness of their houses is also conspicuous, as the concave outline of the pitched roof is usually ornamented with a border of coloured tiles.

Samarang has a large trade, it being the port of the principal agricultural provinces of the island, notably of the "Kadoe," the beauty and fertility of which, and other favourite districts, is apt to create a not very unnatural regret that the island, after having been subject to British rule for the space of five years, from 1811 to 1816, under the able Governor, Sir Stamford Raffles, had to be restored to the Dutch, to whose energy, in a great measure, no doubt, Java owes her material prosperity.

There is a short railway of barely fifty miles running between Samarang and Soerakarta, but, owing to its gradual ascent, four hours are consumed in reaching the latter. The country through which we passed by this route is fertile throughout, and the scenery, especially where we approached the hilly region, became very picturesque. The rice fields and acaciæ near the coast soon made room for the cocoa-nut, the palmyra, and the areca palms, the tulip tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) covered with flowers; also the dragon tree (*Dracæna draco*), some with straight

stems, others with their fantastical ramifications, were visible in one or two spots; and, whilst passing slowly through a teak forest I noticed a great variety of orchids, mostly much larger than I had seen elsewhere, and a fine purple pitcher plant. After having reached an elevation of about 1,000 feet the country again became more open, and an excellent system of irrigation favoured the cultivation of rice, even here. Villages sprang up in every direction; the houses built entirely of bamboo, nothing so liable to injury by earthquakes as stone houses are; moreover, the former material grows in such abundance that it is used in every possible way. Every paddy field has its little bamboo watch-kennel, similar in construction to those the fishermen erect on the shores of the Bosphorus; it is raised on four posts, some six or eight feet from the ground, and covered with dried palm leaves; generally a little urchin is seen in it pulling strings, with dry leaves knotted into them at certain distances, which cross and recross the field in every direction, and by their motion prevent the legions of sparrows and white ibises from picking the ripe ear.

Natives of every degree joined the train, at the different stations, many holding an official position as the large umbrella, carried by their attendant, indicated. This

unwieldy badge of office is about six feet long, generally made of very gaudy material, and more or less gilded according to the owner's rank. Another servant generally carried a heavy box, from which I concluded that they were tax gatherers; others again bundles, containing master's best clothes and toilet,—natives, as a rule, indulge in a greater number of servants than Europeans do.

On my arrival at Soerakarta, the capital of the little native state of Solo, I learned that the Emperor was going to hold a grand reception within a few days on the occasion of the Javanese feast, "Garebeg Besar," coinciding with the Mahomedan new year, which accounted for the crowded train, as it is the custom that His Majesty's subjects come from all parts with presents of produce and money. This was a splendid opportunity to witness a ceremony I had so much heard of. I therefore called at once on the Resident, to whom I delivered the Governor-General's letter. This dignitary was a very tall and bulky gentleman living in considerable state: he not only invited me to take part at the Emperor's *levée*, at which he proposed to present me, but also to a grand *déjeuner* to be given afterwards at the Residency to all the notables, European as well as native. This latter I, however, little cared about; and, as I wished to retain my inde-

pendence on that day to see all that might be of interest, I politely declined the banquet, which, I afterwards heard, had been a very formal and prosy affair, winding up with the usual loyal toasts.

Besides the Emperor, the nominal Sovereign of the district, there is another native prince, residing in the capital, Mangkou Negoro, a rich and more enlightened man, who affects European manners, dress, and conversation. He acts as a count[redacted] spy upon the quasi-ruler of this diminutiv[redacted] nose entire population is barely 400,000 souls, 10,000 of which are said to be in the latter's direct service within the walls of the Kraton, enclosing park and palace. There is also a Dutch fort in its immediate neighbourhood commanding the town. The province owes its fertility to the river Solo and its numerous affluents; the former reaches the sea in the Strait of Soerabaya, which separates Java from the island of Madura. The natives are very docile, and give little trouble to Prince or Resident; they dress in sarong and blouse, men and women alike, indigo being principally used for dyeing common material.

I visited the park, which has little to boast of. There was a strong bamboo cage in which His Majesty keeps his tigers, nine in number, which, on state occasions, are one by one transferred into a large arena to fight

the rhinoceros. A disgusting sight was the feeding, when dead dogs were thrown to them from above, which they all tore at, making a fearful noise. All the country round is scoured for dogs to satisfy the tiger's ravening appetite, and a small coin or a little rice is given in exchange,—it is astonishing that the canine breed does not die out under these circumstances. Here I also saw the Emperor's mosque, a very poor building, constructed of wo[redacted]plaster, and ornamented with mirrors and [redacted]ted pillars.

On the day of the feast from an early hour the principal street leading to the Kraton, which is surrounded by high walls, with several gates and minarets, was alive with natives in gay holiday costume, and many a long procession entered the enclosure, headed by a band of music. The latter consisted of brass gongs of different sizes strung to a long bamboo pole which is carried on the shoulders of two men; the sound of these instruments, when beaten by an adept, is very sweet and melodious, something between that of a glass harmonica and the bells at our New Year wakes, especially when heard from a little distance, and on its gradual approach. The coloured official umbrella accompanied most of these processions, whil[redacted] some of the members of the Imperial family entered the

gates in a carriage, and four of these were each followed by a picket of lancers, their occupants glittering with diamonds.

I must now, however, make for the Residency, the appointed hour of ten o'clock being at hand, here the same difficulty unexpectedly presented itself as had already occurred at Batavia. All the gentlemen, who were thus assembled, were decked out in strict evening costume, and I was expected to appear in the same. Here, however, the Resident kindly came to my rescue, and made me put on an old suit of his, which might easily have held a pair of my *taille*. I felt that everybody must laugh at the ridiculous figure I cut, which was by no means a pleasant idea; however, there was nothing for it but to put a bold face on it and join the formidable procession of officers and Dutch residents. The great man himself, who in fact rules the Emperor completely, drove to the palace in state. Just before starting, an escort arrived, headed by the Court Minister in a carriage, from which he had to alight at the outer gate, although Europeans drove up to the verandah steps. Such is the humiliating etiquette imposed upon natives by the Dutch Government. Equally strict is that within the precincts of the Kraton, which, not even the dalem, or reception hall, the minister or any other native, excepting the

numerous princes of the royal blood, is allowed to enter unless naked to the waist, sarong and turban forming their entire apparel.

As a native durbar in the heart of Java is one of the most curious ceremonies one can possibly behold in this our nineteenth century, I cannot resist giving a detailed account of it; for beyond the presence of the European element, I don't suppose that anything has been changed in the whole business for the last 500 years, or even longer.

After passing the outer gate of the Imperial residence, we were marched through no less than five court-yards, separated from each other by walls covered with creepers, and containing gardens, one-storied buildings, and colonnades. The broad path we were threading was lined by Dutch and native soldiers, until at last we reached the pleasure ground surrounding the palace, an extensive pile of buildings open to the front, and giving admittance to a large square verandah, now used as the durbar hall, its roof supported by gilded and coloured pillars. Here a wonderful sight presented itself, not exceeded even by the most extravagant scenes in the fairy land of our nursery tales: an immense garden filled with all the richness of tropical vegetation, magnificent palms, plantains, and fern trees, flowers of every hue and fantastically festooned creepers, and

amidst it all were groups of women and children, got up in all the colours of the rainbow, as far as the little clothing, they cover themselves with, admits of. They were admirably posed, and so were the Imperial body-guards and warriors in little knots, dressed in ancient costume, and carrying bows and arrows. Their arms and breasts were stained with saffron, and a short sarong, striped brown and yellow, reaching to the knee; but, instead of hanging straight down petticoat-fashion, here it fell round the loins in graceful folds, one end of it made to hang down in front closely plaited and almost touching the ground. A broad coloured belt confined the sarong in the waist, and a head-dress consisting of a brown handkerchief tied at the back in an enormous stiff bow of triangular shape,—rather like that worn by the Vierländer Mädchen, selling violets in the streets of Hamburg,—enhanced the droll effect of their attire, whilst banners and flags added their quota to the mass of brilliant colour. To complete the picture we must imagine the sweet strains of music performed by invisible artists, hidden in different parts of the garden, and above all the cloudless sky and bright sunshine lighting up the scene.

The Emperor (Paku Saidin Panatogomo) Susuhunan IX., a rigid, well-proportioned man of thirty-three, looking quite his age, who hardly moved a muscle of

his face during the whole of the reception, excepting those of his heavy-painted eyebrows, by a movement of which he appeared to give his assent when applied to, advanced from the interior of the palace, which seemed of great depth, the inner portion of which was partitioned off by an enormous screen, or purdah. Behind this the women of his harem were seen moving about, trying to get a glimpse of what was going on beyond. His Majesty took his seat in the middle of the open hall, where two arm-chairs had been placed on a raised dais, one for him and the other for the Dutch Resident; and after the presentation of the Europeans, the latter took their seats on chairs placed in a semi-circle to the right and left of the central group. The Emperor, who, by the way, is an inveterate opium smoker (and he quite looks it), was clad in a magnificent gold embroidered sarong reaching to his heels, a dark blue silk jacket braided with gold lace, three stars pinned to his breast, and a pale blue semi-transparent head-covering of sugar-loaf shape, with the point cut off the upper half: the latter had all the appearance of being made of blue silk or paper, steeped in oil and stiffened, or else of gold-beaters' skin, on a blue foundation, to ensure lightness. Immediately on his right kneeled a handsome young woman, with a most beautifully shaped arm,

holding up a golden vessel, similar to the Indian lota; in the other hand she held a silver "sirih" box, both used in connection with betel chewing, one of her lord's weaknesses; and two or three dwarfs and jesters squatted down at the foot of a column. Facing the Emperor crouched the princes of the royal blood, some thirty to forty in number, with eyes downcast and hands joined as if in prayer, sitting upon their heels with the knee barely touching the ground. These wore the same blue topi, a purple velvet jacket, and a short sarong to the knee, diamond earrings, and a bouquet of brilliants fastened by a large comb to the knot of the back hair. The Emperor likewise indulged in a liberal display of jewels all over his person; and in his sash, he carried, as also did the princes, the kriss, a short sword, and a dagger, both weapons richly ornamented. Besides, some hundreds of chiefs and nobles crowded the hall, who saluted his Majesty by joining their hands, with fingers outstretched, and drawing them slowly down from the forehead until the thumbs touched the tip of the nose, and then gently withdrew them. Presently pawn was handed round, and the ladies,—seventy-eight, as far as I could count,—from *café-au-lait* to bronze complexion, some very handsome, others old and ugly, were admitted to the hall in front of the screen, where they squatted down very con-

tentedly on fine straw matting, a sarong forming their sole attire, excepting a profusion of diamonds and other precious stones.

Upon a sign from the Emperor the whole company rose, and filed off in procession to the Pondopo, or Hall of Justice, headed by the women, carrying banners and swords of state, and the princes; then followed his Majesty, hand in hand with the Dutch Resident, who by his bulk quite overshadowed the former; and, lastly, the European visitors and the noble crew of natives. We thus marched, to the tune of a Dutch regimental band through lines of soldiers in the unique uniform already described, into the third court, and up the steps of a large, open building. Here everybody was accommodated as before; and now the natives came forward, one by one, to the foot of the steps, presenting their offerings, which they did kneeling and in most humble attitudes: these consisted of fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats, on enormous trays, and piles of rice and other produce of the soil, carried upon mats slung between two long bamboos; they seemed perfect cart-loads, which, having been graciously accepted as indicated by his Majesty's almost imperceptibly raising his eyebrows, filed off to the royal store-house. This took up considerable time, and after the novelty had worn off it became a rather tedious business; still, the effect was

exceedingly original, and almost theatrical. Liberal money gifts, I was told, had been received during the earlier hours at the private palace. The last mountain of rice having disappeared, pawn, wine, and cake were handed round, and the following loyal toasts proposed, and duly responded to by a salute from the guns: to the Emperor of Solo, the King of Holland, the son and heir of the former, a sallow-faced little fellow five years of age, who was here presented; the Dutch Royal family, and to the Sultan of Djokjokarta. Now sounds of strange music reached our ears from all sides, and the native troops were drawn up firing volley after volley, finishing up by a tremendous cannonade in an outer court, not to shock his Majesty's nerves, which ill-natured people declare to be very weak in consequence of his various excesses. Then the warriors, a body of fine, tall, well-made soldiers, marched past in parade step, a very peculiar sort of dancing-master style, swinging the leg forward very slowly, and drawing it back by a measured movement, during which the foot is raised almost above the calf of the other leg. The whole performance appeared quite in keeping with their extraordinary costume, and would, I feel convinced, meet with great success if adopted in some of our favourite Christmas pantomimes. Parade over, the procession was formed as before, and we returned to

the palace, from which, this time, however, the general public was excluded. Here tea was handed round to the Europeans,—an attention on the part of the Resident, I was informed,—and after a bow to the Emperor we all withdrew.

I trust that I have not spun too long a yarn on so unimportant a subject as that of a native Court, but what has tempted me to note down every detail is that the few remnants of mediæval customs and ceremonies still existing are rapidly disappearing altogether, whilst, as long as they last, they bear an interest beyond their tinsel pageantry.

In the evening I attended a native concert at the Residency; the orchestra or "gamalang," consisted of instruments of various kinds and shapes, the principal feature is the kettle-drum, of which fourteen, say seven in each row, are let into a bamboo frame, and of these there were four, also ordinary large drums and gongs,—for noise is essential at these entertainments,—timbrels, flutes, and various stringed instruments. Their music is either wild or plaintive, and on the whole harmonious; a little of it is very pleasant, and the grouping of the orchestra is not the least agreeable part of it.

On the following day, thanks to the instructions from headquarters at Batavia, a carriage and four horses, or rather ponies, appeared at the appointed time

in front of the hotel to convey me to Djokjokarta, a distance of forty miles, and the road in some places being very steep, a pair of oxen were added when required. The scenery I passed through was much the same as that before reaching Soerakarta. At Klaten, about half way, I had tiffin, and inspected the making of sarong cloth, called "battikken," for which the place is famous. When the cloth is ready and the pattern drawn on it with Indian ink or indigo, the mouth-piece of a little instrument resembling a short cutty-pipe, its handle of bamboo, and its bowl of copper, fitted on one side with a fine sharp-pointed tube, is carefully made to follow the design with the melted wax contained in the little pot; and when the entire piece is finished, it is put in the vat holding the dye for the ground colour, generally brown, thus leaving the pattern yellow, as the wax does not take the colour, but gives the material a glossy and silky appearance. I have also seen some very handsome sarongs, in different shades. This process, of course, needs repetition, according to the number of colours required. Cotton is the material generally used for these articles, but silks are dyed in the same way.

In working metals the Javanese are very clever, and they show great skill in the production of the well-known kriss, which every man, and often boy

and even woman, carries. Many of these krisses, from their antiquity, are much appreciated, and often fetch very high prices. The sheath is generally covered with rhinoceros hide, which is likewise made at Klaten. I was also shown some curious weapons and utensils for various purposes.

The latter portion of the journey was mostly down-hill, Djokjokarta standing only 360 feet above the sea-level, and we reached that town about sunset, where I had some difficulty in finding the small hotel, which had not even a supper to offer. The capital of Djokjo, on the banks of the Oepac, and near the base of the Merapi,—a volcano rising abruptly to a height of 8.500 feet,—has its fort, now occupied by Dutch troops, and its Kraton, the residence of Sultan (Hamangkoe Bouvono Seriopati Ingalogo Ngaodoer Rachman Saidin Panatogomo) Ralifatolah VI. The entire arrangement of the palace is much the same as that at Soerakarta, only on a larger scale, and the buildings more substantial, consisting of the usual courts, halls, and colonnades, as well as mosques, and even the menagerie of wild beasts, without which these, but half-civilized, rulers can apparently not exist. They revel in cruelty; and if they are restrained from exercising that passion upon their subjects they accept the alternative of ferocious beasts.

The Sultan, short and stout, and evidently a *bon-vivant*, was attired much in the same fashion as his neighbour, with the addition of a peculiar ornament attached to his ears in the shape of a rosette, surmounted by a leaf pointing upwards, and incrusted with diamonds, strongly resembling ass's ears, meaning no disrespect to His Majesty, who is rather intelligent than otherwise. The Dutch Resident, who had held his post for many years, took me over the ruins of an old fortified palace, commenced by the first, and finished during the reign of the second Sultan of Djokjo. It was called Château d'Eau, or its synonym in the Javanese tongue, and its last occupier was the present ruler's grandfather: it consists of a mass of solid masonry surrounded by a broad moat, now dry, bearing the appearance of an extensive fort, with several inner lines of defence made accessible by tunnels. There were also double roofed gateways, built of brick and covered with cement, connected by long winding avenues of splendid trees. The immense extent of these ruins, embodying pavilions and galleries, now covered with vegetation, from moss and ferns to large trees which had taken root in the crevices, had an exceedingly pleasing and picturesque effect. It was here that the then Sultan defied the Dutch army from 1825

to 1830, the latter consisting of 15,000 men, half native, half European troops, and peace was only established by the Government paying to the Sultan a sum equal to two millions sterling in consideration of his receiving a Dutch Resident within his capital, who thenceforth became the real Governor of the province. Here, as at Solo, an independent prince is recognized to keep the Sultan in check, who has since been simply a vassal of Holland.

I also visited the tombs of the Sultans at Mataram, the oldest of which dates back about 300 years. In the centre of the enclosure is a large fish-pond, in which is kept the sacred turtle, forty inches in diameter, also a number of large gold and silver fishes. The building, containing the remains of so many potentates, consists of low walls, supporting a high-pitched tile roof nearly touching the ground at either side, and within are the simple tombs, constructed of stone, under a wooden form, over which a white cloth is suspended, giving them the appearance of rows of hospital beds. Surrounding this Pashalic burial-shed is the general cemetery of the faithful subjects, for Mahomedanism is the professed creed here as elsewhere in Java,—in reality, the natives of these southern districts can hardly be said to have any definite religion, and their existence is simply ruled

by habit and by superstition. There are some four or five divisions within the grounds, each having a sort of carved stone lichgate in the centre, in the shape of a five-roofed pagoda; it is a curious place altogether, and admirably kept. On our return drive to the town, we passed a splendid banyan tree, said to be the largest known, it certainly appeared of enormous dimensions. The Resident now drove me to his own house, where he entertained me at tiffin, and afterwards showed me the effect of the memorable earthquake of June, 1867, which had caused the death of many hundreds of natives and destroyed the greater portion of Djokjokarta, amongst which was the Dutch residency, a perfect palace, constructed of stone and marble, from which the Resident and his family only just escaped with their lives. As the disaster happened during the night when all the doors were closed, and great difficulty was experienced in getting them open whilst the shock, which was of unusual duration, lasted, had not assistance come from without, all the inmates must have been buried under the ruins, which soon covered the whole space. It was a lesson to construct houses in tropical Java of a more giving material. The new building consists of a framework of bamboo and other supple timber. Here I was shown a fine collection of antique

Javanese spears and lances, collected by the Resident during his long term of office.

The Javanese, like the Chinese, are very fond of kite-flying. I saw some beautiful specimens, representing birds, as large as six feet by three feet, very cleverly made of split bamboo and coloured silk or cotton; it was quite a sight to see these monsters rise high into the air.

Djokjokarta lies within fifteen miles of the south coast of Java, in the same longitude as Samarang, on its northern shore; and, having reached the former by an easterly semi-circular route, I now proposed returning in the opposite direction, so as to enable me to make a wide circle, and by that means see a large extent of the most fertile districts of the island; moreover, the famous Buddhist ruins, which I had come to visit, lying on that route, not many miles east of Magellang, the capital of the province of Kadoe.

I made an early start in a small comfortable *char-à-banc* with an awning and six horses, the road not only being hilly but also in deplorable condition, owing to heavy showers. The morning was fine, but towards noon the rain came down in torrents, and continued to do so, with occasional breaks, when the sunshine revealed views of exceeding beauty. The Kadoe has been

deservedly called the garden of Java; it is but a small province, but densely populated, and although several thousands of feet above the level of the sea, is really situated in a hollow, as its name signifies,—a large basin, formed by lofty mountains and volcanoes, at times reaching a height of 8,000 to 11,000 feet, and teaming with virgin forests. Its extraordinary fertility is proved by the utter absence of uncultivated ground; plantations of coffee, vanilla, cinchona, and tobacco on the higher ground vie with those of sugar, rice, pepper, cotton, and indigo on the lower and irrigated districts; besides the mountains produce much valuable timber and sulphur, and even a beautiful marble which is celebrated all over the island.

Few plants in Java being deciduous, the aspect of the country is a smiling one throughout the year. There are seen in conjunction with the plantations of produce, palms, bamboos, and the deadly upas tree (*Antiaris toxicaria*) in the low land, succeeded by fig species and the lofty rasimalas, prominent to the eye by their immense white trunks; then on a higher range still, oaks and laurels; and beyond 6,000 feet to the summit, heath, pines, etc. As regards the poisonous property of the upas tree, authorities seem to differ. Mr. Hingston, in his "Australian Abroad," gives an account of a specimen he met with at the foot of the volcanic

Merapi. "The tree," he says, "had nothing deadly about it, but the earth in that depressed part emitted fumes of carbonic acid gas, that hovered over the ground for about three feet upwards, suffocating those who might lie down on the earth there."

The kampongs, or villages, throughout the whole route gave evidence of a thriving population; the bamboo cottages were neat and clean, each invariably surrounded by a little garden full of plantains and other fruit trees, and protected from the road by a screen of split bamboo upon a low stone wall. The native women of the better class, when going any distance, move about in a small bamboo palki or a hammock, suspended from a long pole, and carried by two coolies (Plate XXIII.). Men and women dress much in the same fashion, hence the anecdote of a Dutch colonel, during one of his raids against the natives: having attacked a detachment of Javanese Amazons, who defended themselves bravely with sticks and whatever they could lay hold of for the purpose, until the mistake was cleared up, when a general stampede ensued.

The country swarms with a species of swallow, whose nest, built into the rock of the mountain, is much prized by the epicure of the Celestial Empire.

Long avenues of banyan and other fine trees now brought us to a broad river, having more the appearance

JAVANESE LADY TRAVELLING.

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of a lake, and covered with innumerable large water-lilies; here I left the carriage, and was piloted across in a crazy sort of boat, and thence, after half an hour's walk knee-deep in mud, I reached the ruins of Moendoel and Mongloot. They are not large, of the ordinary pyramid shape, much carved but sadly injured, and ornamented with statues, of which, however, not one is now recognizable. A tall fig-tree had forced itself through the stone right into the heart of the Mongloot temple.

Some distance farther, upon the crest of a hill, is the far-famed temple of Boro-Bodo, properly Bura-Buddha or Great Buddha, which, according to a popular legend, was erected within three days by one hundred thousand men, each putting his stone, duly sculptured and prepared according to plan and design, in its appointed place.

On reaching the top of the hill, and passing a neat bungalow where the guardian is quartered, and at the extreme end of a fine avenue, fifty feet wide, flanked on either side by a row of dog sphinxes, this stupendous work rises to a height of 120 feet or more, and it would seem almost impossible to convey a true impression of this wonderful relic without having seen it. The form of the temple is that of a square

pyramid, each *façade* measuring nearly 400 feet at the base, and the approach is by four sets of stairs in the angles, of 150 steps each, one above the other. The entire pyramid consists of nine terraces,—a favourite number amongst Buddhists as the multiple of the figure three, emblematic of the Tripitaka or three collections of Buddha's Writ. The five lower tiers, twelve to eight feet high respectively, have a gallery all round, with screens and gateways, giving access to the cells, each of which,—and there are altogether nearly 500,—possessed a figure of Buddha in the centre, life-size and seated cross-legged; all those images still in existence are characteristic of that dreamy, contemplative mood, bearing the mark of Asiatic apathy. Each of the cells was roofed over by a dome; few of the latter now, however, remain uninjured; this part forms the ancient monastery or vihara, at one time occupied by the monks in their yellow garbs. The four upper-stories had neither gallery nor cells, but numerous cupolas, corresponding with the domes below. The apex, whence there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country, is occupied by a large circular compartment containing the shrine, sunk ten feet deep into the pyramid, which was originally covered over by the customary bell-shaped tope. This shrine at one time contained the

sacred relic, generally a bone of Buddha; besides, there had been an enormous statue of the latter. Now the space is empty, and the whole of the upper stories are very much ruined. Strange enough there is no interior to the temple beyond the cells already named, and the dagoba in the centre.

The material used in the construction of this enormous edifice, is granite in large blocks, fitted together apparently without cement; and the entire structure, every stone in it, is covered with sculpture. The dimensions throughout, the height of the different stories, the width of the galleries, the pitch of every cupola, nay, the size of all the ornamentations, are in the most perfect proportion to the whole edifice.

The sculptures represent the creation of man, marriage and death, also scenes from the life of Buddha, elephant and rhinoceros hunts, battles and sea fights, agriculture and various arts; and although time and climatical influences have done much to injure the carvings, there is sufficient evidence to show what great skill has been exercised in producing them: they are proof of the high state of civilization and artistic feeling of that early time.

The Dutch Government, a few years ago, published a most exhaustive account of the temple of Boro-Bodo, a copy of which has been presented to the Royal

Geographical Society. The work is entitled "Boro-Boedoer, up het Eiland Java, door E. Leemans. Leiden," consisting of 666 pages and 393 cartoons, thirty inches by eighteen, giving sections and accurate measurements, as well as representations of every bit of carving extant.

Accounts vary as to the exact age of this magnificent ruin, the 8th, the 10th, up to the 14th century, have been variously assigned as the period of its erection. Trustworthy authority, however, places it between the 11th to 13th, probably the 12th century, during which Buddhism had reached its pinnacle of glory in Java, after the expulsion of Hinduism and before its gradual decay and eventual supersession by Mahomedanism in the 15th century.

After a careful inspection of this wonderful monument of former civilization, I could not but be struck with the degenerated condition of the Java race of to-day compared with that of six or eight centuries ago. The people seem to have lost their arts completely, and to have returned to a state of comparative infancy; nor do they seem to care for their religion; in the interior one but seldom beholds a mosque, and rarely even in the towns on the coast. Of schools, they are but few and far between, and proselytizing

of the natives is, or anyhow was, strictly prohibited ten years ago.

It may here be interesting to compare the dimensions of Boro-Bodo with those of the Pyramid of Gizeh: the latter is 756 feet long each face, against 400 feet; and 480 feet high, against 120 feet of the former. We may well ask, what record of civilization in modern times, to say nothing of monuments of such vast dimensions, do late generations leave after two or three hundred years' occupation of the island? Alas! they are soon summed up, two words suffice to give the result,—"sugar and coffee."

I had been fortunate in the weather clearing up whilst visiting this interesting spot; but, soon after leaving it, the sun took his final departure for the day, and, for fear of being benighted, and also to throw off the chill which I felt creeping over me, my clothes being nearly saturated, I trotted off as fast as the deep mud would let me to reach the carriage below; still, owing to the wretched condition of the road, and its hilly nature, requiring frequent relays of oxen, it was eight o'clock before I arrived at Magellang, thirty-five miles north of Djokjokarta, and about the same distance south of Samarang. One can hardly imagine a prettier place than this, celebrated for its

splendid fruit and poultry. Here I saw a perfectly white cock without a black spot, standing three feet high, from comb to spur,—a magnificent bird, but no money I could offer would induce the owner to part with him.

The country around is undulating and well wooded, more like an English park than a tropical landscape, and a pleasant feature in this part of the island is the frequency of turf avenues lined with the graceful bamboo. Magellang has a population of 34,000 natives, lies 1,400 feet above sea level, and is considered one of the healthiest towns of Java, although rain is said to fall here nearly every day of the year. An exceedingly clean and comfortable hotel readily recompensed me for the tremendous wetting I had received, and whatever symptoms of fever there were on my arrival, they soon gave way to prompt treatment under my host's judicious advice. I never slept sounder, and woke next morning quite ready to continue my journey. At noon I started for Ambarrawa, a large fortress built in 1831, and occupied by 3,000 soldiers of every complexion,—the fair Dutchman, the bronze Malay, the black African, and any number of nondescripts,—all fighting against the effect of a fever-stricken locality, surrounded as it is by marshes, which also gradually undermine the

foundation of the barracks. The walls of the latter not only look green from damp, but are also very much cracked, and run the risk of some day tumbling to pieces during an earthquake. From this it will be seen that the soldiers here do not lead altogether a paradisaical life. Those of my readers who have been to Jamaica may remember Fort Augusta, also built on a swamp, where the British Government lost regiment after regiment, nay, whole battalions, and would probably have continued its occupation, like the Dutch at Ambarrawa, had not the home authorities taken it into their wise heads to send out a squadron of hussars to supplement the garrison, although there was barely tethering ground for their horses, which died as fast as the men did; and it was only the costliness of the quadrupeds that induced the Government at last to abandon the station and to send the troops to the hills, where they are more likely to die of *ennui* than of fever, at least, so the story goes. However, to return to Ambarrawa, the expense of erecting its fortifications, and the loss of life during that period, is said to have been enormous. As soon as a pile was driven into the ground it disappeared in the bog, and a man I met on the spot gravely suggested, in a tone as if he meant it, that the difficulties had eventually only been overcome

by the mass of dead bodies consolidating the marshy nature of the ground! His graphic, although perhaps not very delicate, remark, had probably more reference to another much larger fortress commenced in 1857 at Ban-jou-Birou, a position even more unhealthy than that of Ambarrawa. The former was completely destroyed in July, 1865, by the eruption of the volcano "Merbabou," which killed the greater portion of its garrison.

Ambarrawa, notwithstanding its bad repute, has within easy reach a pleasant, cool village with a few European houses scattered about; thence, as far as Oenarang, the sanatorium of Samarang, 2,000 feet above the sea, the cultivation consists principally of rice in the valley, coffee on the hills, and fruit everywhere. Here I passed the night, and on the following morning I took leave of the Kadoe, the gem of Java, unrivalled for the productiveness of its soil, the beauty of its scenery, and the finest Buddhist ruin in the world;—the very cattle and ponies in this favoured region are larger and better shaped than any in Java. As regards the latter, by-the-bye, some of the Moluccas produce the strongest and prettiest I have seen anywhere. The Resident at Djokjokarta had a pair of fawn-coloured ponies with a black stripe down the entire length of the spine, and black mane and

tail, of excellent breed, and more like a thoroughbred Pegu, but nearly fourteen hands high; these came from Timor.

Two hours more took me to Samarang, along a pleasant road, up and down hill. This time the "Pavilion" accommodated me, a great improvement upon the hotel I stayed at before, and a few days later the "Koningin Sophia" took me on to Batavia. Here I stayed but two days, the rain pouring down incessantly in such torrents that I had to keep within doors, or at least under the verandah of the hotel, which gave me ample time to cogitate upon what I had seen; for it must always be an interesting episode that a nation like the Dutch, with a population of barely 4,000,000 souls, should be able, with comparatively insignificant forces, to maintain beyond the Equator in most absolute dependency a large empire containing upwards of 14,000,000 inhabitants. I will here briefly relate the policy hitherto pursued by the Government in ruling the finest colony in the world.

Java is divided into twenty-two provinces, two of which, Solo and Djokjo are, as we have seen, under the nominal rule of Emperor and Sultan; in these the old feudal rights of twenty years holding, rent being

paid in kind, generally amounting to one fifth of the produce and one day's labour out of five, were not interfered with; and the Prince being allowed but a limited number of soldiers as a body-guard, and shorn of all real power, which is vested in the Dutch Resident, received not only a certain annual grant, but even, as a further incitement, some allowance on all the crops produced within his district, the whole of which, by treaty, had to be sold and delivered to the Dutch Government at prices fixed by the latter. This, prior to 1824, had been about one-tenth only of the value of such produce in the Amsterdam market. Thence, until 1833, continued warfare reduced these provinces to a very low ebb, and little else but rice was grown during the interval; after that a more liberal scale of prices was established, and hence the old system seems to have worked harmoniously to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

In order to remedy the annual deficit, which had become chronic, and to enable the Government to liquidate the heavy debt incurred during the period of strife and trouble, it became necessary to adopt strong measures, and it was thus that forced labour was introduced in 1830 all over the island, excepting the two so-called protected provinces, Solo and Djokjo; and henceforth the producing power of the colony became

only limited by the amount of available labour, which accounts for more than one-half of the island being still uncultivated.

At first sight it may seem inexplicable that an entire people should have quietly submitted to labour year after year for the sole benefit of their great task-master, nay, have done so even cheerfully, and in all their relations showing the greatest respect for the foreign conqueror. Two reasons exist for this apparent phenomenon. In the first place, the character of the native is naturally docile and submissive; the repeated invasions of his country, first by the Hindus, then by the Buddhists, and lastly by the Mahomedans, had tried him severely, and had had the effect of gradually, but completely subduing, if not extinguishing, every spark of energy in him, and no wonder he values the peaceful existence his last conquerors guarantee to him. He is now no more harassed by religious persecutions; is not made to fight against his inclination; and in return for his labour he enjoys the comforts of a neat bamboo cottage, earns as much rice as he can eat, and sufficient money to buy a new sarong. And, secondly, a very important factor is the manner in which the Government carried out these new measures for the gradual development of unlimited resources, such as the rich soil of Java pre-eminently possesses, namely, by availing itself

of the existence of native princes, nobles, and priests, to whom the people cling with rare devotion, much after the fashion of the Asiatic Hyksos of old, the shepherd kings of Egypt, who some 4,000 years ago governed the latter country through the intervention of the native princes.

To each province, containing 600,000 to 800,000 souls, a European Resident is appointed, who sways the entire military as well as civil power, and in the same town a native official called the "Regent," invariably of princely descent, holds his court with all Asiatic splendour to overawe the population. The two always live in perfect harmony; indeed, policy requires that the real Governor shows great deference to the copper-coloured prince, which he can well afford to do, for both know that a complaint on the part of the Resident would speedily result in a Government decree deposing the Regent, and appointing a rival to the vacant post, the latter being always kept *in petto*, as seen at both the native courts I have been describing; besides, owing to the system of polygamy, there is little fear of the princely blood dying out. In the provincial Court of Justice it is the Regent who generally presides, surrounded by some of the principal natives, and advised by the mollah, or priest; but previous to the opening of the Court the Dutch Resident's pleasure

has been consulted, and there is little doubt that the case will be decided according to his direction.

It is the same when new roads have to be laid out, or fresh plantations to be opened; all important business has been decided at headquarters long before the matter is respectfully submitted to the Regent. The only official the natives are allowed to elect is the village chief, whose mission it is to distribute work amongst the families, to see that it is properly executed, and eventually to estimate the produce. It is a wise policy on the part of the Government to have men appointed to this office who have the full confidence of the people, and who are ostensibly responsible to the Regent himself. The system has worked admirably, but naturally excluded all chance of European colonization; moreover, until recently the Dutch Government declined to part with land at any price, which under the system of *corvée* assured such splendid results. The only plantations owned by Europeans, until some ten years ago, were those acquired during the short period of British occupation of the island.

By this system of forced labour, cheerfully performed, and of governing the masses through their own otherwise powerless princes, the entire State expenditure is comparatively small, and the whole routine of government exceedingly simple. The Governor-General at

Batavia is King, and the European Residents are his generals, aided by a limited number of subordinates, and supported by a handful of soldiers in each province. The standing army, consisting of only 25,000 to 27,000 men,—about 11,000 Europeans, remainder natives, excepting perhaps 1,000 Africans,—counted some years ago but two generals, six colonels, and a certain number of captains, who are often in charge of an expedition; thus economy is carried into every branch of the service.

The details of the labour-law promulgated in 1830 were these:—Every family in the mountain districts had to cultivate a small coffee plantation of 600 trees, which would cover half an acre of land, along with a nursery to supply vacancies; this was subject to Government inspection, and in due time the latter took possession of the crop, paying the cultivator at a fixed rate, which in those days was equal to about twenty shillings per picul of 132 lbs., the same picul then being worth in Holland about three times as much, leaving, of course, an immense profit, considering that at least 250,000 acres (or 300,000,000 trees) were under coffee, producing nearly 70,000 tons, or five and a half hundredweights per acre. The Government thus bought for £1,190,000 what it sold for £3,400,000, subject to freight and charges, which, making a liberal

allowance for the latter, would still leave a clear profit of a million and a half pounds sterling.

A similar system was carried out in the plains with regard to sugar-cane. The natives had to cultivate a certain quantity of cane, for which the manufacturer paid them according to a tariff fixed by the Government. The latter did not actually extract the sugar, but left this to an engineer or tenant-at-will, to whom it advanced, say, ten to fifteen thousand pounds for twelve years, without interest, and who took the whole management and responsibility of planting and refining, the Government receiving two-thirds of the refined sugar at a minimum price, leaving one-third to the refiner, which he might dispose of at his pleasure, to indemnify himself for all risk and expense incurred. The latter, in order to make it a profitable enterprise, had to set to work on a large scale. To the peasant, who was forced to work for him, he paid at the rate of five shillings per picul of sugar, two-thirds of which he had to deliver to the Government for about ten shillings per picul, then worth in Holland four to five times as much, subject to freight and charges. The quantity of land under sugar-cane was about the same as that under coffee, requiring the labour of 200,000 families, and supplying ninety-seven factories, planted in their midst, which produced about 136,000 tons

of refined sugar, or nearly eleven hundredweights per acre.

The above figures I obtained from reliable sources in the early part of 1871; since that period there has been a notable increase in the yield of crops generally.

At the time of its introduction there was nothing new in the system described above; it has frequently served the purpose of developing the resources of new or neglected countries. About the same period the Egyptian Government, under Mehemet Ali, likewise had the exclusive right of buying agricultural products for exportation at fixed prices; his object, however, being less the material and moral welfare of the population as to obtain means for enabling him to cope successfully with his Sovereign, the Sultan.

At present, I am told, coffee is the only monopoly of the Dutch Government; the cultivation of sugar and all other produce being free to Europeans as well as natives, subject, of course, to the State tax, and a Bill is now being prepared to abolish forced labour throughout Java.

Other sources of revenue are the tin mines, the opium licences, and the customs' duties. The enormous growth in the receipts since 1833, resulting from the introduction of forced labour, have not only enabled the Government to pay off the heavy debt

previously incurred and to meet all current expenses of the colony, but also to leave a large annual net surplus, which at one time amounted to nearly four millions sterling,—anyhow, has averaged from 1833 to 1866 at the rate of upwards of two millions per annum. Within the last two years, however, partial failure of crops and low prices of produce, have considerably altered this financial aspect, but now there seems every prospect of an early return of more prosperous times.

The reverse side, however, of this flattering result, is the demoralizing effect which forced labour, removed from absolute slavery only by name, and now happily doomed to die out, must have had upon the entire population, degrading to both master and peasant. Moreover, it is not at all certain whether free labour would not have led to the same or perhaps even better results; for experience has shown that the cultivation of three other products, indigo, tea, and tobacco, which had originally been organized under the same system as coffee and sugar, and had been abandoned as unprofitable to both the State and the peasant, have actually been greatly developed since and become singularly prosperous. The peasant being no more forced to work these plantations in certain appointed localities, and being to a certain extent owner of the crop he raises, can now choose a suitable spot and

cultivate whichever produce promises the most profitable result. Another proof of satisfactory planting by free labour is that, in the province of Préanger, in which many of the settlers from the time of the British occupation hold land and work it in their own way, most splendid results have likewise been obtained, the yield of coffee having increased there eight-fold between 1830 and 1857.

CHAPTER X.

KING OF SIAM—JOHORE AND THE MAHARAJAH'S PLANTATIONS—CHINA—HONG-KONG AND THE PEAK—CHINESE REPAST—CANTON—A CHINESE FAMILY—EXPOSING INFANTS—HOSPITALS FOR THE SICK AND THE DEAD—CONFUCIANISM, BUDDHISM, AND TAOUISM—TEMPLES—LIFE ON LAND AND ON WATER—VOYAGE TO JAPAN.

THE steamer which had brought me from Samarang now took me back to Singapore, where I arrived just in time to witness the official landing and reception given to the young King of Siam, who had arrived here in his steam yacht. A good deal of fuss was made about him: the usual scarlet cloth on landing, the whole garrison turned out to present arms, officers

and civilians *en grande tenue*, etc. The motley crowd in the streets was dense, and all the balconies were filled with well-dressed people; flags were flying in every direction, and the excitement was at its height, when His Majesty, accompanied by his uncle and his younger brother, supported by a swarm of noble followers, made their appearance in small boats. The King, then a sallow-complexioned youth of eighteen with intelligent features and of soldierly appearance, was dressed in a short military coat of dark grey silk and a good deal of gold lace; his legs were enveloped from waist to knee in folds of similar material; he wore white silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles, a jewelled sword at his side, and a Prussian helmet on his head. It seemed a pity, though, that the royal state requires his teeth to be blackened, for it is by no means ornamental. King Khoulaloukoru was conducted to the improvised reception-hall, where he received addresses, standing under a throne of crimson velvet. A curious group here was that of Chinamen, headed by a mandarin in his long embroidered robe, felt shoes, and bell-shaped hat. In the evening there was a banquet given to His Majesty, which ended with toasts, as usual; and on the next day he took his departure.

Anxious to see something of the country beyond the

Salat Tabrao, a deep strait dividing the island of Singapore from the Malay Peninsula, I had arranged to be presented to the Maharajah of Johore, whose territory lies on the mainland, although he generally resides on the island, where I called upon him, and found him an exceedingly gentlemanly and enlightened man who has visited Europe and speaks English. He at once offered to make the necessary arrangement to facilitate my journey, and for my reception at his country residence. The next day being fine, I started early, crossing the strait, about forty miles long and a quarter to two miles wide, in a narrow part, and finding a carriage waiting on the opposite shore, I had a delightful drive of a couple of hours. The scenery throughout resembled very much that of Penang; the forests here were, perhaps, even denser, palms and teak with thick underwood, which latter accounts for the great abundance of tigers; they frequently swim across the strait and carry off natives, even from the outskirts of Singapore.

On my arrival at the Maharajah's palace I found a very *recherché* tiffin laid out in an open hall, to which I did ample justice; nor was there any lack of iced champagne or delicious fruit. Amongst the latter a mango of greater size and more delicate flavour than any I had tasted elsewhere; its consumption should,

however, take place in private, or, better still, in the bath, as a noble French traveller suggested, for its juicy flesh obstinately adheres to both peel and stone, the latter nearly half the size of the entire fruit. His Highness's carriage then came round and took me to some of his plantations, from which he derives a very large revenue. The first we came to was one of

Black Pepper (*Piper nigrum*): a large shrub with ovate leaves, the fruit growing on a spike; a stick is required to support the slender stem, which gives to a pepper-garden somewhat the appearance of a vineyard. It must be remembered that this is a very different plant to the elegant pepper-tree we admire so much in the wide avenues at Athens, whose berry is similar, but its leaves are pinnate as those of the mimosa. Next we visited acres of

Gambeer (*Uncaria gambir*): a climbing shrub with oblong leaves. The latter, by undergoing a process of boiling or infusing in water, produces the colouring matter, which is its principal value; the leaves are also used by the Malays for chewing with betel, then called pawn. Thence to a

Gamboge plantation (*Garcinia morella*): its fruit

a pulpy drupe two inches in diameter, of pleasant taste. The gum obtained from incisions in the stem is used for dyeing and also for medicine. Fields of

Sugar-cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) followed, and large gardens of

Tapioca or Cassava (*Manihot utilissima*): a slender tree, about six feet high, leaves like those of the bamboo, seven-parted, and a cluster of turnip-like roots, which, after being heated and pounded, become fit for culinary purposes.

The Sago Palm (*Sagus loevis*) is likewise much cultivated in the Peninsula, in appearance like a stunted date palm, and the sago is produced from the pith of the stem.

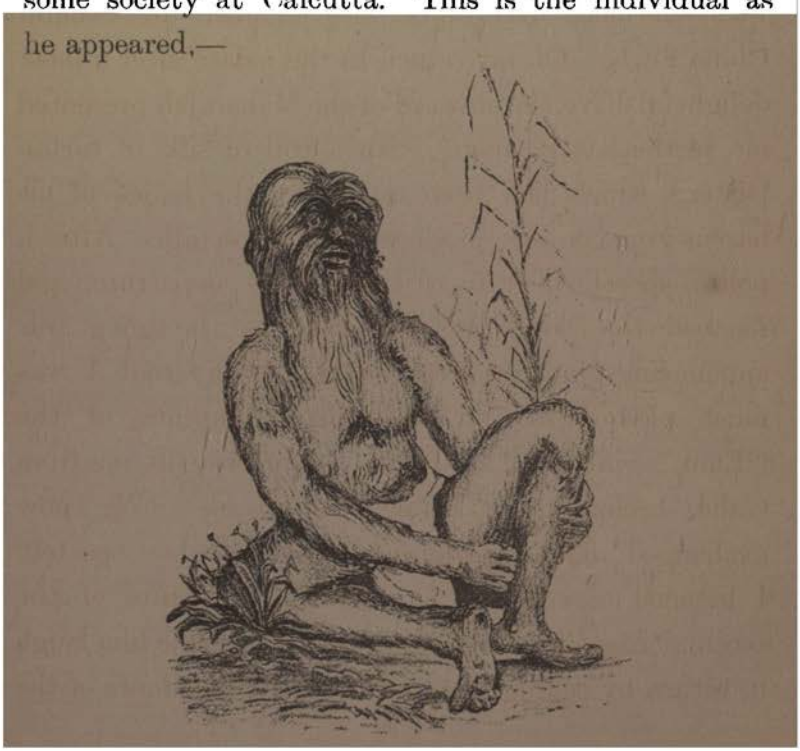
The Nutmeg (*Myristica moschata*): fruit golden-yellow, its kernel is the nutmeg of commerce.

Gutta-percha (*Isonandra gutta*): a handsome tree with long narrow leaves; it has become very scarce owing to indiscriminate cutting down by the natives.

The Maharajah of Johore is a most enterprising prince: besides cultivating the soil, he owns some very large steam saw-mills producing timber for shipbuilding, principally from his immense teak forests. He also has

an opium factory, the article is brought from Calcutta in large balls, and is here finally prepared for use by boiling. The Burmese, as also the Malays, are much addicted to smoking the drug. I went to see one of their opium haunts, crowded with men of the lowest class, the sight of which was too disgusting to tempt me to describe it.

A curious specimen of hairy humanity, not unlike Darwin's ideal "Origin of Species" was at the time of my visit being conveyed to the coast for shipment to some society at Calcutta. This is the individual as he appeared,—



He had been found in a wild state in the deep forest of Johore, where he had existed upon fruit and roots, and presumably had never seen a human soul. I have no doubt that in Barnum's possession this man would have turned out a mine of gold, although not a pleasant subject to look upon, rather like some of those hideous Santos one meets with in the Nubian desert.

All the plantations were swarming with birds of various colours, especially the pretty Singapore sparrow, and in a village I espied some fine Manilla ducks, with enormous red combs, also numbers of Cochin-China fowls. On my return to the palace after a most delightful drive, the steward of the Maharajah presented me, in the latter's name, with a roll of silk, of tartan pattern, which had been woven by the ladies of his harem from cocoons produced on his estate. After a polite speech in return I took my departure, and reached the hotel at Singapore as the gong was announcing dinner. Here, on taking my seat, I was much pleased to find the amiable captain of the "Emu," which had six weeks before brought me from Galle, occupying a chair next to me. We now exchanged our experiences since we had parted. I listened to some of his amusing accounts of the eccentricities of various passengers, and made him laugh in return by telling him of the quaint incidents of the

Emperor of Solo's reception; nay, he was not satisfied until I promised to show him the graceful step of His Majesty's warriors. I had now only one day more at Singapore, which, being wet, I passed in a *dolce far niente* state, lounging under the verandah, where my meditations were now and then disturbed by Chinese pedlars, who here as elsewhere carry their wares on a bamboo, and often let themselves be transported in a chair by a couple of coolies. In this way I picked up some fine canes, cuttings off the

Rattan (*Calamus rotang*): a slender tree that often grows to a height of 150 to 200 feet, although barely an inch in diameter, with a small crown of feathery leaves; also of a

Malacca cane (*Calamus scipionum*): likewise a genus of palm, once in great request as sticks carried by livery servants behind the carriage; they, when cut and dried, are a beautiful chestnut colour.

The steamer "Behar," her hold filled with opium for China, which during the first few days of our voyage made everybody on board very sleepy, took me on to Hong-Kong. She was not a fast boat, but there being some pleasant passengers, we got on well enough,—a Hamburg gentleman and his *frau*, tremendous talkers,

and a clever American widow lady belonging to Macao, —of all the wretched places in the world the worst,— assisted by a very agreeable captain, kept us pretty well alive. The season of the year, having started on the the 16th March, being in favour of a quick voyage, the "Behar" took the ordinary north-easterly course, else, to avoid the monsoon as much as possible, ships run along the northern coast of Borneo and Palawan, which is called the "Palawan passage." On the fifth day, however, we encountered a strong head-wind, which within the next twenty-four hours developed into a smart gale, admitting of very little progress; this lasted until we sighted Hong-Kong late on the evening of the eighth day, having during that day passed innumerable junks deeply laden, and many islands. Our average run since starting from Singapore had thus been barely eight knots an hour over a distance of 1,543 miles.

Owing to a slight collision with a sailing ship, which broke our main yard, we approached our anchorage too late to enable passengers to land that evening, and on reaching the deck on the following morning, we were rewarded by a magnificent panoramic view: on one side, the coast of China and numerous islands; on the other, Hong-Kong rising abruptly from the water's edge in the form of an extensive amphitheatre, with Victoria peak, 1,825 feet high, for a background, and

the port filled with shipping from a huge mail steamer to a small junk. I landed at an early hour, and soon found myself settling down to a delicious breakfast at the "Hong-Kong" Hotel, delighted to find myself on *terra firma* after so disagreeable a passage. There was a great turmoil in the street, which made me think I had dropped upon another Chinese festival, but I was told such was the normal condition of this small colony, which is entirely supported by trade. The native element is strongly represented and very turbulent, for every malefactor from the mainland tries to make his escape to Hong-Kong as a harbour of refuge, hence the enormous amount of crime committed on the island. Everybody remembers the atrocious attempt of a baker, years ago, to poison the entire colony, and many other acts of violence. During my visit an Englishman was waylaid one day by some native ruffian whilst ascending the Peak, robbed of his purse and gold watch, and thrown down the precipice, where he was found dead on the following day. There are some 120,000 Chinese 25,000 Malays, and about 2,000 European residents.

Walking being considered derogatory in eastern countries, a number of very comfortable bamboo chairs on long poles take the place of cabs in the principal streets, carried by two, and sometimes by four, Celestials

with long pig-tails hanging down to the calf of the leg. A strange sight in China is the European missionary, who not only adopts the native costume, but also the partial tonsure, and even the pig-tail,—a silken one,—which enables him to travel throughout China unmolested. There are a few handsome streets, a large Government house, a club, etc.; and from all appearance the residents quite understand how to make themselves comfortable at Hong-Kong, which has been under British rule since 1842. There is, however, little to attract the traveller; the only point of interest is the Peak, where I spent a night at a bungalow erected by the Government as a sanatorium. Here, the view at sunrise was very beautiful upon the island-studded sea; and below, on the opposite side to the town, there stands a castle amongst barren rocks of curious shapes, which belongs to a private gentleman, who generally offers the use of it to newly-married couples to spend their honeymoon; and no more suitable spot could well be devised for a quiet retreat, surrounded, as it is, by a sort of dreamy picturesque scenery.

One evening I was invited to partake of a genuine Chinese dinner at the famous restaurant Hang-Fa-Loh-Chung, which I greatly enjoyed on account of its quaintness, independent of the good company I found myself in. It was a large establishment, containing a

great number of small compartments filled with occupants of every class, and attended by a swarm of long-tailed, blue-robed waiters and native musicians, who played on curious one-stringed instruments, accompanied by tambourine and now and then by a song in tones of nasal development. The table was crowded with little porcelain plates, no larger than saucers, and ivory chop-sticks, which I at first found very difficult to handle, and requested that a knife and fork might be brought, which raised strong opposition on the part of my entertainers, who insisted that the character of the establishment ought not to be prejudiced by such a revolutionary innovation; and as most of the dishes produced did not tempt me to go beyond tasting, I soon got reconciled to the limited use these small instruments of torture were called upon to perform. The *ménu* was an extraordinary mixture of ingredients, sweet, salt, sour, and spicy. It consisted of:

BIRD'S NEST SOUP.

SHARK'S FINS.

RAGOÛT OF YOUNG PUPS, with Lotus Seed.

FISH ROE, in brown sugar.

BLACK PUDDING, of Duck's Brain and Blood.

STAR-FISH.

RAT'S TAILS, fried.

COMPOT OF STURGEON'S GILLS.

SEA-SLUGS, with spices.

The Chinese pay extravagant prices for bird's nests; to my taste the soup had an agreeable flavour of weak chicken-broth. The Sea-slugs, also called Sea-cucumbers, are the French *bêches de mer* (*Holothuriæ*), sometimes a foot long. For food they are boiled until soft, then dried in the sun, and served disguised by an enormous quantity of aromatics of all sorts. Amongst the fruit, I thought the

Lychee (*Nephelium litchi*) (Plate XXII.) very pleasant in its dried state; it is enclosed in a thin brown shell, and has the appearance of a large raisin of a sweet sub-acid flavour; eaten fresh it is very luscious.

Warm sam-chow, distilled from rice, and some other similar concoction of a rose colour, where handed round during the meal in little porcelain cups, and, after dinner, tea and cigars. I am glad to have steadfastly gone through this delectable *ménu* as a matter of curiosity, but should not care to repeat the operation.

One hundred miles separate Hong-Kong from Canton, which formed a pleasant day's voyage on board the American steamer, "Kiu-Kiang." Within three or four hours from starting, we passed the old escarped walls of Macao, now half in ruins, which crown the surrounding hills,—rather a pretty bit of scenery. Hence we started up the inlet giving access to the broad Pei-Kyang river. Both shores are flat; nor has the Whampoa harbour, higher up, where ships are obliged to anchor, on account of the shallowness of the river, any attraction to boast of. But as we approached the town of Canton in a clumsy boat, the Chu-Kyang, or Pearl river, became alive with shipping; its entire breadth was crammed with junks and large covered boats, painted in bright colours, and mostly rowed by women. Already here one gets a tolerable idea of the denseness of the population of Canton, vaguely given as a million souls. The river has the appearance of a floating town, and on landing and passing through the Chinese quarter one felt almost suffocated by the crowd.

The Europeans reside and have their store-houses, by the Chinese called *hongs*, at Sha-Min, outside the city wall, where my letters of introduction secured me a very kind reception.

The city, divided by a wall and gates into the

Northern, or Tartar, and the Southern, or Chinese, town, is surrounded by fortifications and a dry ditch, left in a most filthy condition by the receding tide. Hills enclose Canton on three sides, the river lining the fourth, and one vast burial-ground covers the slopes of the former, the graves mostly occupying a large semi-circle cut into the hill, and filled with rude stone monuments. The town itself, as seen from Fort Alfred, has a flat appearance, most of the houses are two-storeyed and covered with tile roofs, with a few pagodas and watch-towers, whence alarm is given in case of fire. On every roof a certain supply of water is kept in large buckets, owing to the frequency of conflagration and the difficulty of procuring water, unless the tide happens to be rising; for otherwise the canals are dry.

Honam, a suburb, famous for a very large Buddhist temple, covering seven acres, and maintaining a number of sacred pigs of enormous size, lies on the opposite side of the river.

Sha-Min consists of a piece of land ceded by the Chinese in 1861 to the Allies for 325,000 dols., the French retaining one fifth, upon which, however, they have never built; and at the time of my visit an American circus had been erected there, much to the annoyance of the British community, as it brought all the roughs of Canton to the European settlement. The other four-

fifths are occupied by the English residents, their Church, cricket-ground, and race-course. During my short stay in this little colony, I had the opportunity of eyeing an entire Chinese family, who had come to gratify their curiosity, having previously obtained my host's permission to look over the house. There was John Chinaman, a rich merchant of parchment complexion, black lanky hair, with a tail down to his feet, thin, long moustache, and oblique eyes, accompanied by his five wives and quite a brood of little Celestials, all dressed up for the occasion in their very best,—the ladies in upper and under-dress of rich figured silks, an elaborate *frisure*, and highly rouged, their feet ensconced in little shoes of barely six inches, beautifully embroidered, and thick felt soles. The cramped position,—the whole of the toes being tucked under,—prevents them walking like other human beings, and every lady therefore requires a servant to support her. The children looked very funny, wrapped up in silken gowns, and with their shaven crown, just a few jet-black hairs being left over each ear. They all seemed to enjoy their inspection from roof to cellar, and had no end of questions to ask as to the uses of articles they had never seen before. The better class are very fond of their children, and it seems strange that they should countenance in their midst, amongst the lower orders,

the horrible vice of exposing and abandoning their offspring, which is carried out to an alarming extent. The females in China are considered of little value; hence, only one-tenth of the children picked up along the city wall by the French Catholic Mission belong to the male sex. That admirable institution, headed by a bishop who is paid the munificent sum of 1,200 francs per annum (!) consists of two orphanages,—one for boys, brought up, taught, and started in life by the priests; the other for girls and infants, in charge of four French and fifteen Chinese (converted) sisters of charity. The cost of each establishment is only £600 a year.

The Mission has been erected on the very spot where the cruel Governor Yeh, who was captured in 1857, after the storming of Canton by the Allies, used to hold his court, the land having been granted for the purpose by the Government, and a large cathedral has since been built upon it. To convey an idea of the extent to which infanticide is carried on, I need only mention that on an average the Mission picks up between 4,000 and 5,000 babies annually, many of them found dead, others in a dying condition from neglect and exposure. Such inhuman cruelty seems hardly credible, especially in a people who treat their dead relations with the most tender veneration. The bishop

also personally visits the thirty-six schools established within the province, where some 400 children are taught, with five orphanages of about 100 children each, the entire cost of which amounts to barely £450, and all this, I was told, is not the twentieth part of the good work done by the French Mission all over China at a very small cost. One cannot speak too highly of their labour of pure Christian love, both in China and in India. In the latter country I have seen them at work during the late famine, when they likewise established orphanages in certain centres and worked with an iron will which saved thousands of lives.

There is an enormous amount of mendicity and leprosy at Canton, and local institutions are quite inadequate to cope with the evil. There is a large hospital, a most wretched place, with room for about a thousand old men or patients. Here each inmate sleeps under the shadow of his own open coffin, which he may fill on the morrow; but Chinamen contemplate death with the most wonderful stoicism, and it is a common habit with them to provide a coffin, for the rich made of camphor or cedar-wood, during their life-time.

Another kind of hospital exists for the dead, consisting of several narrow alleys with small chambers, where for twelve shillings a month a coffin can be

deposited until a suitable burial-ground has been prepared outside the city walls, or until the necessary funds for its removal have been obtained. Each of these rooms contains a rude altar, on which flowers and burning incense are placed, and sometimes an image of Buddha, where the relations of the deceased come to pray. It is difficult to believe that these are the same people who so cruelly punish and torture their prisoners for the slightest offence, and amongst whom infanticide is no crime.

The prison of Canton is a forbidding sight,—mere kennels and bamboo cages for cells, filthy beyond description, and the prisoners laden with heavy chains and a long iron pole attached to the latter, the very weight of which prevents their moving about beyond a crawl. The torture-chamber contains a collection of instruments none but a most refined cruelty could have invented. Just outside the prison gates there are gambling hells which these wretches frequent, and where many a dark crime is said to be committed. Whilst the poor are tortured to extract truth or confession, the rich man is admitted to the oath by decapitating a cock as a symbol,—"May my head be cut off like that of a cock if I perjure."

A pleasanter visit is that to the examination hall, composed of a long gallery with rows of cells on either

side, each cell only large enough to hold a small table and a form for one student. There are said to be 10,000 such compartments, indeed I counted 9,730, where candidates meet every three years. Here they are kept for eight hours daily, three days in succession, answering in writing the various questions laid before them, mostly appertaining to the ancient literature of the country. Elegant caligraphy, however, is by no means overlooked at these exhibitions. There are other halls connected with this institution, such as a judge's room, and where degrees are conferred upon students, those of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor. A fourth degree, that of the "Ten Thousand," or *Chwang-Youen*, can only be competed for at Pekin; that examination lasts nine days, and is divided into three parts or "goes," and such is the ambition amongst the students to obtain this award, by which they may rise to the highest dignities of the State, that they come up time after time, often until they grow old.

Very few words will suffice to give an idea of the temples of Canton, many of which are used for State purposes, and to lodge foreign ambassadors. The Chinese, upon whom worship sits very lightly, content themselves to leave the performance of it almost entirely in the hands of their priests, for although every house has its Joss, or little altar, carefully tended

with flowers and incense, this is really intended to propitiate the evil spirit in favour of their departed ancestors.

The three religious systems in China are Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taouism. The first of these is the creed of the educated classes. Confucius was the author or compiler of the earliest work on China, called "Yu-kung," originally consisting of one hundred parts, of which fifty-eight have, after passing through many vicissitudes, been restored, embracing the period from B.C. 2,357 to B.C. 720, historically as well as geographically. This extraordinary man was born in B.C. 550. He taught a philosophy, the basis of all social and political life, an utter absence of a personal God, in short Atheism, and in his time no images were allowed. His followers, the Siodosins, may therefore be termed Freethinkers, who disdain every kind of pious practice, holding that true religion consists in the perfect harmony of acts with the precepts of sound reason. At a later period they put up tablets bearing their founder's name, in front of which they burned incense and offered sacrifices of oxen and sheep; their temples then had mostly a funereal appearance; gradually, however, many other abuses crept in, amongst which the addition of hundreds of

monstrous figures, which now often disfigure their simple edifices.

The second creed, and perhaps the most popular amongst the mass of the people,—Buddhism,—was introduced from India in B.C. 217, and 150 years later occupied the position of third state religion in China, when, however, it also soon lost its original purity, nor were the priests allowed to monopolize education as they do in Burmah and Siam. For the style of their temples they have adopted the Chinese pagoda of many storeys, which they crowd with images of Buddha. The priests wear the loose yellow garb, as in Ceylon and elsewhere; but their form of worship differs in many respects from that of their co-religionists in Tibet and Ladakh, who belong to the Lama sect, famous for their prayer wheels and red robes.

Lao-tse, the founder of Taouism, was born in B.C. 604. Originally it was a simple faith adapted to the condition of the people at that early time; it has, however, since degenerated into a sort of mystic worship, or more correctly, into a priestly jugglery. The priests are ignorant, and practise spells and incantations, stars and spirits now holding a prominent position in their worship. They wear slate-coloured gowns, and live with their families in the temple. Taouists burn their dead, and place the

ashes in eight urns, each of these being put into a separate compartment, one above the other, an altar occupying the first storey, which, according to native authority, is the origin of the nine-roofed pagoda.

A walk through the streets of Canton presents many objects of interest. At first I tried to get on in a chair, which I soon abandoned, on account of the narrowness of the passages and constant obstructions, and took to my feet. For my *ciceroni* I had the good luck to enlist an Englishman, who had for many years been employed as collector of customs. He first took me to some of the principal shops;—to Ho-ah-ching, famous for his ivory carvings, but most of them modern,—in fact, old ivory, like old porcelain, fetches a much higher price in China than it does in Europe: thence to Leen-ching, the best jeweller; here I especially admired some of the pretty things in jade stone, of green and milky-white, the former is used for small ornaments, as earrings, which every Chinawoman wears, mostly of a circular shape set in gold, whilst the latter is made into a variety of objects, from a tea-pot and fancy screens elaborately carved down to a dice. Large objects are rare and expensive. Jade possesses the virtue of an extraordinary toughness, comparatively easy to work when

freshly extracted from the stratum; it hardens just sufficiently to do the cutting, yet retains an edge. The celebrated quarries of Kuen-lun are in the Caracash valley of Eastern Turkestan, but true jade is also found in the Caucasus and the Ural mountains. The largest porcelain shop is that of U-shing; there were some beautiful large vases and bowls, very dear, but not a piece of genuine old ware. Chy-loong is the principal fruit preserver; here I tasted a great many varieties,—ginger, lychees, very small limes, etc. Hundreds of tin boxes I saw being filled with jars for export, and, from the prices asked, I expect that one buys these things for less money at Fortnum and Mason's. My last visit was to a picture dealer, and after looking into every drawer of his shop, and selecting a few specimens to take home, I have come to the conclusion that the art of painting in China is quite in its infancy. They produce good results, as far as mere colouring is concerned, but they are sadly deficient in drawing, and especially of fore-shortening they seem to have no idea. Their landscapes and figures are without life; birds and flowers only are at all true to nature, and those painted on the so-called rice paper are exceedingly pretty, owing to the material partly, but also to the brilliancy of colour. The name of the former, however, is a misnomer, the

paper is not made from rice, but from the pith of a tree, the *Fatsia papyrifera*, which grows about twenty feet high, and which also furnishes material for toys and flower making. Silk and perfumery shops are plentiful, and I was struck by the neatness of the dwellings of the well-to-do Chinese, they are so much superior to those of the Hindoos and Mahomedans in India, and use tables and chairs, whilst the latter invariably squat on a mat. In the shops of Canton the natives speak a peculiar jargon or pigeon English: on the outside, long narrow signboards, lacquered bright red, are suspended vertically from the roof to the ground, covered with an enumeration of the wares for sale within,—they give quite a picturesque appearance to the streets.

On leaving the bazaar quarter the first temple we encountered was that of the "Five hundred Genie," which is filled with gilt figures, life size, in sitting posture, many of them making most grotesque grimaces. A large monastery is attached to this temple, and its priests live upon the offerings of the devotees, consisting mostly of pork. Hence we passed through the gate into the old Tartar town, which has a dirty and deserted appearance; here is the temple of the "Five Spirits,"—North, East, Centre, South, and West,—a

plain building, but belonging to it is a small kiosk, containing a giant bell 200 years old, which had already cracked twice, and according to an old superstition the third injury would prove the capture of the city, which actually happened in 1857, when it was hit by a shell from the Allies, who held and garrisoned Canton for four years, until Lord Elgin's famous treaty of Pekin.

We thence passed on to the "Five-storeyed Pagoda" near Fort Alfred; its interior is empty, and the only interest attaching to it is its proximity to the breach in the city wall made by the Allies on the occasion just referred to; its approach is guarded by two large dogs of red sandstone. A fine big tree in its immediate neighbourhood, covered with scarlet flowers, although without a single leaf, tempted us to spread our frugal tiffin under its shade, a black marble tablet doing duty for a table. It was a charming spot, whence we could see most of the twelve forts surrounding the town. On re-entering the latter we had to pass through endless bazaars to reach the governor's "Yaman," or official residence, which stands in a large courtyard, dotted all over with quaint figures made of painted wood. Similar extravagant designs adorn, or rather deface, the gates and inner screens; the building itself is only two storeys high, containing a reception-hall decorated in wretched style, with its usual Joss and a

quantity of curiously-shaped bronzes; here we were very suspiciously eyed by the officials, and my guide recommended us to beat a retreat.

A few streets off, the latter showed me the old water-clock tower, where by a simple contrivance water is made to trickle down from a height of about twenty feet, through small apertures of half a dozen buckets placed one above the other into a cask below, which latter is provided with a floating measure introduced in a vertical position like a foot rule, by which the gentle flow is regulated, dividing the day into twenty-four hours, the hour into minutes, and so on, each bucket having its own duty to perform. The same system has been in existence in China for centuries, or, as the guardian of the place gravely informed me, from the commencement of her historical period, which is variably given as between the 23rd and 30th century, B.C.; but we are not bound to believe everything a Celestial tells us, for there is no better dissembler or liar in existence. Chinamen will rarely admit that modern institutions can possibly be an improvement upon those of their ancestors,—they are the most conservative people in the world, and they greatly relish telling foreigners not only about the good old time, as our grandmothers are wont to do, but about a time that preceded the very existence of European nations. I wonder what they would say if

told that the Egyptians possess historical records in stone of an epoch some 2,000 years earlier than any of their own, that is setting aside or treating as legendary the Chinese idea designating a period of 129,600 years since the beginning of their rule on earth.

Very fruitful subjects of conversation with the Chinese are also the "Great Wall," which every English schoolboy has heard about, built, according to native authority, 2,100 years ago, and running for 1,250 miles along the northern boundary of China; and the "Grand Canal," 650 miles long, between Tsin-tsin, north, and Hang-chow, south, finished in the latter part of the 13th century of our era. These were, no doubt, wonderful works; but as to the former, late explorations have brought to light the fact that in reality nothing remains of the original wall. The ruins now existing, in many places little more than a heap of rubbish, are quite unconnected with it, they belong, according to Dr. Von Möllendorf's monograph on the subject, printed in 1881, to a wall, or rather parallel walls, erected by the Ming Dynasty between the 14th and 17th, probably during the 15th and 16th century. They consist of four different styles from east to west; the former of the most recent, and the latter of the most primitive form. Beginning at their eastern extremity, the first section is built of

large burnt bricks, nineteen to twenty-five feet high, on a base of granite blocks, nineteen feet wide, the interval filled up with clay, stones, and broken bricks, with quadrangular turrets at irregular distances; the second is lower and narrower, built of granite, and towers at intervals; the third consists of heaped-up stone blocks and occasional watch-towers; and the fourth of clay walls, twelve to fifteen feet high, and towers.

The canal has also fallen into a very dilapidated condition, having become almost useless owing to the change effected in the bed of the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, which is at present flowing along its natural course. *A propos* of this stream and the Yellow Sea, Whang-hai, both receiving their names from the yellowish soil carried down by the former, there is a very interesting chapter in Baron F. von Richthofen's recent great work on China, explaining the extraordinary formation of what he terms "loess" along the Hoang-ho. These are strata, consisting of friable dark yellow earth deposited, from time immemorial, by that river, which has been subjected to periodical changes of its bed; but the curious part of it is that they often assume a height not only of hundreds, but actually of thousands of feet, which seems to show that there must have been other agencies at work to aid these

enormous accumulations. These hilly ranges, or "loess," which, from a distance, closely resemble the upper portion of the extraordinary table-topped mountains, Kukenam and Roraima of the Merume range in the interior of British Guiana, have no horizontal subdivision, but are intersected vertically by precipitous winding clefts forming terraces on either side, which the inhabitants utilize for the construction of their dwellings, invisible to the ordinary traveller above; moreover, these narrow defiles furnish them with hollow subways of a most intricate kind, and exceedingly useful during disturbed times.

I must now continue my route to the "City Temple," one of the largest, and fitted up like the others with squinting gilt figures. This place of Taouist worship was principally frequented by women, who, on the pavement, marked out in certain mystic lines, threw their horoscope by means of two pieces of wood, cocoanut or Joss-sticks, according to some magic rule; whilst the approach to the altar was crowded by charm writers and fortune-tellers.

There are besides a great many other temples and Joss houses, mostly gloomy-looking places. In one of them the lower orders were in the habit of presenting a sacrifice to a serpent, which used to creep lazily upon

the altar stone to devour the frog or rat thrown to him. In the East, adoration, from a sentiment of fear, is almost universally reserved for the evil spirit, the god of destruction, or his emblem.

Here my perambulations came to an end, and beyond a short stoppage from time to time to let the train of a mandarin pass in his commodious chair, carried on the shoulders of four liveried bearers, and surrounded by a *cortège* of several scores of officials and officers, I at last reached Sha-Min completely tired out.

On the following day an excursion along the river was proposed, say within a safe distance of Canton, to see something of the country and obtain a little fresh air, which seemed a rare article in the town. Low hills succeeded each other wherever the eye could reach; and the proximity in which villages appeared is proof of a thick population. Here women seemed to do all the agricultural labour. Tea and rice plantations there were on every side, and amongst the trees and plants I noticed many kinds peculiar to China, as

The Tallow tree (*Stillingia sebifera*),
The Varnish tree (*Dryandra cordata*),
The Camphor tree (*Laurus camphora*),
The Chinese Pine (*Pinus sinensis*),
The Chinese Banyan (*Ficus nitida*);

besides Cypress, Cocoanut, Bamboo, Mulberry, Cape Jasmin, and others.

I was told of tobacco and white poppy growing here, but did not see any; the latter is largely cultivated in the north of China, although such is nominally against the law, which is curious since the Government taxes the growth of poppy. At Canton, the opium trade is very flourishing, a chest selling for five or six hundred dollars, one half of which represents the duty received by the British Government; besides this the Emperor of China levys a very heavy import duty, hence a great quantity is smuggled into the interior.

The greater portion of China, and especially the northern provinces, by all accounts have a very naked appearance, few trees and no gardens or meadows, which cannot be said of the vicinity of Canton. Here the landscape is rather a smiling one, and every village rears silkworms, also artificial duck-breeding is carried on to a great extent. Cattle do all the ploughing and transport, but strange enough the Chinese do not use their milk.

A visit to one of the great tea stores is not uninteresting, especially when the trade is in full swing, to see the enormous quantities arriving from the interior, and the expedition with which they are shipped for Europe and America. The ordinary package is the

chest, such as has been known in England since its introduction in 1667. But tea prepared for overland transport to Russia and the interior of Asia, is generally packed in cakes of the most convenient size for transport. The inferior qualities, sent to Tibet, are compressed into cakes four feet long by one foot broad and four inches thick, these are piled one on the top of the other, as many as a coolie can carry on his back. The Tibetan drinks his tea with a lump of butter in it; that and oatmeal porridge forms his principal, if not his only food.

In the evening a row on the river, edging in and out amongst the innumerable boats, is very amusing; these are the so-called flower-boats, where Chinese delight in spending their evenings, and nights too; hundreds if not thousands, indeed, live on the river, going on shore in the morning to follow their daily occupation, and returning in the evening. These boats generally have musicians, often only a blind piper, and female entertainers on board, who with singing and dancing while away the time of the men when they have gorged themselves with food of a very mixed nature, after which they recline on mats to enjoy the inhaling of opium. It is a most extraordinary sight skipping from one boat to another and watching their doings. All the payments that seemed to be made here for food

and smoke were in copper "tchens," or "cash" of the value of one twelfth of a penny each, which certainly indicated very moderate charges. On one occasion I had to pay some small sum in a shop at Canton, and handed a dollar for change, when to my surprise John Chinaman pulled out a pair of pincers, broke off a few chips, carefully weighed them, and returned the remainder to me neatly wrapped up in paper. This is their usual mode of dealing with foreign coins, having none of their own in either gold or silver, although they keep their accounts in taels, equal to about five shillings and sixpence each.

Another curious institution, worthy of a paternal Government, is that of an immense pawn-shop, established in a tall pagoda of many storeys, where every article deposited is placed on its proper shelf, enclosed in paper, on which a few words are written for easy identification.

Having seen pretty well all that was worth seeing at Canton, and having passed under review a fair sprinkling of Chinamen, to serve me as types of the 400 to 450 million Celestials, said to exist in that vast empire, whose people are justly described as united in language, in customs, in sympathies, and in superstitions, absolutely and perfectly contented with their present civilization as no other country is, I took my departure for Hong-Kong. Soon after starting, and

some distance from the river, I passed the Flower pagoda, the only object of interest before reaching the sea. It consists of the usual nine-storeyed tower, octagonal, and tapering to a height of 170 feet, ending in a pointed roof; it has a large opening on every tier and face, making a total of seventy-two kinds of doorways. The entire pagoda is overgrown with creepers, ferns, and even small trees, forming a most picturesque object against the blue sky.

On the day after my arrival at Hong-Kong, I found the French steamer, "Volga," ready to receive passengers for Japan, so I bade farewell to China and embarked in the afternoon of a magnificent day. There were few fellow-travellers, but About's *Le Fellah* falling into my hands, I enjoyed a few days' pleasant reading,—it is a clever book, and his descriptions are very graphic. Of the Delta of Egypt he speaks as "*Un éventail fermé par un bouton de diamant qui s'appele le Caire*,"—rather a happy illustration.

On the second day we passed through the Straits of Formosa; and on the third, somewhat to the north of Foo-Chow, the steamer left the coast to run across to Japan. Here the Pacific, when half way to our destination, sadly belied its name: the Loo-choo

Islands we passed in a gale on the following day, and on the fifth and sixth day the islands of Kiusiu and Sikokf were distanced respectively; after that we steamed along the southern coast of Nipon, until, on the morning of the seventh day, we reached the Gulf of Yeddo.

A more picturesque route is that through the Inland Sea, or Suwo-nada, which the Shanghai steamer takes, —say, by Nagasaki, and thence through the narrow channel between the islands of Kiusiu and Sikokf, and that of Nipon. These three and Yesso, to the north, with numerous small islands, constituting the empire of Japan, occupy an area more than twice that of Great Britain;—geologically, according to Dr. Edmund Naumann, they are no other than the most elevated portion of an enormous chain of mountains rising from the Ocean bed, no less than 27,428 feet, to the surface of the sea.

CHAPTER XI.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA—CATASTROPHE OF 1863—YEDDO—TEA HOUSES TCHA-JAS AND DJORO-JAS—TOMBS AND TEMPLES OF SHEBA—OKI-CHIBAYA—JAPANESE ART, PORCELAIN, BRONZE, LACQUER WARE, IVORY CARVING, AND SILKS—HARA-KIRU—YOKOSKA, THE ARSENAL—HOT SPRINGS OF MYANOOSHTA—LAKE OF HAKONI—KANASAWA.

THE Japanese, like their neighbours the Chinese, claim an immense antiquity for their country, but the authentic history of the kingdom commences with the year B.C. 660 under the first Mikado. Their ancient creed is Sintuism, at the present day counting probably no more than 100,000 adherents out of a population of thirty-five millions. This religion exists in no other

country, its chief deity is the Sun-Goddess, worshipped through the Kami, or inferior divinities, counted by hundreds and even thousands, at the head of which they place the reigning Mikado. Their temple, or *mias*, the Japanese surround with groves and tombs; they do not profess to worship idols, although the interior often abounds with images of sacred and celebrated men; the principal ornament is the "Gohei," a circular steel mirror, the symbol of truth, placed often in a box or bag on a kind of altar, also strips of white paper with the names of various divinities written upon,—these are relics of Isé, the holy temple, situated some 200 miles south-west of Tokio.

Confucianism is here, as in China, confined to the higher classes, but Buddhism, which was introduced into Japan from India and the Corea as early as A.D. 69, has since the 6th century of the Christian era become the principal religion, although it had made very little progress previous to it. The two creeds of the Sintists and Buddhists are now, however, so much mixed up together that there is no very perceptible difference either in the appearance of their temples or their form of worship. In reality it is difficult to say whether the Japanese have any well-defined religion; especially the upper classes are mostly sceptics, whilst pilgrimages to certain temples seem to be the almost

only outward show of devotion. There is, as I have shown before, a great similarity amongst all these early religions,—the Hindus, the Buddhists, nay, even that of the Roman Pantheism, with its Jupiter, Minerva, and Juno, had a representation of the Trinity, which we shall also find in some of the Japanese temples. Again at Loo-choo, a dependency of Japan, lately incorporated with the latter empire, one frequently meets with broken lingams, although not generally venerated by the Japanese; and, being a feature of Hindu worship, it was probably received from Java or India.

Quite recently a very important discovery has been made by the aid of a learned Buddhist priest, throwing a new light upon some of the teachings of that body, and favouring the view long entertained that many of the Sanscrit MSS., which had been carried off from India to China, must still be in existence in its temples and monasteries. Search had been made in the latter country, but none were found, although translations from Sanscrit into Chinese did exist. Strange enough a Japanese priest, some time ago, sent to Professor Max Müller a book containing one of the sacred texts of Buddhism in the original Sanscrit, hitherto unknown, a Sûtra, containing a description of the Buddhist Paradise, which with the northern Buddhists took the place of Buddha's Nirvána. New treasures, it is hoped, will be

forthcoming from the same source, which may lead to the restoration of a pure and simple faith, as taught by Buddha himself, by means of translations into Japanese, direct from Sanscrit and Pali.

Japan had been a sealed country until 1543, when the Portuguese landed on the coast and were permitted to open a factory at Decima, a small island in the harbour of Nagasaki. They were the first pioneers of European trade in the East, and introduced Christianity through the famous Jesuit, Francis Xavier. They were, however, finally expelled in 1637, in consequence of their own greed, intolerance, and perpetual quarrels amongst their different orders, and Christianity again became a dead letter in Japan. In the meantime the Dutch had landed on the same coast in 1608, and, according to Captain Perry's account, in 1639 lent their assistance to the wholesale murder of the Japanese Christians, or more likely, from sheer impotency, acquiesced in the inevitable by their silence, which resulted in their being allowed to occupy Decima, in their turn, for purposes of trade only; here they were treated more like prisoners, and not permitted to move beyond the narrow limits allotted to them. The only other European power that had landed in Japan in those early days were

the English, under Captain Soris, of the "Clove," in 1613, at Firando; but they soon left again, and did not return until much later. It was the news of the treaty with the court of Pekin, in 1858, extorted by Lord Elgin at the cannon's mouth, which, after all arguments had hitherto failed, had the effect of bringing the Tycoon and the Damios to their senses; and, at last, after a great many difficulties had been raised and patiently combated by Sir Rutherford Alcock, a treaty was signed, by which Yokohama was assigned to foreigners for the purposes of trade, and no country in the world has ever made such rapid strides in civilization as Japan since that memorable date.

Considering the strictly exclusive policy pursued by the Japanese Government up to that time, admitting no foreigners to their shore, the peculiar constitution of their State machinery, and the cruel laws by which the people were tortured and executed for trivial offences, it is surprising how everything has undergone so complete a change within a lapse of ten to twenty years:—the very form of government of this day bears no resemblance to that before 1858. The Mikado, now not only the sole, visible, and most active and sagacious ruler of Japan, was then the sad and wretched nominal king residing at

Miaco, or Kioto, its native name, situated in the centre of Nipon, which he never left, his person being supposed too sacred to be exposed to the public gaze beyond the precincts of his palace walls. The true sovereign was the Tycoon, invested by the Mikado as his *generalissimo* or *alter ego*. He and the Damios, the independent princes, had their residence at Yeddo. All these dignitaries have, within the last twenty years, been swept away by revolution, and now the Mikado reigns supreme at the castle of Yeddo, frequently making long journeys into the interior, to learn with his own eyes and ears the wants of his subjects, and is supported by responsible ministers carrying out the enlightened views of their Royal master. The change within a comparatively short time has thus been tremendous, not only politically, but also socially. Who would have been so bold as to predict a dozen years ago, that the Mikado would actually attend a banquet, given in the autumn of 1879 by three Japanese scientific societies, to the Swedish explorer of the North-east Passage, nay, that he would personally toast Professor Nordenskjöld, complimenting him upon his success? The entire country has, in fact, become Europeanized in every way; and, I am sorry to say, the people in the principal ports have even abandoned their pic-

turesque costume, and now shake hands in black hat and coat, sometimes cutting a very comical figure in the attempt to look "the thing." However, as my visit to Japan took place in the spring, 1871, I shall be able to represent it still in all its pristine picturesqueness, although morally a great change had already manifested itself,—minus Tycoon and the Damios without power, having sulkily retired to their paternal acres, thus ridding society of those cut-throats, the Samourai, their two-sworded retainers, who had in previous years committed many a bloody deed upon unoffending Europeans. The luxurious residences of these princes and nobles were at this period being broken up, and the treasures therein collected,—valuables of every description,—enabled me to acquire many a superb specimen of Japanese art, and manufacture in metal, ivory, and lacquer, that were not to be bought in ordinary times.

We must now return to the pretty bay of Yeddo, and our landing one cold morning on the quay of Yokohama. There being no hotel in the town I was recommended to put up at the club, a tolerably comfortable establishment; and after breakfast I strolled forth to deliver one or two letters of introduction, which led to my accepting the hospitality of the leading

merchant here, and I cannot express my gratitude in terms strong enough for all the kindness and attention showered upon me during a somewhat prolonged stay, which enabled me to obtain a fair insight into Japanese life and character.

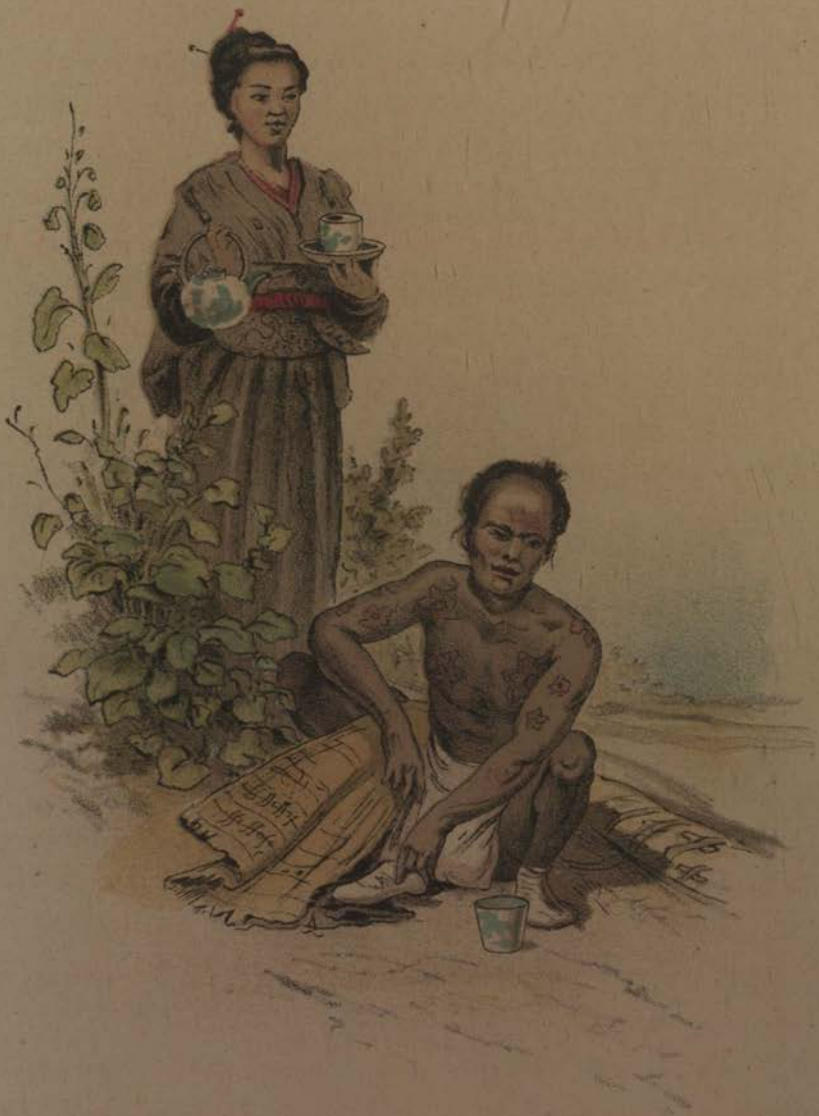
Yokohama, being a brand-new place, built in large blocks of rectangular shape, and wide streets, resembles an American city: it is divided into different quarters, one occupied by Europeans, another by bazaars, tea-houses, etc. The natives appeared wonderfully quiet and well behaved, the only noise that caught my ear during the first day I spent in Japan was a British salute fired from the Admiral's flag-ship, announcing the return of Her Majesty's Ambassador from Osaka, where he had been present at the opening ceremony of the Mint. The new money to be coined is the dollar and cents, in lieu of the pretty, oval, gold *cobang* and the oblong, silver *itzebue*; their copper coin is round, with a square hole in the middle to string them together. They likewise have a pasteboard kind of paper-money, tied in bundles, which are rather bulky to carry about. During my visit the latter formed almost the sole medium of exchange, excepting copper; and to avoid the inconvenience of filling your pocket with large parcels of parchment, the habit of passing *chits* upon a bank or a mercantile house had been introduced at Yokohama

from China, the latter country possessing neither coin, excepting copper *cash*, nor paper-money. The new dollar has probably changed all this, and the decimal system is now prevailing, not only in money, but also in weight and measure, which materially facilitates dealings. Strange, indeed, that England should at this day be still without a decimal system!

The people of Japan strike one at first as a quaint creation; they are small, have regular features, eyes slightly oblique, and their women are pretty until they marry, when they shave off their eye-brows and blacken their teeth,—a hideous custom, which, however, is not likely to continue long, since they have so readily adapted themselves to European manners of late years. The women are of a cheerful disposition, and do not distort their feet as their neighbours, the Chinese, do. The men are punctilious and polite; both sexes have small hands and feet, are sober, docile, and industrious; they dress well, and with taste, silk entering largely into the articles of their wardrobe. The women wear a long loose jacket over a close-fitting under-robe, which latter is gathered in at the waist by a handsome broad silk sash with an enormous bow behind. The men of the lower orders dress in a kind of blouse of dark colour, tied below the hip, and tight trousers; those of the upper classes wear silk gowns

down to the heel. Indoors, the Japanese seldom encumber their feet with any covering, but in the street they have on short socks, the big toe being separated to fit into the sandal loops, whilst the women waddle along on wooden clogs. Coolies mostly dispense with clothing altogether, excepting a narrow strip of loin cloth, whilst the betto, or groom, and the chair-bearers are mostly tattooed red and blue, from the neck to the knee, in grotesque designs, representing dragons and flowers. (Plate XXIV.).

Towards evening the streets were crowded with people of every degree, and many made for the gardens, resplendent with camellias, the wild cherry, and roses. Having thus spent a few days lounging about and taking a general survey of the place and its people, I, one fine afternoon, took my departure for Yeddo, on horseback, along a very good road enlivened by many villages, shops, and tea-houses. The entire distance occupying barely five hours, I reached my destination before dark, having had a delicious cup of tea at Kanagawa, the half-way house kept by an old woman and her daughter,—a pretty girl, well known to all English travellers under the *soubriquet* of "black-eyed-Susan;" by Frenchmen christened "*la belle Espagnole.*" It was she who, in 1863, so kindly protected poor Lennox Richardson, mortally wounded by Prince



BETTO AND TEA-GIRL.

p. 316.

Satsuma's retainers. The history of this catastrophe may not be generally known; I will therefore give a short account of it, the more so as it gives a tolerable idea of Japanese political life in those days.

Prince Satsuma, one of the most powerful Damios who had always opposed the Tycoon in his foreign policy, and especially the treaty which admitted Europeans into Japan, was on the point of quitting the capital after his enforced residence there for the established purpose of doing homage to his sovereign, which had always been a source of considerable irritation to him; and, on the present occasion, with a view of annoying and humbling the latter by preparing a grand spectacle for the inhabitants of Yeddo, the proud Prince had made great preparations to leave for his ancestral domains, instead of by the ordinary and prescribed land route, by sea, on board a steam frigate he had purchased at Yokohama. This could not be tolerated by the Tycoon, and within twenty-four hours of his intended departure the Prince received orders to follow the old custom, and return by the Tokaido, the imperial highway, which runs in direct line from Yeddo to Nagasaki. The latter was forced to comply, smarting under the rebuke, which was no less felt by the whole of his train, consisting of 700 retainers, soldiers, and officers. Somewhere near

the above-named tea-house, this formidable *cortège*, the Damio himself reposing in a gorgeous *norimon*, a sort of receptacle bearing the appearance of a miniature house, carried by four men clad in his lordship's colours and surrounded by his officers, encountered a small calvacade consisting of two ladies, accompanied by Mr. Richardson and a friend of his, who, it was said, on the Prince's approach did not move off the road to let his train pass, as was customary, upon which the latter's retainers, glad of the opportunity of involving the Tycoon with the foreign Ministers, fell upon the unsuspicious Europeans and mortally wounded Mr. Richardson, the others escaping by riding for their lives. He, poor fellow, managed to drag himself as far as the tea-house, where "Black-eyed Susan," who had often seen him pass that way, assuaged his fever-thirst with a cup of cold water, and endeavoured to dress his wounds, when some of the Prince's bloodhounds returned, dragged him away, finished him with their swords, and threw his body into a ditch, where the generous girl soon afterwards followed and pulled the corpse into her mother's house,—here it was found as soon as the alarm had reached Yokohama.

Yeddo, the Tokio of the Japanese, is an immense town, clean and well laid out, containing about

1,700,000 inhabitants. In its centre stands the Siro, or castle, the former residence of the Tycoon and some twenty of the principal Damios, who formed the Great Council of State; each palace is surrounded by a wall of imposing dimensions, and the entire citadel is raised about eighty feet above the city, and encircled by a moat. There is much simplicity in these buildings, both in their exterior as in their interior arrangement. Some of the sculptures which decorate doorways and pillars are artistically and carefully executed; and the mats with which the whole of the interiors are covered, caught my eye as being unusually fine and handsome. The massive wooden outer gates of each of these princely Yamascas,—consisting of park, palace, and out-houses, large enough to house a retinue of hundreds, and even thousands of soldiers,—have for sole ornament the large bronze coat-of-arms of their owner, which design also each retainer wears woven into his dark uniform with coloured facings. The quarter surrounding this strong fort is called Soto-Siro, and is inhabited in the first place by a crowd of Damios, who, under the old *régime* had to spend six months in every year at the capital, leaving their wives and female relations, and often their heir, behind as hostages for their good behaviour during the remaining six months, whilst they returned to their distant estates. Now nearly the

whole of these establishments have disappeared, and the princes, having been shorn of all their former power, even to the abandonment of their soldiery, have retired to the position of landed proprietors, in which, owing to their wealth, they now add greatly to the material increase of the agricultural resources of Japan. In the second place, and occupying a much smaller space than the former used to do, is the city where the principal merchants reside. Each block of houses, the streets being built at right angles, is secured by a strong gateway closed at night and always guarded, and between the *yamascas* and the city are several temples, notably the "Mondseki," the largest Buddhist monument, or *tera;* and "Sanno," the principal *mias,* dedicated to Sintuism. The third division of Yeddo, and by far the largest, is called Midsi, which is the lower quarter of the town. This also contains the *yosiwara*, of which hereafter; a great theatre, Oki-Chipaya, and many religious edifices and tombs; amongst the latter that of the Tycoons, within a beautiful park, and surrounded by thirty-eight temples; and beyond, stretching westward, is the notorious suburb Sinagova, one of the worst quarters, through which it is not safe for Europeans to pass without a strong escort; indeed, even in 1871 the latter was necessary throughout Yeddo, at least, the Japanese Government insisted upon

foreigners adopting this precautionary measure; whether still part of their now happily exploded spy system, or really in consequence of numerous attempts at assassination, I could not satisfactorily ascertain, for everything seemed quiet enough, and the people showed the greatest respect for Europeans.

The hotel, at which I had been recommended to stop, was kept by a black American, who not only made me very comfortable, but also acted as guide during my stay in the capital. The house was roomy and well situated near the Hammagotin, a garden belonging to an imperial summer palace, and not far from the bay. Here also is the college where young Japan is taught European languages and modern science. The Mikado himself, then thirteen years old, was said to be learning German.

Amongst the peculiar institutions of Japan are the tea-houses. Of these, however, there are two kinds, which must not be confounded; the one, called *tschajas*, takes the place of a French *café*, and is to be found at intervals along the high road, furnishing refreshment and repose to travellers. The other, the *djorojas*, is a place where amusement is provided for men in the shape of dancing, music, feasting, etc. These establishments, confined to a separate quarter of the

town called *yosiwara*, are under Government control, and many of them, especially those frequented by the nobles, are on a very large scale, generally built in the form of a quadrangle, consisting of vast halls and stages for musical and theatrical performances, generally a garden in the centre with its miniature canals, bridges, and undulations, and elegant little kiosks for a *tête-à-tête* repast. The remainder of the building is divided by screens into tiny compartments, neatly matted and lacquered, where one can have a peep at the young ladies at their toilet, which in Japan occupies much of their time; their coiffure alone, consisting of a large chignon into which a number of ornamented pins and combs are introduced, is an elaborate *affaire*, let alone eyes and eyebrows, heightening their complexion by rouge, cosmetics, and many other little touches which men have no business to inquire into. The curious part of these establishments, from which the "social evil" is by no means excluded, is that they also contain a number of little girls, mere children, who here receive an elementary education. They are those of indigent people, who are in this way provided for, the parents, as a rule, actually receiving money on signing a contract transferring their offspring to their new home for a certain number of years, and more extraordinary still, it frequently happens that respectable

men, and of good repute, marry an inmate of the *djoro-jas*. There is a peculiar mixture of innocence and licence in the Japanese female character, which cannot but strike an European. Another instance is the habit of both sexes not only bathing in the same room, although probably divided by a slender rope, but even with open gate, the merry laugh of the bathers often gathering quite a little crowd round the entrance, —still one never witnesses any indecorum.

Any one wishing to take an inventory of the different classes of the people, their costumes and modes of perambulation, need only take his stand for half an hour on the great bridge of Adsúma, which spans the river Okava, one of the most crowded thoroughfares in Yeddo. Here a magnificent panorama presents itself. Turning your back upon the Bay, to the west you have on a clear day a good view of Fusi-yama, rising in a depressed conical shape to a height of 14,170 feet,— a very beautiful object. Around you lies the vast mercantile quarter of the town, almost at your feet, since the bridge upon which you stand, like all similar constructions in Japan, makes a tremendous curve, supported by wooden piers sunk into the river-bed, thus raising the centre above the level of the roofs of the houses; those of the latter immediately within view are mostly one-storeyed warehouses, and rows of

shops bearing the appearance of large bathing-machines The town is here intersected by canals and bridges; and beyond, the ground undulates, covered with verdure, where the richer classes have their residences surrounded by woods and gardens. Having completed this general survey, let us now watch the traffic on the bridge. Opposite to me a juggler has placed his table covered to the ground with a crimson cloth, behind which he plies his trade with many a jest to a few old women and one or two grinning youngsters, for it is early yet, and the Yeddo School Board is evidently quite as exacting as similar institutions at home. Presently I am rudely pushed aside by a couple of porters pulling with all their might at a two-wheeled cart laden with cases and packages, no one much larger than a bonnet-box, most ingeniously piled up, and pushed from behind by another fellow, reversing the action as they descend on the other side of the bridge. The wheels of this simple machine are of a most ponderous description, and people are wise in giving it a wide berth. The men and women passing up and down in a continual stream, seem to be in no hurry; some dressed in rich silks, others barely having any covering; porters carrying articles of food balanced from their shoulders on bamboo sticks; two men in blouses, evidently overweighted by an enormous

fish carried between them,—a shark apparently. Presently there advances a wheelbarrow bearing a young woman, preventing her charms being injured by holding up a large paper umbrella,— horses are not used in Japan for drawing vehicles, hence men perform that task. Some of these conveyances are more elaborate than others, and take various shapes; then there is the *norimon* of the nobles and the *kango* of the gentiles,—the latter made of bamboo, barely large enough to hold a grown-up person, even in the position of his knees touching the chin; whilst the former, already likened to a toy-house, about four feet square, is handsomely lacquered and gilded, and provided with cushions and rich silk curtains; both are carried suspended from a strong pole. Here comes a man with an enormous mask representing a dragon's head,—a favourite design,—and distributing printed papers announcing the arrival of a quack, whose marvellous filters promise instant relief to the heart-sick as well as to the leper; behind him hobbles a matron, with her two blooming charges on high wooden clogs, trying to catch one of these papers as they are flying about; there creeps a priest with shaven crown enveloped in dirty folds, which make it difficult to discover whether yellow or grey, Buddhist or Sintist; and many other curious sights, doomed to disappear

sooner or later as the Japanese continue in their course of Europeanizing, which seems to attack all their quaint old customs; nor will it surprise me to see this picturesque bridge itself make room for some ugly iron structure, to be crossed by carriages and footmen.

(*Since the above was written, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," published in 1880, by Miss Isabella Bird, informs us that the "Adsúma" of to-day is a handsome stone bridge, so I must apologize for the insinuation. The authoress did actually see it crossed by the Minister of Marine in his English brougham and pair. Another innovation Miss Bird describes is the "kuruma," a kind of bath-chair, now universally used by natives as well as Europeans; it is on two wheels, and drawn by one, two, or three men or boys, and might well be called a pull-pull in contradistinction of the push-push at Pondicherry.*)

On descending into the street, I fairly ran against a man, respectably dressed, wearing a deep fibre hat coming down to his chin, thus completely concealing his features; it had two small holes to see through, and bore the appearance of a bee-hive. This individual, I ascertained, was a noble degraded by his Government: there are a great many of this class, belonging to the fraternity of "Lonins," or adventurers,

the most dangerous cut-throats and highway-robbers in Japan. At that moment the mounted escort, consisting of three Yakonins,—two-sworded officers,—and our bettos, of tattooed celebrity, joined us with the chairs, and we marched off through endless bazaars to Sheba, the tombs and temples erected to the memory of seven Tycoons.

These granite tombs stand upon a pedestal, within an enclosure of handsome lacquer walls and heavy bronze gates, approached by two or three wide steps; those of the wives of the Tycoons are of a similar construction, but more simple. On entering the court-yard, the temples being nearly hidden from view by the thick foliage of pines and cypresses, I passed the usual bell-shaped pagoda, and continuing my walk along the avenue and amongst flowering shrubs, I presently came to a sort of ornamental gallows, the sacred gateway, or Torii, which marks the precincts of every Japanese temple; and a dozen more steps brought me face to face with a detached portico leading to the temples, the largest of which, situated to the extreme left, is 180 years old, guarded by two enormous stone dragon-dogs. This edifice is double in its construction. The inner temple is reached by wooden steps, lacquered black, resembling marble to a nicety; its roof is sup-

ported by pillars, united, to the height of four or five feet, by curiously carved screens; these latter are further ornamented with stucco in fantastic patterns of red, green, blue, and yellow lacquer, highly glazed. The upper portion, being thus open to the roof, offers a fine vista upon the surrounding country. The altar in the centre supports a figure of Buddha, surrounded by a confused mass of objects in the shape of bronze vases and eccentric figures; amongst the latter a pair of excellent candelabra ten feet high, each representing a stork or crane, with a lotus flower in its beak, and standing upon a large turtle; also a great variety of small vessels and long silk pendants of bright tints; then there were some lacquer stands holding bows and arrows, whilst coloured paper-lamps hang all round. Strange enough, amongst the images there were several having blue and green faces, apparently in imitation of the Hindu gods; and at the back of the altar there was the picture of a Trinity, three figures, with a halo encircling their heads, forcibly reminding one of similar early representations in the Roman Church. The priests, or *bonzes*, in attendance at this temple, were dressed more gaudily than is their habit elsewhere; the simple robe here gave way to a silken gown and sort of chasuble over it, closely resembling the Catholic vestments used during Mass, and their

heads were shaven. Along the entire front of the temple there was a double row of stone pillars, six feet high, surmounted by a capital, something like a large hall-lamp in shape; these had been erected in pairs by the Damios as marks of respect for the Tycoon, in whose memory the temple had been raised; and a similar group, but of bronze, was at the base of the steps leading to the tomb itself, placed there by Princes of the highest grade.

The other temples were very similar in arrangement, although not so large; most of them contained numerous little stands, or stools, arranged alongside the screens, holding boxes of peculiar shape, which contained rolls of manuscripts expounding the titles, deeds, and pedigree of the deceased; and at the back of one of the handsomest temples, belonging to the tomb of the Sixth Tycoon, golden gates opened upon steps leading to a kind of sanctuary furnished with altars, which were groaning under a weight of offerings in bronzes, rolls of magnificent silks, also fruit and sweetmeats which the priests delight in.

Temples are plentiful in Japan, and many are filled with thousands of *ex-voto* offerings, suspended from the walls; legs, arms, hair, pictures representing shipwrecks and other dangers, much like those exposed in the rural churches in the Tyrol and elsewhere. Not

one, however, of the numerous temples equals those of Sheba in elegance or picturesque aspect, besides, a decided air of sacredness pervades the latter, which is totally wanting elsewhere. The natives think a great deal of the Quannon, known to Europeans under the name of Asaxa, which is much frequented by pilgrims. It is built within the enclosures of a large park, containing also tea-houses,—*tscha-jas*, be it well understood,—and booths, where toys, Chinese crackers, and a variety of cheap articles and food can be bought, conveying to one's mind the idea of a country fair; moreover, there are mountebanks with shrill voices, and the usual crowd of beggars. The square temple, which is said to have existed more than 300 years, is at the end of the paved avenue, and raised fifteen to twenty feet from the ground; its heavy wooden doors are overlaid with copper, and three enormous paper lanterns hang over the entrance, but there is nothing in the inside deserving special notice: it is filled with a host of images, all more or less repugnant in expression. A stable is attached to this building, containing two white horses, or rather cream-coloured ponies, supposed to continue the breed of an old sacred race which never produced a black hair in any of its progeny; this my guide, however, showed me to be a myth, for he slily pointed out a mark along

the upper ridge of the neck which distinctly proved that the mane had been dyed.

The best view of the Bay of Yeddo and the country around is from a plateau called Taigoyama, which one reaches after the laborious ascent of 107 granite steps. Here there are several rest-houses of simple construction, and, *nolens volens*, you soon find yourself sipping a cup of highly-flavoured tea, handed by some pretty damsel, at the same time curtseying almost to the ground,—the Japanese are very ceremonious, and never fail in offering a most respectful salute. The Grecian bend, so well known in England some years ago, is their usual mode of bowing to each other, where we should probably pass on with a nod. Frequently a small cup, containing hot water, and a few cherry blossoms in it, is presented along with the tea. Its scent is very pleasant, but I cannot say that I admired the flavour of this infusion, which requires the palate of a native to appreciate. I, however, thoroughly enjoyed the distant landscape surrounding this elevated spot; for the town at your feet offers no charms to the searching eye;—an enormous mass of brown roofs, the thickly-cemented ridges giving them rather a greyish appearance, amongst which the lofty Yeddo Hotel stands out conspicuously; but the

enormous size of the town may be judged from the fact that one of its principal streets is said to be nine miles long.

Easter season came round during my stay at the capital, and at the hotel there was no lack of cross buns, oysters, whitebait, and all sorts of delicacies; whilst the day passed in exchanging calls with the few European residents at the Foreign Legations. Also two or three Japanese officials made their appearance for no special reasons, so far as I could ascertain,—probably as part of their spy system,—but as the conversation had to be carried on through interpreters, it was a lame affair, enlivened only by the sipping of sundry small cups of tea, and the inhaling of fumes from a very diminutive pipe. I was much charmed with the melodious sound of their language, and most of the words ending in a vowel, it rather reminds one of Italian. I learnt two words on that Easter-day, which have often helped me out of a difficulty during the remainder of my stay. They were: *Arimàss*, an affirmative, standing for yes, I have, I am, I will, I want, etc.; *Arimáss-ìng*, a negative, no, I won't, and so on. Never did I acquire two more accommodating forms of speech.

The enormous theatre, Oki-Chibaya, I visited on the

following day, accompanied by the mayor of Yeddo, who had insisted upon doing the civil on this occasion in person. It is situated in the Midsi quarter of the town; the building, of a circular form, is very lightly constructed, entirely of wood, and is said to hold six to eight thousand spectators when full, and the most graphic description I can hit upon is by comparing its interior arrangement with the Leicester sheep-market on a fair-day. The whole of that vast parterre is divided into pens, and by metamorphosing the sheep into human figures clothed in dark blue and brown jackets, the picture is complete. Here they squat, hour after hour, some the entire day,—Japanese theatres perform from ten a.m. until six p.m.,—having brought their frugal meal with them, and listen with perfect good humour to the continual repetition of low jokes and love intrigues. A gallery runs round the inner space, some eight or ten feet above the ground; and here the aristocracy is installed, paying an entrance fee of quarter of a dollar. On our arrival, the curtain, representing a large fish on pale blue ground, intended, I suppose, to reproduce its natural element, was just rising, and presented the stage, ornamented in such a manner as to suit exteriors and interiors alike, and in the centre there was a circular platform or turn-table, probably fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, divided into

halves by a high screen, and moving on a pivot. All the acting took place on this minor stage, and whenever it became necessary to shift the place of action, instead of all the elaborate changing of side-scenes and furniture, a turn was given to the platform, and what had been at the back before now presented a new face with actors in their places,—a very ingenious piece of machinery.

In the evening I sauntered in the streets, always escorted, to witness the lantern-feast, which is an exceedingly pretty sight; thousands of variegated coloured lamps throwing their dim light upon a dense, slowly-moving crowd, bent upon the fulness of enjoyment the hour brought forth.

The contents of bazaars and factories require a special notice, as few nations display such artistic taste in all their productions as the Japanese; those in porcelain especially are of the most beautiful kind as regards material, model, and decoration. The famous egg-shell and the Satzuma crackle-ware are now well known in England, but there are other manufactories at Osaka, the palatial Venice of Japan, and at Kioto, the Mikado's capital, producing cups, jars, and vases of exquisite beauty, which very rarely find their way out of the country, where they are

highly prized; besides, there is the Kágawa china in brick-dust colour, and the Mono-saki, made at Okasaki, half way between Yeddo and Osaka. Of the designs, those representing flowers and insects are undoubtedly the most beautiful, true to nature in drawing as well as colour.

Equally excellent are the works in bronze and other metals. I have seen some swords-hilts and damascened blades which are not exceeded in beauty anywhere,—their curious little tobacco-pouch clasps are another speciality; however simple the design, a leaf with a fly upon it or a peacock's feather, it is perfect of its kind. The large bronze vases, now rarely made on account of their costliness, show what matchless effects can be obtained by embossing and inlaying with other metals, notably silver and gold,—some of the Japanese *repoussé* and chasing would have done credit to a Cellini. At the sale of a Damio's effects I picked up a pair of vases, sixteen inches high, showing most skilful manipulation by every process metal-work is capable of; the people, however, know so well the value of these articles, that it was only by strategy I succeeded in acquiring them even at a fancy price, for they, like the Chinese, avoid letting foreigners even see their finest works in metal or china, for fear they are carried out of the country. In *cloisonné* the Japanese

are unrivalled, and some of the old articles, their pervading colour being peacock-blue, are readily paid for by their weight in silver. In enamel I have likewise seen some very artistic ornaments, but mostly in sombre colours.

Lacquer-work is an art originating in Japan. The gold varnish of bygone days is seldom seen now, and exceedingly dear, but even late productions are sometimes very handsome, although they ought hardly to be named in the same breath. The red lacquer, so profusely used in the decoration of the temples, merits great praise; in large masses, this and the black can not be distinguished from marble in appearance. Smaller articles are frequently inlaid with mother-of-pearl, coral, ivory, and precious stones of a secondary order, and are very effective. The principal ingredients of lacquer or varnish are the gum from the *Rus vernix*, minutely pulverized charcoal, and sometimes leaf-gold ground very fine. If the grain of the wood is to be concealed, they place beneath the varnish a dark ground, composed partly of the fine sludge caught in the trough under the grindstone.

Carving in ivory is also a great accomplishment of the Japanese, their quaintly picturesque groups of beggars and romping children are splendid specimens, and so are the beautiful little cabinets, mostly carved

with gilded designs. Even the Munich Museum, which justly prides itself upon the famous collection of figures in ivory, produced in the last century by Simon Tröger, can show nothing to equal some of the old Japanese carvings in character and execution.

The silks of Japan are well known and appreciated, although the Chinese perhaps surpass them in this industry; but in embroidery on silk, often grotesque designs, Yeddo stands very high.

Japanese conception of art is so unique that it requires long study fully to appreciate their works; the designs, whether engraved or drawn, on silk or paper, are always attractive, although they set to work on quite a different principle to what our eyes are accustomed to in Western Europe. They scout perfect and pedantic symmetry, and rather delight in artistic eccentricities. One of their favourite maxims of decorating lacquer-ware, for instance, is to set the two ends of a design play at hide and seek, by making it turn a corner; again, if two handles are required, as in the case of the bronze vase already described, the pattern being a dragon, one is adjusted head uppermost, the other the reverse. In their pretty paintings on silk we must not look for perspective; in all other respects the designs are most life-like; even their large figures to cover screens are correct in outline, but

almost invariably inclined to be odd or ludicrous,—not being hampered by any preconceived rules, they give full scope to their mood in all their productions. Another of their peculiar traits of character is their liking for curves and tortuous lines in form as well as design; they suit their humour, and the Japanese artist understands to twist them cunningly into a multitude of devices in a manner quite new to us. They sometimes attempt landscapes; here they fail however, their ideas of perspective being too limited, which, in fact, requires technical study. It is different, however, where the subject is simply a matter of correct feeling or instinct, which never misleads them, and there is always harmony of colour and extraordinary finish.

I have been told that the people of Japan are musical; they certainly are fond of music, but their performances on the *sam-sin*, a small three-stringed guitar, the *koto*, or mandoline, and the flageolet, blown into from the end, seemed to me of a very elementary character. No, as for vocal as well as instrumental achievements, I must pass the palm into other hands.

My stay at Yeddo, like all good things, at last came to an end; not, however, without my having taken

another parting look at the place,—this time by boat. Accompanied by my dusky host, but minus the armed Yakonins, we sailed in and out through the intricate passages of river and canals, spanned by innumerable bridges, mostly of very light construction; and what astonished me most were the lively scenes I encountered on the water, possibly owing to the absence of spy and soldier. Here we passed hundreds of boats with laughing crews, as often rowed by the weaker sex as by men; and tea-houses there were in plenty along the banks. These disappeared as we approached the inner city, and soon we passed long lines of walls with imposing gateways appertaining to Damios' residences, descending to the river's edge by broad flights of stone steps,—many of these had at some time or other been the theatre of dark and adventurous deeds. Many a prince within these gates had, in times gone by, felt himself compelled to perform *hara-kiru*, or disembowelling, to save his honour and that of his family,—a curious custom, now rarely, if ever, practised. The victim on that grave occasion generally gave a feast, assembling all his relations and friends around him, and after the repast they would adjourn to the hall, or principal room, where he would explain the circumstances that led him to the step, handing over his testament, and taking leave of all present. The

matting was then removed, and the suicide proceeded to rip open his abdomen with a short sword; frequently a trusty retainer would stand behind him with another naked sword to decapitate him at the same moment. This was done especially where the Government required his death for treason, or other deadly offence, in which case proof was required, and the head was afterwards exposed on a pole in some conspicuous place on the citadel; but, I was told, that the same custom prevailed where the performance of *hara-kiru* became obligatory to avenge dishonour from private cause. Here decapitation was resorted to from motives of humanity; in fact, the actual disembowelling was more a matter of form, at least, so my interpreter explained to me.

I returned to Yokohama by a native steamer, on board of which there were a great many passengers; amongst them a young Japanese Prince, with a large suite, and the sea being boisterous, these gentlemen unintentionally behaved in a very undignified manner. We passed a number of junks carrying peculiar square sails, consisting of four to six strips of canvas joined together by open lacing to break the force of the wind in case of a sudden squall, the outer strips being mostly yellow or black. The steamer was comfortable, but not fast, for it took us five hours to reach our destination

After landing, I took the opportunity of inspecting the dock and the marine arsenal "Yokoska," built by the French for the Japanese Government at the cost of two and a half millions of dollars, and covering forty-one acres—twenty-seven occupied by the harbour, and fourteen by the dry dock, workshops, factories, foundries, slips, forges, and furnaces. The whole of the works are on a magnificent scale, and reflect great credit upon the enterprising engineers. Unfortunately, the pleasure I had anticipated of making a more minute survey was somewhat marred by a heavy downpour of rain, which, however, did not prevent my being highly amused with the new aspect under which the Japanese now appeared. Those belonging to the better classes were threading their way on wooden clogs, three to four inches high, under the shelter of an immense flat umbrella, made of white paper; the latter, manufactured of the bark of the mulberry tree (*Morus papyrifera*), say of the young shoots, is a most useful article impervious to wet, its tissue being soft and at the same time tough. Cut into squares it is used as pocket-handkerchiefs,—ladies always carrying a few in their wide sleeves, and flinging them away as soon as they have served their purpose,—as napkins and towels, and especially as window-panes instead of glass. For this purpose, the outer wall of a house consists of a

framework of pine, subdivided into small squares, the ordinary size of a glass pane, which are covered with this paper. At night, the entire building is surrounded by wooden shutters which are carefully locked, being considered all the protection needed against marauders and housebreakers. Bettos and coolies, whose pace is too rapid for the paraphernalia of clogs and umbrellas, cover their semi-nakedness with a cloak and hat made of rushes, which gives them a quaint appearance.

On my return to the hospitable quarters I had occupied before my Yeddo visit, my first care was to inquire about a steamer for San Francisco, and learning that there would be no departure for about a fortnight I at once made arrangements to visit the hot springs of Myanooshta and the lake of Hakoni, in order to obtain a fair idea of the interior of the country. With some difficulty I succeeded in obtaining the loan of one of the very few carriages belonging to Europeans at Yokohama, a kind of waggonette, drawn by a pair of small horses; my interpreter accompanied me, and I was followed by two mounted guards.

Our route lay along the Tokaido in a westerly direction, and presented few new features,—the usual succession of hamlets and villages; the ground undulating, and here and there well wooded. I saw some splendid specimens of

Pine *(Cryptomeria japonica)*, with deep pending branches;

Cedars and Oaks growing to an enormous size.

Cypress', Beeches, and Elms were likewise frequent.

Then there was the

Lacquer tree *(Rhus vernicifera)*, and the

Vegetable-wax tree *(Rhus succedanea)*, whose produce is almost as white as bees-wax.

Every plot of soil is utilized, and cotton, tobacco, tea, rice, and grain of every description seem to be grown in profusion. We also passed many acres entirely laid out in vegetables. Amongst the latter the

Dolichos-soja bean, which by boiling and fermentation gives the Soy we receive from Japan.

A pretty garden invariably surrounds the cottage, filled with beautiful flowers, such as the

Camellia *(C. japonica)*, crimson and white;

Wistaria *(W. sinensis)*, trailing its lengthy stem crowded with magnificent thyrses of pale blue;

Hydrangea *(H. hortensis)*, in clusters of pink and lilac;

Pyrus *(Cydonia japonica)*, a bright scarlet;

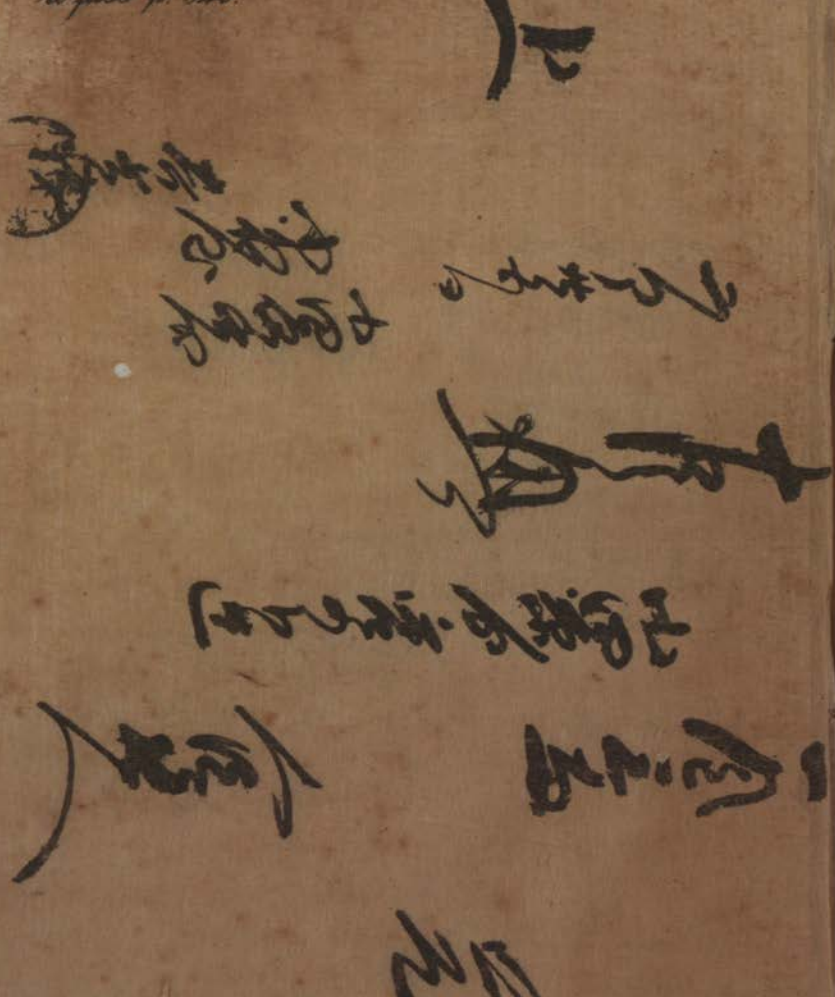
Azalea (*A. indica*), white and red;

and a great variety of small Maple trees: few of

the above, however, make as fine a show in this, their native country, as they do in our greenhouses in England, nor have the majority of Japanese flowers much scent. On the other hand, I cannot endorse the statement made in print by one of the earliest explorers of this interesting country, that flowers have no scent, birds no song, fruit and vegetables no flavour, for I have heard forests re-echo with the sweet sounds of singing birds, and can equally disprove the other assertions. The rose smells the moment you enter the garden; the soy-bean tell its own tale by its sauce; and I might name scores of instances without overtaxing my memory.

The great charm of Japanese scenery, in that respect resembling Java, is that there are few deciduous plants, nearly all are evergreens. The people we passed along the road appeared cheerful and respectful. Children seemed to abound, and their greatest amusement spinning tops and flying kites, whilst their elders were occupied in the field; they are essentially an agricultural nation. On reaching Fouzisawa about noon, we got down to have tiffin at a picturesque little inn, and here we were regaled with rice, eggs, salt fish, and a new dish, which proved to be bamboo-root, sliced and stewed tender,—not a bad repast when one is ravenous; the latter also makes an excellent pickle. Tea

to face p. 345.



Facsimile Receipt of $3 Chair-hire on genuine Japanese paper (brought home by the author) made of the bark of the Mulberry Tree. See p. 341.

and warm saki,—a concoction of rice distilled like the sam-chow of China, completed our meal for which a very small sum was charged. We then started afresh, and at three in the afternoon arrived at the pretty village of Oudawara; here we had to abandon the carriage and continue our route in kaengos. These were procured, two of them, for the munificent hire of three dollars, including bearers; in exchange I received a receipt in Japanese, a perfect piece of caligraphy (Plate XXV.); also porters were engaged to carry our traps and provisions. The narrow proportions of the *soi-disant* palki did not take my fancy, and with very little interruption I walked the whole way, occupying three hours, and immensely enjoyed the marvellous scenery we passed through.

On leaving the village the noise of roaring waves intimated our proximity to the sea, and right in front of us a very broad river barred the way; this we crossed by a succession of small bridges, five in number, and then followed its bank along a narrow valley bounded by magnificent mountain scenery, wilder and more imposing than any I can remember, even in Switzerland. After half an hour's trudging, all the while gazing around in sheer amazement, and regretting the want of time to commit my impressions to paper, we branched off to the right into a deep gorge, down which came

rushing a noisy stream, foaming furiously as it bounded onward, and laying bare in its descent huge masses of black rock, some of them standing out in quite extraordinary shapes, giving occasion to all sorts of fabulous tales amongst the superstitious natives. Their origin, however, is simply that of resisted decomposition, whilst the once surrounding mass had gradually disappeared under aquatic and atmospheric influences.

The ascent here was very difficult, and caused many a slip over the treacherous moss-grown masses of ill-shapen stones; presently the gorge became narrower and the path steeper, until we reached a plateau, about half-way to the top, upon which we found a most charming little hamlet, half hidden amongst a host of pines and cedars, its peaceful appearance contrasting strangely with the wild scenes just left behind. This place was called Puonosawa, and had its tea-house as well as a bazaar of small articles, bowls, boxes, etc., in lacquer-ware, made by the people of these mountain districts, and amongst which I selected a quantity of very pretty things to pick up on my return journey. After a short rest we continued our toil along a somewhat more easy route, and as we reached the height above, the scenery quite changed. In the distance towered the fuming head of Fusi-Yama, and all around there were hills and plains alternately clothed in the gorgeous colours

of a golden sunset. We passed through several clean villages,—picturesque they all are in Japan,—where we had birds and large game offered; at one place a wild boar was just being cut up, and I was invited to choose the part I liked best; however, darkness was fast approaching, and I had to decline and hasten on, tempting as the offer was. Pheasants also seemed to be plentiful here, I saw a very handsome specimen with a tail fully three feet long.

We only just managed to reach Myanooshta before complete darkness would have made it difficult to keep to our path, which frequently ran along steep mountain slopes. We took up our quarters at a capacious *Cung-gua*, or licensed inn, and the room I was shown into was neatly matted, no other furniture being required by Japanese travellers; but my interpreter soon managed to unearth a stool or two and a low table, and before I had time to open my traps a pleasant-looking girl entered, and handed me a cup of tea and some delicious small cakes upon a fresh leaf in lieu of a platter. Another damsel presented me with a full-blown camellia, and proceeded to pull off my boots, which had to give way to slippers on account of the fine rice straw matting; and, feeling tolerably fatigued, I desired that my bed should be prepared. A large mattress was

speedily at hand, and spread upon the floor, covered with snow-white sheets, and a curious-looking tall paper lantern placed at the head. This completed the arrangement for the night, and I soon fell into a sound sleep. But before long I was disturbed by a gnawing noise: a rat was stealing the candle I had foolishly extinguished instead of letting it burn out, and there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until the animal had completed its repast, having no match to re-light the candle. On opening the sliding screens in the early morning, I was delighted with the beautiful view from my verandah, which overhung a garden laid out in the usual fashion (Plate XXVI.),—miniature canals, bridges, kiosks, a fish-pond in the centre well stocked with trout and gold-fish; a mill leaning against the wall, and beyond, woods and hills covered with ripe grain as far as the eye could reach, while a mass of wild camelliæ and golden and crimson azaleæ spread over the nearest slopes adjoining the garden, thus completing a most charming picture. Along the corridor and down a few steps took me to the baths, partitioned off into compartments of about six feet square, which were just being refilled direct from the hot spring. I soon jumped into one of these, which all but scalded me, and before I had finished my dip, several native gentle-

PLATE XXVI.

MYANOOSHTA, JAPAN.

p. 348.

men made their appearance, and followed my example without any further to-do. Also one or two ladies arrived, took off their garments, and hoisted themselves into the next enclosure, chatting and laughing all the time quite unconcernedly.

The bath had given me a prodigious appetite, and I did full justice to the breakfast put before me in a most appetizing manner. I well remember the delicious flavour of the trout, quite equal to that of the Traun stream ; nor are there many such views to season the enjoyment of the hour as those from my verandah at Myanooshta, and from the terrace of Bauer's Hotel, at Ischl, although quite different one from the other, still each unrivalled of its kind.

Unfortunately, about noon it began to rain, and I had to content myself spending the day indoors, writing and sketching, filling in a bit of colour whenever there was a short interval of sunshine. In the afternoon a very clever village joiner dropped in to exhibit specimens of his art, and I was very much pleased with a quaintly-shaped table, fitted with numerous little drawers and silver handles, besides a movable reading-desk, the whole being covered with small pieces of veneering of various kinds of wood, every piece differing in form and grain from its neighbour. I made a cautious bid for this pretty bit of

furniture, which, to my surprise, was readily accepted, and I have had no reason to regret my bargain since, for the table meets with much admiration. On the whole, excepting at Yokohama, where Europeans have taught the natives greed, I found the Japanese very fair-dealing people, and nothing pleased them so much as to have their productions appreciated.

There were several nobles and people of the better class with their families staying at this house, who one after the other asked permission to pay me a visit, probably never before having set eyes upon Europeans, and it was amusing to see them examining and handling every article lying about; they very politely begged to be shown the contents of my portmanteau, and I noticed many a smile over the different items of my toilet, some of which seemed to puzzle them very much.

The next day promising to be fine, I started early on a pedestrian expedition to the famous lake of Hakoni, situated at a distance of fully six miles, mostly up-hill, in the direction of Fusi-Yama. At first the path was narrow, winding up the side of a bare mountain until we joined the Tokaido,—the broad military road, paved throughout with large pieces of granite, rather trying to one's feet; here we passed

several groups of soldiers returning to their duty in the capital, and what struck me as strange was that their muskets, swords, and accoutrements were being carried by coolies. We now began to descend, and soon approached a fine large sheet of water which proved to be the principal lake, there being smaller ones on either side. They were completely enclosed by hills, and the remains of an old temple, with an enormous bronze figure of Buddha, stood at the very edge of the water; an avenue of cypress and cedar trees fringing the southern side of the larger lake until it reached the village of Hatta, a pretty spot at the foot of a hill, celebrated for its hot sulphur-spring. Here more tea-houses and more bathing establishments, and joyous laughter ringing through the air from all quarters. I was told that this was the fashionable season, and that the place was honoured with the presence of princes, as well as less exalted visitors, who come here from far and near. I had some difficulty in obtaining access to one of the best tea-houses, the proprietor being afraid of giving umbrage to her ordinary clients by admitting a barbarian; however, my interpreter soon overruled her objection, and, once admitted, every one treated me with the greatest civility, and I spent several hours lounging full length on the matted verandah of my

room, thoroughly enjoying the beautiful scenery before me. I returned to Myanooshta in the cool of the evening, and the only remarkable incident that night was a concert of cats:—it is a curious fact, by-the-by, that these animals are born in Japan without, or at all events, with only rudimentary tails, like those of Manx.

After a few days spent most pleasantly in these hills, I took my leave one splendid sunrise, many of the villagers accompanying me for a short distance, and some of them forcing small presents upon me in the shape of pretty wooden boxes and toys. There was a great deal of bowing and shouting, especially on the part of the women, whilst the men insisted upon carrying some of my baggage; altogether it was like parting from old friends. At last I turned the angle of the hill, and a dead silence followed the previous ovation; certainly no one can gainsay that the Japanese are a tender-hearted people. Frequent showers of rain somewhat interfered with the pleasure of the return journey, and I was not sorry to reach Yokohama before night closed in.

Another interesting trip is that to Kanasawa, a busy fishing village, about ten miles from Yokohama, in a southerly direction; and thence five miles farther to

Kamakoura, the ancient capital of Japan, to a great extent destroyed, in the twelfth century, during the civil wars. There is a very fine temple here, situated within the enclosure of a handsome park; and I must not omit to mention a famous stone monument supported by an old tree. It stands three feet high, and is called Omanko-Sama; upon its surface a *yoni* is roughly sculptured, and women make long pilgrimages to visit the sacred symbol. The tree itself is covered with *ex-voto* offerings. How this remnant of Hindu worship got here I was unable to ascertain; it is the only one I have heard of in Japan-proper.

To Daibouts, another famous temple containing an enormous bronze statue of Buddha, fifty feet high, is one mile off. The whole of this trip is best made on horseback, and the return journey along the bay of Missisippi to the island of Inosima is very pretty; the latter, about four miles distant in a south-westerly direction, is considered sacred ground, inhabited in olden times by the good genii; there is also a grotto here worth visiting, half a mile long. The entire trip can comfortably be made in two days, stopping the night at Kamakoura, where there is a capital tea-house.

There are other fine rides within easy reach of Yokohama, as that to the English racecourse, and

another along the Yeddo bay through fertile green valleys and over some pretty hillocks covered with the wild camellia, violets, and the sarsaparilla (*Smilax officinalis*), a twining shrub with bright crimson flowers.

During the few remaining days of my stay in Japan a fire, not at all an unusual occurrence, took place in one of the most populated parts of the town, and it was amusing to watch the primitive mode adopted by the people to extinguish it, which in truth seldom happens until an entire block is burnt out. Here their superstitious childishness shows itself. They climb upon the roofs of adjacent houses with large paper globes stuck upon poles and covered with coloured designs of dragons and the emblems of a protecting deity, in order to propitiate the latter. Also silver balls and paper charms were thrown upon the roofs for the same purpose.

On my last visit to the bazaars I managed to pick up a few genuine curiosities in the hands of a dealer, who had just returned from the capital with the spoils of a Damio's collection. One was a life-size white pigeon covered with minute bits of marble admirably imitating its plumage. This sacred symbol of purity had a history of its own, too long to relate here; suffice it to

say that it had been the chief ornament on the altar of a Japanese temple for upwards of two centuries. Another real curio was a very skilful representation of the fanciful mermaid, which some fifty years ago created an inexhaustible source of gossip to penny-a-liners on both sides of the Atlantic. I think it was in 1822 when Mr. Barnum exhibited the first specimen in America, which can still be seen at his museum at New York.

It would be of little or no interest to enter upon political subjects, either external or internal, as existing at the period of my visit to Japan, since everything was then (in 1871) in a state of transition. The old feudal and spy system was tottering on its last leg, and now there is not a single institution in the country that has not felt the rapid march of progress, which, indeed, has been marvellous and not without effect, even upon the hitherto exclusive system of government of the Celestial Empire at Pekin.

CHAPTER XII.

PACIFIC VOYAGE—SAN FRANCISCO—GROVE OF MAMMOTH TREES—YOSEMITE VALLEY—GOLD MINES IN THE SIERRA NEVADA—BLUE GROTTO—SALT LAKE CITY—ROCKY MOUNTAINS—CHICAGO—NIAGARA FALLS—THE ST. LAWRENCE—LAKE CHAMPLAIN—NEW YORK.

THE "Great Republic," an American steamer with enormous beam engines swinging their mighty arms in mid-air, was the name of my ocean home for the next three weeks. She was crowded with passengers, carrying seventy-five first-class and 1,200 Chinese in the steerage. There was every possible accommodation for so long a voyage, all the cabins and saloons were on

the poop-deck; also an elegant reading and good smoking-room; and, what was better still, a well-assorted library, which proved a great boon. By dint of patience and gentle persuasion, I made it clear to the purser, a tall muscular man of the negro type, that it would be to his advantage to let me have the only vacant cabin, which happened to be in the best part of the ship, and is always kept open to the last in the event of some high official turning up. I thus secured most royal accommodation all to myself, no small favour, as those know who have experienced being cooped up for weeks with one or two fellow-travellers, generally utter strangers, within a space of six feet square. Amongst so many passengers, it was natural that one should meet with some pleasant companions, which, in my case, added much to make the voyage one of happy memory. The "Great Republic" seemed a perfect sea-monster, as her measurement, 4,800 tons, moreover attested; she had 800 nominal horse-power, which, I understood, could be worked up to 2,500 horse-power actual. The engines, as stated, were upon deck, and worked by walking beam of twelve-inch stroke, making eight to twelve revolutions per minute, and her consumption of coal was said to be forty-five tons daily. The upper deck, being carried over the entire length of the ship, afforded splendid accommodation

for taking exercise, so essential on board a ship; and although our pace was not very rapid, we got on steadily at the rate of nine miles an hour, without seeing land or sail during the entire journey. The weather favoured us throughout; besides, the *cuisine* being good, and the champagne to my taste,—the latter I had procured from a thorough connoisseur at Yokohama,—added considerably to the enjoyment of one of the finest voyages I have ever made, and any stray hour of weariness promptly gave way to the strong interest created by Motley's or Prescott's excellent works.

Nothing worth recording happened during our passage, excepting perhaps the novelty of having a double edition of the first of May, on which day we passed the ante-meridian. It created much wonder and amusement to many on board, who had never contemplated the possibility of such an occurrence, when on the following day, for the purpose of readjusting the calendar, the slate journal again was headed "May 1st." We had a strong head-wind that day, and the ship was actually pitching, an unusual sensation in the Pacific. We now passed shoals of dark blue molluscs, commonly called "Portuguese Men-of-war." They are very pretty animals of flat oblong shape, an inch and a half long, indigo blue, almost transparent,

with brownish rays towards the centre, and a semi-circular sail set lengthways upon them at right angles. Also quantities of mossy-looking masses floated past, which were supposed to be whale spawn.

The total distance from Yokohama to San Francisco, according to the ship's log-book, was 4,763 miles. The approach of the latter harbour, winding our way between some hilly islands, was pleasant to the eye after the monotony of so much sea, and nothing but sea, for twenty-two days.

America and Canada have been so often discussed in print that it would be no easy matter to interest my readers in anything I can say about them; I shall, therefore, content myself, relating briefly what route I took and what I did see.

San Francisco, or Frisco, as one often hears it called, and its leviathan hotels, is not a pleasant place for people who wish for quiet and rest, everything there is over-boiling activity and noise. The town covers several low hills, and is straggling and dusty; the houses are mostly built of wood with mud-brown plaster facings. In the streets it is a common occurrence to meet an entire house in the act of changing its locality, on wooden rollers, whilst the ordinary occupation of cooking, washing, etc., is going on inside as

if stationary. Of course, there is here, as in every American city, an enormous skating-rink, where I saw hundreds of people throwing about their nether limbs, —never pronounce legs in this land of promise !—in the wildest fashion, many being attired in fancy dress ; the entrance fee to this establishment was a bit, or twelve and a half cents,—everything goes by bits and dollars in the gold city. The Grand Hotel, like its companions, the Occidental, the Cosmopolitan, and Lick House, were on a scale hardly ever seen in Europe ; there was every possible comfort provided ; the meals were excellent, and all for three dollars per day, exclusive of wine, which was dear, Americans drinking water, tea, or coffee, during meals, generally iced, although after dinner, which they get through in incredibly short space of time, they are in the habit of retiring to the bar to "liquor up." The Californian wines are rapidly improving in flavour as the art of vine culture and vintage becomes better understood, and I tasted some good sparkling wine of home growth. Fruit, especially strawberries, were excellent and plentiful.

A few days' stay at San Francisco sufficed to persuade me that my time might be pleasanter occupied elsewhere, and I took an early departure for the famous Yosemite valley.

At Modesta I had to pass the night with no less than seven travelling companions sleeping in the same room, performing the morning ablutions *à la Californie* in the open. Here we left the railway and continued our route by carriage as far as Mariposa, a long weary drive of thirteen hours, during which we passed a number of Chinamen with their "cradles," washing gold in the creeks of ancient watercourses. I watched one man for nearly an hour, whilst taking my frugal tiffin on the road side, he working patiently amongst some broken and partly rotten rock, and I saw him collect about a dollar's worth of gold-dust during that interval. On the following morning I left Mariposa at seven a.m. by dog-cart, the road being heavy, and reached Clarke's Hotel about two p.m., to walk thence through a magnificent virgin forest to the home of the celebrated group of *Wellingtoniæ* or Mammoth trees (*Sequoia gigantea*). There was quite a grove of them, some of enormous size; they averaged 150 to 200 feet in height, but one or two must have been between 300 and 350 feet, to a diameter of twenty to thirty feet. They certainly are splendid trees, and well worth the journey; they run up perfectly straight with a full pyramidal-shaped crown of evergreen, and the soft bark, of a pale cinnamon brown, is often two to three feet thick, not unlike the fibre of cocoanut husk, only much finer.

One of these trees, of nearly 200 feet, was lying prostrate, and others had been hollowed out by the Indians to give them shelter. The largest, the people called "Grizzly Giant," after its namesake the grizzly bear, which frequents these wild regions, and which is a dangerous customer to meet. The age of the *Wellingtonia*, like that of its brother in size, the Locust tree of Trinidad, which is known to have obtained the respectable circumference of eighty-four feet at the base, and 192 feet in height, is counted by hundreds, and according to some venturous writers, by thousands of years, reports varying between two and four thousand. I was under the impression that these Mariposa *Wellingtoniæ* were the tallest specimens known, but on reading Froude's "Oceana," I find that similar giant trees exist at Fernshaw, some seventy miles from Melbourne, in a mountain glen near the rise of the Yarra river, growing to a height of 350 to 400 feet, one even measuring 460 feet, and forty-five feet in circumference. During my walk back, I fell in with quantities of the pretty snow plant (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), resembling a double hyacinth of vivid scarlet, without leaves and short stalk, peeping out of the emerald green undergrowth.

From Mariposa to the Yosemite Valley the road ran through very beautiful country, and the greater portion

being up-hill, at times very steep, I made the trip partly on horseback and partly on foot; and after four or five hours' hard travelling, we had evidently attained a very considerable height, for here we met with some large patches of snow, which made it difficult to follow the Indian trail, in fact, more than once we had to retrace our steps. By the time we had reached the top of the mountain ridge, at an altitude of 7,500 feet, I felt very much exhausted, and was glad to find shelter in a wretched wooden cabin, inhabited by a professional hunter of the name of Perigault, who was very profuse in relating some wonderful exploits of his in the Sierra Nevada. The only provision procurable consisted of some strips of dried bison, which an old hag fried, and served along with a black bottle containing some awful concoction of spirits. I was too tired and hungry to inquire into the origin of either meat or drink. Still, I felt I had never tasted anything so vile. There is another mode of preserving the flesh of bison the Indians are very fond of, namely, having dried it in the sun till it becomes black and hard, it is pounded with the fat of the animal, and converted into *Pemmican*, a nourishing food, which will keep for years. After half an hour's rest I continued my ride, leaving the Glacier point a thousand feet above, and rapidly descended into the valley. The scenery

around was very wild until we reached Inspiration Point, whence there is a glorious view upon the surrounding scenery: glaciers and snow-capped mountains above; in front, as far as the eye could reach, hills and valleys alternately, covered with fresh spring verdure, and here and there a patch of dark forest; immediately below, granite precipices of almost invisible depth, intersected by a multitude of cascades, leaping over enormous boulders. Such is the aspect from above.

Half an hour's canter along a gentle slope, covered with maiden turf, brought me to the entrance of the Yosemite Valley,—one of the prettiest freaks of nature imaginable, and quite unlike anything to be seen in the whole world.

The entire length of the valley is barely eight miles, its breadth nowhere exceeding two miles, and, excepting the one narrow entrance from the plain above, it is entirely enclosed by walls of rock, their marble-like crowns towering majestically into the air, taking various fantastic shapes. Although but a narrow strip, Yosemite is well wooded and watered; the rapid Merced, a tributary of the San Joaquin, winds in zig-zag fashion along its entire length, receiving no lack of supply from the numerous waterfalls bearing divers

names. There is the Bridal Veil, 630 feet, not unlike the Switzer Staubbach; the Grizzly Bear, of 2,600 feet, broken into three separate cascades of 1,600, 600, and 400 feet; whilst the Vernal and the Nevada, one above the other, are tumbling down from a height of 1,000 feet. There was a steep ladder attached to the rock, close to the latter falls, to enable travellers to view them from above, and as I was ascending the same through a cloud of spray to reach the granite basin, into which dropped the upper cascade, and whence the other took its final leap, a splendid rainbow was stretching right across this foaming mass, completing a picture of amazing beauty.

From the foot of the waterfall I walked to a small lake of peculiar dark-green appearance, only 150 feet in diameter, and after climbing over a chaotic mass of enormous black boulders, owing their presence apparently to volcanic action, I suddenly emerged upon the beautiful Mirror lake, about a quarter of a mile across, so clear that every detail of the surrounding rocks was therein reflected. There were the Two Domes raising their hoary heads 3,500 and 4,700 feet respectively, and beyond, the Clouds' Rest, the highest peak, towering nearly 6,000 feet into the clear sky. The sun was just setting on the upper portion of these lofty cliffs, and its effect on the water was indescribably pic-

turesque; but as there are no roses without thorns, so here swarms of large black mosquitoes marred the pleasure of perfect repose which the surroundings otherwise favoured. Some of the other eminences girding the valley are the El Capitano, 3,300 feet, Cathedral Rocks, 2,600 feet, The Brothers, 3,800 feet, and many of less altitute, thickly covered below with species of pine, oak, and birch.

At Mr. Black's Hotel, situated within a hundred yards of the Merced, whose waters of melted snow furnished me with a delicious bath, the accommodation was of primitive simplicity, and the visitors now daily increasing in numbers, all sorts of shifts had to be devised to house them. On the day I left there were no less than sixty-four strangers, and amongst them several ladies, in true bloomer costume, sitting their horses astride, in imitation of the stronger sex. During my rambles I met with a great many quails hugging the ground, like their Egyptian cousins, and as easily caught, to furnish the breakfast-table.

It seems strange that this valley should have been a sealed book to the Americans until about thirty years ago, when,—so the story goes,—an Indian chief betrayed his tribe, whose home and place of concealment it had hitherto been, on being threatened with capital punishment for depredations they had committed upon

unoffending travellers; upon which the entire tribe is said to have been exterminated by the Americans.

On quitting Yosemite I entered upon a most tedious, and at times dangerous, journey into the Sierra Nevada to visit one or two of the larger gold mines of the district. Having been told that I should find nothing better than a mountain trail to guide me, I had taken the precaution of hiring a sure-footed pony, which at first carried me with tolerable ease, although there was hardly space enough for his feet, but when we got to a nasty precipice the poor animal suddenly stopped and began to show signs of distress. Once in the saddle, however, there was no possibility of dismounting, and it took several minutes coaxing, which seemed hours to me, before I could get him to move on. I had done well in trusting to my nimble-footed quadruped, for it is much more difficult to lead a horse under such circumstances, as he invariably takes to backing, unless the rider's heel is at hand to keep him steady. Late in the afternoon we reached the first habitation seen that day, a wretched wooden hovel, at the foot of a bridge, in a wild, picturesque spot. Mrs. M'Cann, an old Irish woman, not over clean, bade us welcome, and did her best to provide us with shelter until the following morning. Her beds were good, and the simple food,

consisting of fried bacon and a very homely apple-tart, might have been worse. I can hear the harsh voice of the garrulous old crone even now. She kept up a rambling sort of conversation, well garnished with pungent epithets, telling me all about her bereavement, for she was a widow, and her subsequent troubles, and how the English came to be the cause of the family's misfortunes. The M'Canns, she said, had belonged to one of the oldest families in Ireland, and the grandfather of the lamented Pat, her husband, had been a grand gentleman, holding some mighty post in Leinster during the Irish troubles towards the end of the last century, and those d—— English had hanged him for being a patriot, whereupon his family, along with many others, had been shipped off to 'Merica to find bread wherever they could. Her tale was so minute and circumstantial that I became interested in it, and on my return I felt tempted to test its truth. Strange enough, in an old Irish record I found, what I have since seen confirmed in Walpole's "Ireland," that in 1798, under Cornwallis, as Viceroy, a person of the name of M'Cann,—amongst some forty others who had been excluded from the benefits of the Amnesty Bill,—belonging to the "United Irishmen" League, and secretary to the Provisional Committee of the County of Leincester, or Leinster, was tried as a rebel and

a traitor, convicted, and hung on the 19th July! What curious individuals one does sometimes meet far away from home!

There were two mines within easy reach, the one breaking up from forty to fifty tons of quartz daily, the other only seven to eight; each ton, I understood the owner to say, yielding about three ounces of gold, or in the proportion of one in ten thousand, which, in California is considered a good return. The depth at which these mines were worked was 600 to a 1,000 feet, but the number of men employed below was inconsiderable,—I think sixteen in the smaller works; labour is dear, fifty to sixty dollars a month besides board. A common, slatternly servant girl I noticed at the manager's cottage got thirty dollars monthly wages. Since my return I have heard that both these mines have been sold to companies for very large sums of money.

After a good deal of discomfort during my mountain journey which had occupied several days, I was glad to get into more open country. Bower's Estate was my next halting place; it belonged to a Frenchman who had been a settler in these regions for many years, and who undoubtedly swears by California; he has a large family around him, and farms thousands of acres requiring very little help, excepting during harvest-time,

when the miners come down to the valley to recruit their health by following agricultural pursuits for a short time. Large herds of cattle are kept on these rich plains; and besides grain, vegetables and a great deal of fruit are cultivated here. The country wine and cider are not at all bad tipple, and the strawberries and cream were simply delicious. Near the farmhouse there is a very beautiful grotto, to which we had to descend through a narrow, dark passage, and on reaching the bottom I was surprised to find it closely resembling Capri, only the cave is loftier. There is the same sheet of water,—sweet here,—that splendid blue light upon the subterranean lake, and penetrating into every crevice; a little boat is at hand, as at Capri, and you take a gentle row, fancying yourself in Fairy-land. The chromatic effect in Bower's grotto must have been produced artificially, whilst that of its prototype in the blue Mediterranean is simply the reflection of the bright Italian sky through a small aperture in the rocks above.

Hence I continued my route by Coulterville as far as Modesta, in a carriage and four horses, along a wretched, dusty road, arriving at the latter station terribly shaken. It had taken us nine long hours to accomplish the distance of forty-five miles, although mostly down hill. The rails took me on the same

evening to Sacramento, where, at the "Golden Eagle," I was indeed glad to get into a comfortable bed, and on the following morning I found myself flying along in the Silver Palace car of the Central Pacific Railway to Ogden. These luxurious carriages are a great institution, especially on long distances, and I availed myself of the Silver, and its twin the Pulman, car as far as Chicago, a distance of 2,200 miles, in consideration of an extra payment of sixteen dollars, or one-third of a penny per mile,—an extravagance I had no reason to regret.

After leaving Sacramento, the first 100 miles were one continual ascent, the engine, and at times a pair of them, groaning under the pressure put upon the boiler. Here we reached the top of the Sierra Nevada, at an elevation of 7,042 feet above the tide, as the Americans term it, after having passed through some magnificent wild scenery, pine forest, and *cañons*, or gorges, of dark, mysterious depth; we also encountered a great deal of snow, which in exposed situations required wooden sheds, often for miles, to keep the rails clear. Between the two mighty chains, the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, we never descended more than 3,000 feet, and early next morning we passed "Sink Humboldt," a small lake formed by a river, likewise bearing the name of

the illustrious author of "Cosmos." Here several Red Indians, men and women of the Snake tribe, with coarse, broad features painted red, and long black hair, begged to be taken up, as they had reason to fear an attack from the murderous Apaches, who inhabit the country to the north and east of this. They soon formed picturesque groups on the coal tender and on the steps of the cars, and off we went again, depositing our supercargo at the next station. A couple of hundred miles farther the northern point of Salt Lake came in view,—a pleasant diversion after the bare mountain scenery of the last two days,—and skirting its north-eastern shore until we reached Ogden, we thence branched off through a fertile valley, with here and there large patches of borage and wormwood, to the Mormon city, whose despotic patriarch, Brigham Young, (since dead) styled himself President of the twelve apostles of the latter-day saints.

Salt Lake City is a rambling sort of place, offering no attraction to strangers. There is the tabernacle, an ugly, ill shapen, oval building; also the foundation of a large, more pretentious-looking temple, which is not likely to be ever completed; wretched shops and very few villas of a better class, belonging principally to Young and his seventeen wives to many of whom he

is said to be spiritually married, whatever that may mean. Having been told that the head of the Mormon establishment expects new arrivals to call upon him, I did so, and found him no better and no worse than any other dull old man without education. The same cap will fit Mr. Smith, Young's principal councillor, who, by-the-by, indulged in a flaxen wig. Many a dark story is told about the doings of the Saint, who has since gone to his last rest; and it is quite evident that in his younger days he must have been an extremely 'cute party, quite innocent of the scruples of ordinary mortals. Since my visit the so-called "Edmund-bill" has effectually put a stop to polygamy; and since the beginning of 1883 no citizen of the United States, whether Mormon or otherwise, is allowed to have more than one wife, under threat of penalties by fines and imprisonment, deprivation of public office and right of vote at elections.

The streets of this modern town are broad and dusty, and I had considerable difficulty in finding a place where I might get a bath, the only one existing was neither large nor over clean; the hotel also was very indifferent, and did not look sufficiently inviting to make me prolong my stay.

The valley has pasture for any number of cattle, which are frequently found tramping between the rails;

and to prevent serious accidents the engine of the train is fitted in front with large fans to remove obstacles on the line; besides, during the whole time the train is in motion, an unearthly sound, something like very loud lowing, proceeds from the whistle to frighten away cattle.

After leaving Ogden, the Union Pacific train recommenced its ascent to cross the Rocky Mountains,—a range of peculiar formation, often stretching for miles in horizontal layers of bare rock, one above the other, —and towards the evening we passed over an enormous viaduct spanning the Green river, which, running at right angles with the railway, the two form the boundaries of four States,—Utah and Colorado to the south, and Idaho and Wyoming to the north. The scenery from the bridge was exceedingly pretty,—the distant heights clothed in perpetual snow, a haze of pink and purple reflecting the sunset, and deep blue at the base, with many clear streams intersecting the intervening plains. These latter are the home of the antelope and the cinnamon bear, whose skin the Indians offer for sale at the different halting places.

The summit, 8,242 feet above sea-level, we reached at Sherman station. Within an hour more we had descended 2,200 feet, when we arrived at Cheyenne, an important emigrant station. Thence we continued our

downward course until we touched the great thirsty prairie, with its withered clump-grass struggling for an existence. Here the dust became insufferable, until at last we got to the rich and fertile plains of Nebraska, where we passed many emigrant parties wending their weary steps westward; at night these form an encampment by placing horses and cattle around their wagons, —a proof that there are no wild beasts in the district. At Omaha we crossed the Missouri, and on its bank a pretty red-brick villa, situated within the inclosures of a park, was pointed out to me as the home of Mr. Francis Train, who, some years previously, had made the round of the globe within eighty days. Thence through the great granaries, Iowa and Illinois, passing the mighty Mississippi between Davenport and Rock Island, —both large manufacturing towns,—and on to Chicago, through a magnificent country resembling a succession of vast English parks.

One sultry afternoon I ascended the fine flight of steps of Sherman's Hotel, since burnt down and no doubt rebuilt, a grand place, doing honour to this opulent neopolis. Those who have visited the house will agree that there was nothing to grumble about excepting the bill, which was double that of the "Grand" at San Francisco. The town is well built, and pleasantly situated on the shores of Lake Michigan;

but after having seen it, there seems no reason why one should not speed on to reach the Niagara falls and Canada before the summer might get too hot.

I here left the great through-line, which crosses the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance of 3,000 miles, which was commenced early in 1863, and completed on the 10th of May, 1869.

As far as Detroit we passed through the northern portion of Indiana, the garden of the American States, and Ohio, full of interest to archæologists on account of the numerous mounds or *tumuli* discovered near Newark, from which agricultural and other implements of a siliceous material, or horn-stone, have lately been excavated; also piles of chippings, marking the spot where these tools had been fabricated. Some few articles were made of porphyry brought from a distance; others, knives, chisels, and personal ornaments of the native copper of Lake Superior. The people who inhabited these regions in olden times, so superior to the Indians in civilization, are now generally conceded to have been the ancestors of the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans.

At Detroit we crossed the straits between lakes Huron and Erie in a steamer, and thence by rail to the famous Falls through very pretty country; on passing

the grand suspension bridge we were rewarded by a distant view of the Niagara.

There can be but one voice as to the magnificence of that enormous sheet of water, which, surrounded by splendid scenery, suddenly takes its final leap over a bank of rocks in horse-shoe shape, displaying the most magnificent colours, from azure blue to a transparent emerald green, and rebounding below in clouds of froth and spray,—it is a glorious spectacle! The principal fall is on the Canadian side, and about 900 feet in breadth and 165 feet deep; the other, belonging to America, is half as wide; but the rapids above, divided by Goat Island and other bits of wooded isles, add much to its beauty; and the picturesqueness of the scene is further enhanced by slender bridges and other artificial means, at least many people seem to think so; I confess I prefer Nature unadorned. From the gallery running below the fall one probably gains the best idea of the enormous volume of water. There are other spots and show places, such as "The Cave of the Winds" and "Prospect Point," whence a good view can be obtained, that is, after a dive into your pocket for half or quarter of the mighty dollar.

The remainder of my journey, until I eventually

reached New York, was of much interest to me, owing to the great variety of fine scenery. After leaving Niagara by rail, we ran through a ravine, and at Lewiston took the boat for Montreal, making a short stay at Toronto on Lake Ontario. At Kingston we entered the St. Lawrence, a fine majestic river, with its "Thousand Islands,"—in reality their number is nearer 1,800, most of them very tiny; they and the "rapids," which interrupt the steady flow of the stream, in some places assuming serious obstacles to its navigation, added much to make the journey most enjoyable. Our progress down these foaming rapids was very fast, about twenty miles an hour, and the fall within a mile is computed at fifteen feet.

Montreal was reached in due time, the handsome town and public buildings explored, the rink and the Royal theatre visited, "The Lively Indian" being the title of a sparkling comedy performed at the latter; and within a few more days I continued my route, crossing the St. Lawrence by the tubular bridge, and as far as Rochepoint by rail. Here, on reaching Lake Champlain, I took my passage on board the "Adirondak," and spent a most agreeable twelve hours in watching the beautiful scenery. The lake being narrow, both shores were nearly always within view,

sloping down in wooded and park-like undulations. On landing at Whitehall, I took the train to Saratoga, the Harrogate of days gone by, where I spent a few days very pleasantly; it is a lively spot, with its park and springs, and its fashionable company. Thence the rail carried me to Albany, where I transferred myself and bag to the deck of the "Vibbard," to descend the Hudson, all my heavy traps having been sent on direct from San Francisco to New York; and here I may add my mite to the general admiration of the American system of booking and transferring luggage. Within a couple of hours we passed Athens, —the people of the State of New York have a liking for classical names: they have their Rome, Syracuse, Utica, Carthage, etc. An hour later Catskill, with Prospect House, occupying a splendid position on the brow of a hill, which is a favourite summer resort of the New Yorkers; and along the banks of the river I noticed a number of enormous ice-houses, built of wood, with gangways running up to the roof to admit the blocks of ice raised by elevators. Newburgh, and after that, West Point, the great military college, we caught a glimpse of, and at six p.m. we reached the American emporium of commerce, where I was fortunate in finding a vacant room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

New York reminded me of Liverpool on a larger

scale; the Broadway, of Oxford Street; and the Central Park, with its hedges, lakes, and zoological garden (then in prospect), of similar institutions elsewhere. A curiosity here is a woman's church, conducted entirely by the fair sex, whose object is to embody religion instead of theology, to put an end to war, and to unite all mankind under the divine law of love, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The Spiritualists of New York likewise have their temple; and no doubt many other specialities exist there which we have no desire to find reproduced in the older country.

After a short stay I returned to England by the "Java," one of Cunard's fastest steamers, and enjoyed rest and quiet, which was very welcome after a journey of some 26,000 miles.

AFGHANISTAN
TIBET
CHINA
INDIA
BAY OF BENGAL
INDIAN OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
SEA
CELEBES SEA
BORNEO
JAVA
LUZON
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
MALDIVE ISLANDS
LACCADIVE ISLANDS
SOUTHERN ASIA
By William Hughes, F.R.G.S.
Longitude East from Greenwich

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